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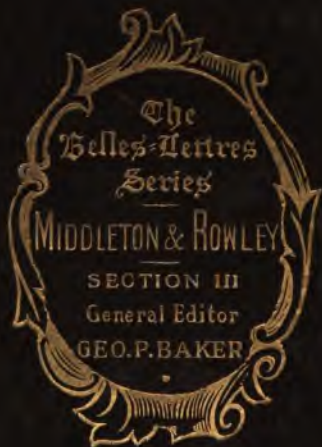
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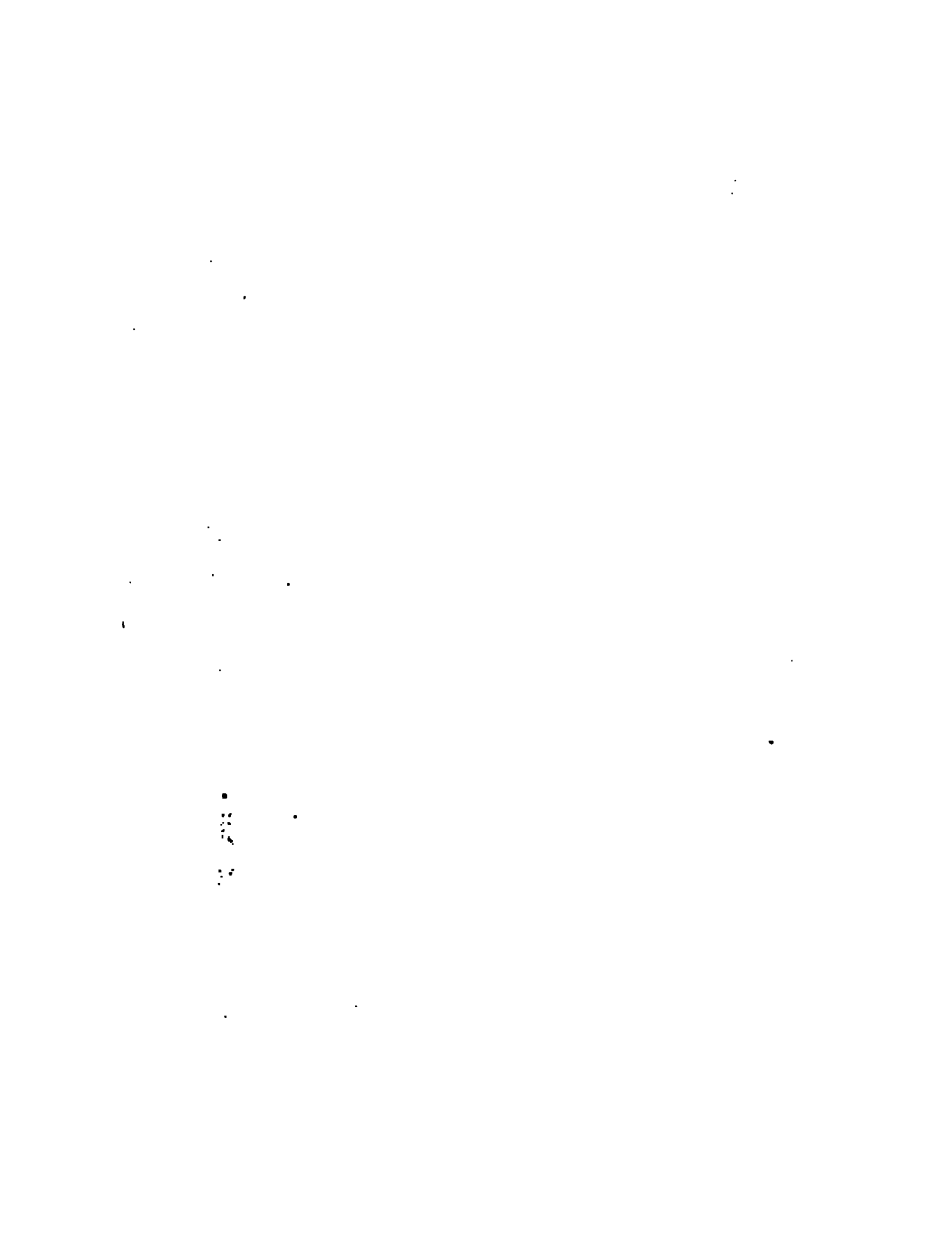
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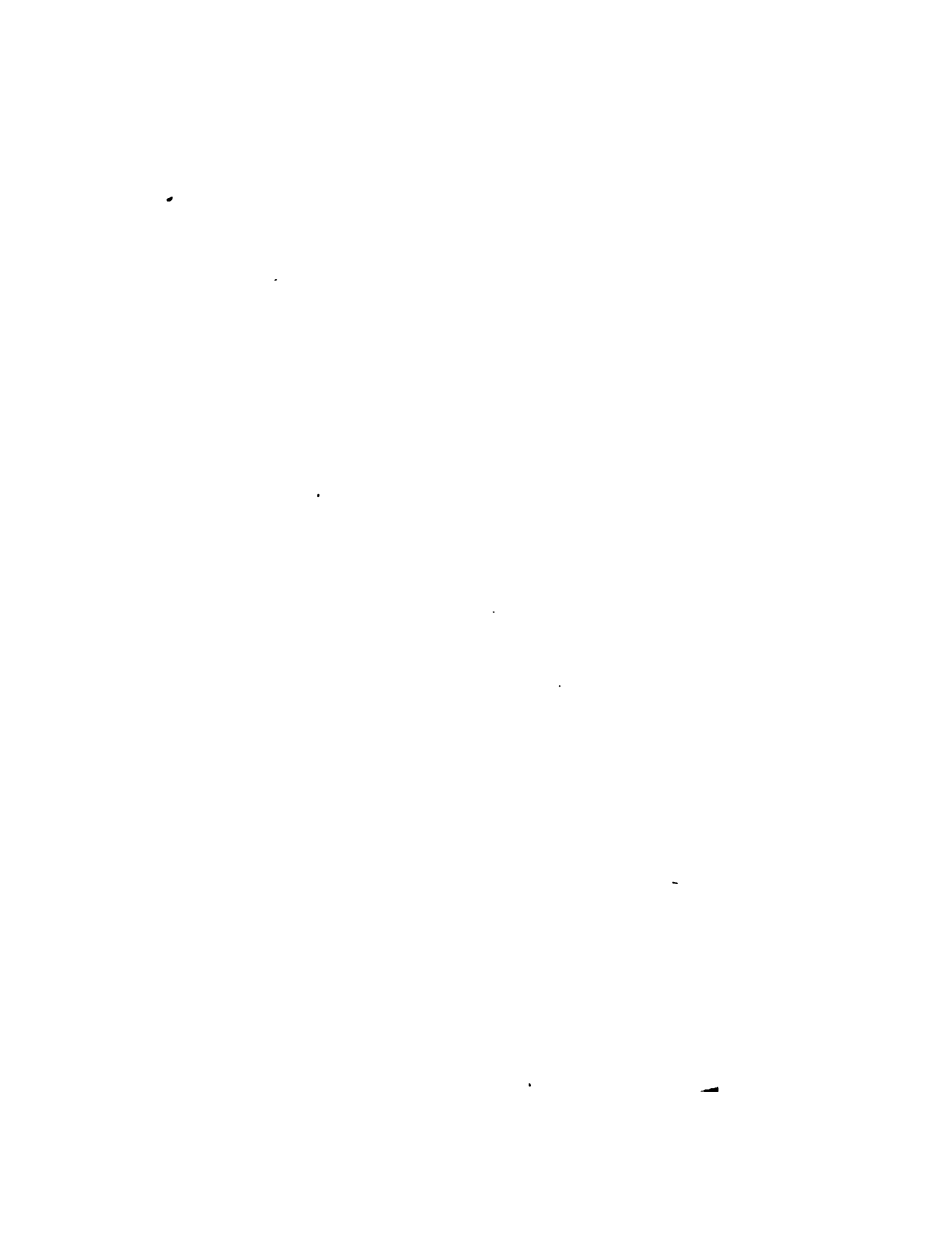
**FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY**

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**GENERAL EDITOR**

**GEORGE PIERCE BAKER**

**PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY**









ELIZABETH STUART

QUEEN OF BOHEMIA

From a Painting by Miereveldt in the National Portrait Gallery,  
London. See page 128.

THE SPANISH  
GIPSIE  
AND  
ALL'S LOST BY  
LUST

By THOMAS MIDDLETON  
AND  
WILLIAM ROWLEY

EDITED BY  
EDGAR C. MORRIS, A.M.  
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BOSTON, U.S.A. AND LONDON  
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# Biography

of

## Thomas Middleton and William Rowley

THERE is pretty general agreement as to the few main facts in the life of Thomas Middleton. He was born about 1570, probably in the city of London, and was the son of William and Anne Middleton.<sup>1</sup> Practically everything he wrote shows the influence of a liberal education, and of early life in a family of refinement. It has been thought that he was a university man, largely because of his easy reference to Cambridge in *The Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. In 1593 and again in 1596 a Thomas Middleton was admitted to Gray's Inn. Because of the legal knowledge shown in the plays, and because the earlier date seems more plausible in connection with the dates of the early works assigned to him, it is thought the dramatist was the one who entered Gray's in 1593.

Henalowe's *Diary*, under date of May 22, 1602, contains the first certain reference to the dramatic writings of Thomas Middleton.<sup>2</sup> It is generally believed, however, that he wrote *The Old Law* as early as 1599. If so, that is without doubt the beginning of his dramatic career; though it is possible that *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased*, 1597, and *Micro-Cynicon, Six Snarling Satires*, 1599,

<sup>1</sup> For details of ancestry, see Dyce's *Introduction* to his edition of Middleton's plays. 1840.

<sup>2</sup> "Lent vnto the company the 22 of maij 1602 to geue vnto antoney mydelton  
monday & mihell drayton webester & the Rest in earneste of a Boocke  
called sesers ffalle the some of VI." Greg's ed. 1904. Pt. 1, p. 166.

are his still earlier work, written at Cambridge and brought down to London for publication.

From 1602 till 1624 there are constant references to the dramatic activity of Middleton. Sometimes he seems to have worked alone; sometimes with one or more collaborators; sometimes there is strong evidence of his plays in the hands of revisers. He certainly collaborated with William Rowley and Thomas Dekker frequently during the early years. He worked also in connection with Drayton, Webster, and Munday at various times. The hands of Marston and of Massinger are found in some of his plays, probably as revisers, and even Jonson and Fletcher are named in the title-page of one play, *The Widow*. From various sources it is evident that his plays were performed by the Children of the Revels, the Children of Paul's, the Admiral's Men, the Prince's Servants, the King's Servants, and other companies of players.

In 1613 Middleton began his work as a writer of masques and pageants with *The Triumph of Truth*. From that time till his death he was frequently called on for such work, ranging all the way from mere set speeches to the most elaborate masques. It was without doubt due to his success as a writer of masques that he was appointed city chronologer in 1620. Because of this position he was granted several gifts of considerable importance, and was frequently honored by his political friends.

There is no need to infer that the interdiction placed upon the King's Men for playing Middleton's *A Game at Chess*, in August, 1624, had any personal significance. The fact that Middleton's son answered the warrant and gave the necessary bond seems to indicate that the action of the Privy Council was official for the satisfaction of the Spanish Ambassador rather than personal against Middleton.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For important extracts from the official correspondence in regard to this incident, see Bullen's *Introduction* to his edition of Middleton's plays; pp. lxxix-lxxxii. 1885.

Middleton's family and private life are not very well known. He seems to have been married twice. By his first wife, Mary Morbeck, he had a son, Edward; but the date of her death is unknown. Of the second wife we know only her first name, Magdalen, and the fact that after her husband's death she asked for and received a small pension. Thomas Middleton was buried in the Newington Butts Pariah Church, according to the register, on July 4, 1627. The Mrs. Middleton buried in the same church a year later was probably his wife.

The character of the dramatist has largely to be inferred from his writings. Except for Ben Jonson's reference to him in his *Conversations* as "a base fellow," there are no personal comments in contemporary writings. Even this reference by Jonson is not borne out either by the picture of Middleton or by the general tone of his work. In all the plays except *The Family of Love* there is, as compared with other dramas of the time, rather an unusual shrinking from the merely coarse and vulgar in the parts undisputedly by Middleton, and a constant, if not sometimes obtrusive, glorification of the best qualities of middle English life. We can, therefore, hardly avoid thinking of Middleton as a refined gentleman, somewhat self-restrained in expression, given to dry humor, acute in his understanding of people, and a lover of virtue and all men.

It is generally thought that William Rowley was born about 1585 and died before the Civil War. He appears to have been connected with the Queen's Company in 1607,<sup>1</sup> to have been a member of the Duke of York's Company in 1610, to have been leading comedian in Prince Charles's Company (formerly the Duke of York's Company, after 1616 the Prince of Wales's Company) in 1613. Mr. Fleay<sup>2</sup> calls attention to the fact that his name is

<sup>1</sup> I cite no authority for facts on which Mr. Fleay and Mr. Seccomb agree. But when they differ, or when I follow other authority, I cite the source.

<sup>2</sup> F. G. Fleay, *Chron. of the Eng. Dram.* II, 89. 1891.

second in the patent granted to the Duke's Company, March 30, 1610. In 1613 he contributed to Drummond's *Mausoleum* some verses in memory of Prince Henry. In the same year he also contributed some verses to Taylor's *Great Britain all in Black*. The following year he wrote an epitaph on Thomas Greene for the publication of a new edition of Greene's *Tu Quoque*.

By the amalgamation of the Princess Elizabeth's Company and the Prince of Wales's Company in 1614, Rowley and Middleton were brought together. These companies were united for two years under the management of Henslowe; but Mr. Fleay finds "no evidence of their [Middleton and Rowley] writing in collaboration till after the death of Henslowe, 1616, Jan."<sup>1</sup> But Mr. Ward<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Seccomb<sup>3</sup> believe *The Fair Quarrel* was written at this time. In 1616, when the Hope Theatre was closed, the two companies separated and Rowley followed the Prince's Men to the Curtain.<sup>4</sup> In 1621 he wrote an elegy on a fellow actor, Hugh Atwell, and joined the Lady Elizabeth's Company at the Cockpit. In 1623 he removed to the King's Men, and Mr. Fleay<sup>5</sup> calls attention to the fact that he was on a list of the Prince's Men at the King's funeral, March 27, 1625, and on the patent granted to the King's Men (the same company) June 25. He is thought to have retired from the stage soon after Middleton's death in 1627, since he does not appear in the patent list of 1629. He was married to Isabelle Tooley at Cripplegate in 1637, and is not again referred to in any extant records.

Rowley was a man of slight technical education, but of large experience on the stage. He seems to have written little alone, but he collaborated with many of the best men of his time, especially

<sup>1</sup> F. G. Fleay, *Chron. of Eng. Dram.*, II, p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> A. W. Ward, *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Lit.* II, 542. 1899.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Seccomb, *William Rowley*, in *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Seccomb, *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> F. G. Fleay, *Chron. of Eng. Dram.* II, p. 90.

with Middleton, Massinger, Dekker, Webster, Munday, and others. Next to Shakspeare he was one of the most noted actor-playwrights of his generation.

Nothing is known of Rowley the man except what can be inferred from his writings: and that of course is uncertain. That he had a strong sense of humor, and that he had a keen love for the romantic as well as for real life is certain, since all his work in a peculiar manner blends these three elements. His strong personal magnetism is shown in his mellowing influence on Middleton's later writings. He must also have been a good comedian, an entertaining companion, an inspiring co-worker, and a warm personal friend.





# Introduction

## I

THE names of Thomas Middleton and of William Rowley are as inseparably linked together in the English drama of the second decade of the sixteenth century as are those of Beaumont and Fletcher. Each was at his best when working with the other, and together they produced two or three plays that are unexcelled after Shakspeare. Middleton was far the more prolific writer alone; but Rowley had the only actual experience as actor; together, therefore, they could combine practice in formal structure with adaptiveness to stage requirements. Moreover they were fortunate in being able to fuse their work to an unusual degree, to produce a unified result from their quite different personalities and manners, probably because of their apparent method. They seem usually not to have set apart certain acts and scenes for each, but to have worked on the same scene together. In detail, it is not certain whether or not Middleton wrote the whole play and Rowley revised certain parts, but much of the work can be accounted for only on some such theory.<sup>1</sup>

The selection of the two plays reprinted in this volume is particularly happy, since *The Spanish Gipsy* well

<sup>1</sup> This process is well illustrated in *The Old Law*, for a study of which see *The Date and Composition of The Old Law*, *Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn. of Amer.*, vol. xvii, pp. 1-70.

illustrates the method of collaboration which seems to me usually evident in Middleton's<sup>1</sup> and Rowley's work, and because *All's Lost by Lust*, the only known play whose independent authorship by Rowley has so far been unquestioned, has heretofore been accessible only in half a dozen copies of the first quarto. Moreover, these plays are of great interest to the general reader, since they show in an attractive form the tendencies of the romantic drama with its sub-plot of realistic comedy; and, quite as much as any two plays can, they show the essential characteristics of the two men who wrote them. By taking into account, therefore, the characteristics of Middleton as shown in his unassisted plays, and those of Rowley as shown in the parts of plays generally assigned to him alone; and then by comparing and contrasting with these the varying characteristics of the two plays here printed, it is hoped that a definite conclusion can be reached as to the part Rowley had in writing *The Spanish Gipsy*.

There are a good many difficulties in the way of a summary of Middleton's characteristics as a dramatist. Notwithstanding the careful scholarship of Mr. Dyce, Mr. Fleay, Mr. Bullen, and Mr. Herford, there is still much doubt as to the exact parts written by Middleton in some of the plays partly or wholly attributed to him on their title-pages.<sup>2</sup> The dishonesty of printers in attrib-

<sup>1</sup> For several independent plays by Middleton, see Mr. Dyce's or Mr. Bullen's complete editions, or Mr. Ellis's selected plays in the *Mermaid Series*.

<sup>2</sup> For a detailed study of plot and style in plays assigned to Middleton, either in part or entirely, on the title-pages, see Mr. Bullen's *Introduction* to his edition; Mr. Ward's *History of English*

uting plays to well-known dramatists for the sake of increased sales is well established. Middleton's style and effectiveness naturally changed with his increasing age and experience. Moreover, he seems to have changed at times under the influence of certain collaborators. Nevertheless it is possible to bring together something like a definite statement of what Middleton stands for in the development of the later Elizabethan drama.

Mr. Bullen quotes the following epigram from *Wit's Recreations* :

Facetious Middleton, thy witty Muse  
Hath pleased all that books or men peruse.  
If any thee despise, he doth but show  
Antipathy to wit in daring so :  
Thy fame 's above his malice, and 't will be  
Dispraise enough for him to censure thee.

The writer of these lines is correct in praising the dry, good-natured, penetrating wit of Middleton's naturally phrased prose dialogue, and his less natural but often equally witty verse. Middleton loved humanity, but he also had a strong sense of humor which made him see the weaknesses of man with unerring judgment. Like nature herself, sometimes he makes the sinner pay the penalty of his sins with cruel justice ; sometimes with pathetic irony he permits the sinner to lip his repentance and escape ; sometimes with benign mercy he manipulates the accidents of the world to the happiness

*Dramatic Literature*, II, 493-540 ; Mr. Herford's article on *Thomas Middleton* in the *Dictionary of National Biography* ; Miss P. G. Wiggin's *Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays* ; and Mr. Swinburne's *Introduction* to Mr. Ellis's edition of selected plays in the *Mermaid Series*.

of saint and sinner alike. The reader leaves a play of Middleton's with a sense of having been in close contact with the facts of the world.

Part of this naturalness is due to his happiness of phrase in the prose passages, and to the not infrequent verses of rare power in the poetic passages. Of the two, the prose averages the better, for it is more persistently natural, while the verse is in great danger of becoming stilted and pedantic. The verse is regular, smooth, often elevated, sometimes apt for a single line or two; but it seldom has the continuous inevitableness that marks the master. Of course there are exceptions to this statement in such plays as *The Changeling* and *The Fair Quarrel*; but on the average Middleton's verse is not so natural as is his prose. The two forms occur intermixed in nearly all his plays; and they are usually employed, the prose for light, comic, witty passages, and the verse for the formal, serious, and heroic. The division is not by scenes but by situations.

The themes that pleased Middleton in his early days were most frequently of the nature of intrigue. Underlying them was often a romantic vein; and the end was usually happy — or comic in the old sense. He seems to have been particularly interested in finding virtue where it would be least expected, and vice where it ought not to be or is not usually found.<sup>1</sup> With rare ex-

<sup>1</sup> In *Blurt, Master-Constable*, Hippolito is represented as a noble and brave gentleman (1, 1, 44); he objects to any violation of the law of arms (11, 1, 70); but in line 98 of the same scene, after Camillo has most basely seized upon his paroled prisoner, Fontinelle, Hippolito withdraws in a cowardly manner, saying, "For my part, I'll go get a sweet ball, and wash my hands of it."

In *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, the Courtesan devotes all her

ceptions, the end is moral in its effect ; it is always moral in expression. Like other dramatists of the time, he does not hesitate to write vulgar scenes where the play seems to demand, as in *The Family of Love*, Act III, Scene iii ; though he can hardly be accused of going out of his way to introduce the merely vulgar for its own sake. And yet, if there is any one theme that constantly attracted him, it was the presence of depraved women, or of women who were thought to be so by others in the play. Such women he conceived sympathetically, and portrayed vividly. In his later life, intrigue is superseded by the natural course of events, and the plays become romantic tragedies instead of comedies.

It is particularly difficult to generalize on the subject of Middleton's power in plot construction, since there is no certainty as to how much of the looseness or strength of so many plays is due to collaborators or revisers. It is certain, however, that Middleton had a strong sense for effective situations ; that he understood the springs of activity in the human heart. It is not so certain that he was unerring in the composition of the incidents for effective unity in results. He was able to complicate the plots well ; he selected telling situations ; but there was often sacrifice of probability in the interrelation, or a forcing of the dénouement.

energies in a most modest manner to the assistance of Witgood, who is trying to get back his confiscated estate, and then, when they have tricked Hoard into marriage with her, she repents and promises a moral life thereafter, though to all appearances she has been quite as moral as any one else.

In characters as in plots there is uncertainty of responsibility and variety of effectiveness. The plays contain mere types and strong individuals, almost abstractions and realistic pictures from the actual streets of London. Although excellent characterization runs through all his work, early and late, there is a distinction: the early plays are marked for their realism; the later for the genuineness of their idealism. From the nature of the case, the early characters, although accurately and vividly done, are Hogarthian in their unsympathetic appeal. The late characters, because of their situation in a more respectable life, have more permanent interest in their more heroic possibilities. However much it may seem to contradict the former statement of Middleton's knowledge of humanity, there is certainly noticeable in some of the strongest characters a remarkable inconsistency and eccentricity.<sup>1</sup> How far this is human may find a different answer in the observation of various readers; but how far it is effective in the plays can hardly be doubted. The intense sympathy with the particular situation would, I suspect, prevent an audience from noticing the real inconsistency of the characters.

It is as impossible as it is unnecessary to grade and

<sup>1</sup> In *A Fair Quarrel*, Lady Ager is quite inconsistent with the normal action of women when she first strikes her son for telling her the charge against her by the Colonel and then a few lines later admits her moral guilt to save her son from the danger of a duel (II, i, 87-188).

In *The Roaring Girl*, Moll Cutpurse is romantic to the point of eccentricity in her efforts to assist Sebastian Wengrave to marry Mary Fitzallard.

pigeon-hole Middleton's plays. They are the work of a conscientious, gifted artist; they are an important part of the dramatic expression of a significant age; because of intrinsic qualities, they present a distinct impression of what life meant to a serious gentleman of letters in the early seventeenth century.

It is hardly possible here to give a detailed account of the order in which Middleton wrote his plays; but sufficient study has been given to them to warrant a rather broad classification. Since it is generally admitted that *The Old Law* was first acted in 1599, and since it is known that *Blurt, Master-Constable*, was printed in 1602, and *The Phoenix* in 1607, it is pretty clear that Middleton began by writing romantic comedies with a strong infusion of realistic comedy based on intrigue. The realistic scenes in those three plays are essentially of the same nature as are the comedies of intrigue that were printed about the same time, only those scenes do not dominate the plays. In the other plays printed in 1607 and 1608 (*Michaelmas Term, A Trick to Catch the Old One, The Family of Love, Your Five Gallants, A Mad World My Masters*), Middleton has merely expanded the intrigue element into the whole play. After the period from 1599 to 1607, he seems to have restricted himself to the romantic comedies, but with a new inspiration and a finer effect, and to have tried his hand at romantic tragedy. During this return to the romance, circa 1608-1614 (that is, up to the time when he came in contact with Rowley), he seems to have been writing mostly with others, and during the early part of the time to have produced romantic come-



dies of manners much like those of the first period except for their finer literary qualities. Such are *The Roaring Girl*, *The Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*. Finally, probably as a result of collaboration with Rowley, there comes into the plays a tragic element, such as is found in *The Spanish Gipsy*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *The Changeling*, *Women Beware Women*, and *More Dissemblers Besides Women*. Two of these, *The Spanish Gipsy* and *A Fair Quarrel*, are saved from being tragedies only by the most desperate moral and ethical contortions. But in the last three the unavoidable tragedy falls with terrible force upon the loose life which Middleton had hitherto been able to save by some literary or dramatic sleight of hand.

*A Game at Chess*, 1624, and the Masques, 1613-1626, I have disregarded, since, being intentionally and obviously of other classes of dramatic composition, they throw practically no added light on the study of Middleton and Rowley in *The Spanish Gipsy* and *All's Lost by Lust*.

Although there is likewise a large amount of uncertainty as to the exact lines written by William Rowley in the plays in which he collaborated, there is general unanimity as to the characteristics of his work. He was most effective in romantic tragedy and in farce comedy. His verse is irregular, harsh, sometimes little better than prose cut up into lines, often of unequal metrical length. In the serious passages, he is strongly inclined to the melodramatic and bombastic; and yet, at his best, he is capable of subtle and penetrating

pathos. His humor is usually broad, often coarse, sometimes whimsical, seldom delicate. He was most inclined to write for the pit.<sup>1</sup>

Of the two comedies assigned to Rowley on their title-pages, there is general agreement that at least the first three acts of *A Woman Never Vexed* are his work. Mr. Bullen<sup>2</sup> says he follows Mr. Fleay in assigning the first draft of *A Match at Midnight* to Middleton; but Mr. Fleay's only statement about authorship is that Rowley was "aided by Middleton."<sup>3</sup> It is not surprising that Mr. Fleay, dealing with so many plays, should have mistaken Rowley's imitation of Middleton's plays of intrigue for collaboration. But it is a little strange that Mr. Bullen did not detect the essential differences between Middleton's plays and Rowley's imitations. Rowley's comedy and especially his farce is coarse, vulgar, without real wit lying beneath the word-play or coarse phrase. Not once in Rowley's unassisted work is there a genuine Shakspearean passage like the following from *Blurt, Master-Constable* (1, ii, 117-120):

<sup>1</sup> "In Rowley as a dramatist, then, we recognize as characteristic a crude simplicity in the treatment of characters and situations, leading in comedy to whimsical burlesque which only too often degenerates into buffoonery and horseplay, and in more serious work to romantic exaggeration; we recognize a great weakness in execution, shown in a tendency to blatancy, an incapacity for sustained work, and also in serious defects in construction." Pauline G. Wiggin, *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*, Boston, 1897, pp. 19-20.

<sup>2</sup> A. H. Bullen, *The Works of Middleton; Introduction*, p. lxxxix.

<sup>3</sup> F. G. Fleay, *Chron. of Eng. Dram.* II, 95, and *Hist. of Eng. Stage*, p. 203.

*Blurt.* I keep him only to read, for I cannot; my office will not let me.

*Pilch.* Why do you put on your spectacles then?

*Blurt.* To see that he read right.

And such passages are common in Middleton's plays.

The style of Rowley's wit is better illustrated by the passage from *All's Lost by Lust* (II, vi, 99-102):

*Lax.* I'll stop my eares, madam.

*Dio.* Why, are they running away from your head, sir?

*Lax.* I meane I'll seale them up from hearing, lady.

*Dio.* You may, no doubt they have wax o' their owne.

This jest by one of the ladies with one of the leaders in the war has a distinctly more vulgar effect than even those of the very ordinary constable in Middleton's play, and is typical of an essential difference between the two men. In all of Rowley's comedy there is a vulgar atmosphere of the lowest strata of society, in which mere vulgarity is fun, and mere superficial play on words is taken for wit.

In *A Woman Never Vexed* and *A Match at Midnight*, there can be little doubt that Rowley was imitating the successful plays by Middleton. That there is more indebtedness than general imitation, I agree with Miss Wiggin<sup>1</sup> in denying. Not only is there less use of verse in these plays, and poorer verse where it occurs, but there is a distinct difference in the kind of people portrayed. Middleton shows an acquaintance with the

<sup>1</sup> "Altogether it seems to me that unless some definite proof of Middleton's authorship is advanced, we have no sufficient reason to justify us in disregarding the assertion of the publisher, and removing *A Match at Midnight* from the list of Rowley's plays." Miss Wiggin, *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*, p. 13.

gentry, decayed and immoral though they may be, and with the better class of common people. Even his most vulgar comedies, like *Your Five Gallants* or *The Family of Love*, have more marks of refinement than have these two plays by Rowley. *A Woman Never Vexed* comes nearest to touching on respectable society, but those parts that do are the least effective parts of the play. Stephen and the Widow are quite impossible and un- plausible characters. They are made to order for the plot, and have no life-blood in their veins as have Old Foster and his wife. The latter were plainly the people whom Rowley best understood, and better still are the inevitable foolish Clown, and the two foolish old men in love with the young girl. Although the general situation of the old men and the girl is probably taken from Middleton, the treatment is quite different. Bloodhound and Earlack, in *A Match at Midnight*, who have been compared to Lucre and Hoard in *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, are much more common, vulgar, witless, and foolish than their prototypes. Hoard and Lucre belong to a different social class, and move in a different atmosphere. They are reputable householders with friends and standing in the community. When they quarrel, they do it like gentlemen and in the phrases of gentlemen :

*Hoard.* Shall my adversary thus daily affront me, ripping up the old wound of our malice, which three summers could not close up? into which wound the very sight of him drops scalding lead instead of balsamum.<sup>1</sup>

Bloodhound, on the other hand, is a miserly usurer,

<sup>1</sup> *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, 1, iii, 4-7.

and Earlack is an unprincipled informer and scrivener. They are plainly hand in glove, — like master, like man. Earlack shows his nature typically in his proposal to Moll Bloodhound :

*Earlack.* I can make thee a hundred a year jointure, wench. At the first, indeed, I began with petty businesses, wench ; and here I pick'd, and there I pick'd ; but now I run through none but things of value.<sup>1</sup>

It is difficult in a few sentences to define or illustrate any better this difference of social atmosphere, but it can be unmistakably felt by a person reading the two plays at the same time, and it marks the most essential difference between Middleton's and Rowley's comedy.

In the romantic tragedy, *All's Lost by Lust*, the whole tone is melodramatic, realistic, cruel, crude, but often with an unusually keen sense of pathos. The plot goes straight on without discursive elements, except for humor, and that is always rapid. There is little attention to the conventions of society, and almost no refinement of life or language. The kingly court is vulgar, coarse; the noblemen are common men with titles. They have no inherent dignity, no pride of ancestry. They show merely the crude force of realistic strength, as opposed to the real refinement of manner among the very immoral but nobly born characters in such plays as Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, for instance. The cold, blunt, brutal manner in which Roderigo asks Lothario<sup>2</sup> if Jacinta will yield to his suit, and later the coarseness of

<sup>1</sup> *A Match at Midnight*, II, i (Dodaley's *Old Plays*. London, 1825, VII, p. 326).

<sup>2</sup> *All's Lost by Lust*, Act I, Scene i.

his messenger, Malena, as compared with the shrewd, refined, subtle manner in which the Duke<sup>1</sup> gets access to Livia through the most politely laid plans by apparently respectable people, will show the essential difference between the two men in their knowledge of people. This is not merely a difference in style of composition or of verse ; it is a difference of atmosphere, of conception of character, of appreciation of what constitutes gentlemanly instincts. Middleton's nobles are gentlemen-bred, whatever their morals, and even his rogues have a polish of manner not found in any of Rowley's characters, whatever their standing in life.

Since practically all of Rowley's work, except *All's Lost by Lust*, was done as a reviser or collaborator or imitator, it is not possible to discuss further his dramatic ability in characterization or plot structure without anticipating what will be better treated in the following section.

## II

As has already been noticed *The Spanish Gipsy* and *All's Lost by Lust* differ in that one is a romantic comedy and the other is a romantic tragedy of the melodramatic order. And yet this difference of form is not so much due to a difference of theme as to a difference in the attitude of the two writers. The main plot of each is set going by the rape of a young woman of good family. The tragic element thus introduced into *The Spanish Gipsy* is kept from its logical results by a very

<sup>1</sup> *Women Beware Women*, Act II, Scene ii.

unplausible means, namely, the ravisher falls desperately in love with the girl, whom for some unaccountable reason he does not know, and later marries her. This method of forcing an essentially tragic situation to a comedy close is similar to the solution in *The Phoenix*, *Blurt*, *Master-Constable*, and other plays by Middleton alone. The end of *All's Lost by Lust* is logical, inevitable and natural, except in its excess of blood. Not that poetic justice is meted out to each in the approved fashion of moralists; the end is more as it would be likely to come in this world of half-right and half-wrong. The kingly instigator of the wrong loses his kingdom, but escapes with his life. The avenging father, because he calls in the enemy of his country to aid him in his revenge, loses his life. The suffering daughter meets her death because of the anger of a second disappointed lover, as a natural sequence of the treachery of her father. A great wrong has been done; many suffer, each in proportion to his strength and position, not his guilt. Rowley has written no other tragedy with which to compare it, but this melodramatic end is quite unlike the closing of any of Middleton's plays.

Both *The Spanish Gipsy* and *All's Lost by Lust* introduce comedy elements of the realistic type, assisted by a clownish fellow. In both plays the sub-plots emphasize the mood and theme of the main plots. The significance of the first of these facts will be further noticed in the study of characterization. The relation of the sub-plot to the main plot in each is not significant. But in the handling of the situations that go to make up the plots of these two plays there is a marked difference. This

difference can best be shown in the handling of the two similar situations, the rape of the girl. In *All's Lost by Lust* the plan is deliberate, the agents are employed beforehand and even discuss their work in the most vulgar possible words; the betrayer himself, a king, argues with the girl after his agents have failed, and only after a nauseating picture of a most revolting attempt at seduction, the king seizes her and carries her off the stage. Her next appearance, when she tries to persuade her keeper to let her escape, is equally vulgar and prolonged. The first of these occupies 250 lines, the second 65 lines.

In *The Spanish Gipsy*, the preparation for the rape of Clara occupies 39 lines, and is concerned chiefly with the friends of Roderigo trying to dissuade him from the deed. The plan is simple: he has seen her, is desperate, will seize her in the dark street and carry her off. This he does in three lines, and the few remaining lines of the scene are given to the bewailing cries for help by the father and mother. When Clara again appears, she first begs Roderigo to take her home, then during his brief absence from the room secures a crucifix with which to identify her betrayer, and on his return, suddenly and quite unexpectedly to the reader refuses to accept him as a true lover, although a few lines before she has asked him to marry her. Nowhere in either scene is there a vulgar word or allusion. If anything, the reader is shocked at the apparent propriety with which the deed has been committed. Herein lies the difference. In *All's Lost by Lust* the writer is setting it down as it would happen in this vulgar world. In *The*



*Spanish Gipsy* the writer is idealizing an unpleasant and vulgar fact that is needed for the rest of the story. The former has made as much as possible of the coarse details; the latter has covered them all over with conventionality and romance. This difference of treatment of two similar situations is typical of the two plays in the rest of the serious parts.

Although the main plot of *The Spanish Gipsy* is plainly dominated by the more formal, self-conscious, and refined mental processes of Middleton, and the main plot of *All's Lost by Lust* by the rapidity and abandon of Rowley, the comedy parts of *The Spanish Gipsy* are not so clearly unified in spirit as are the similar parts of *All's Lost by Lust*. In the latter play there are two main types of comedy: the low farce comedy in which the clown takes a principal part, and the wit comedy, which is of the most superficial kind. In *The Spanish Gipsy* there are also two types of comedy: the low farce comedy with the clown like the same type in *All's Lost by Lust*, and the wit comedy of a much higher class than any found in *All's Lost by Lust*. This similarity and this difference are strong evidence as to the part taken by Rowley in the revision of *The Spanish Gipsy*, especially when it is remembered that the clown in *All's Lost by Lust* was played by "the Poet."

The different styles of wit in these two plays are apparent from a comparison of such passages as—

*Pretiosa.* Tempted! tho I am no mark in respect of a huge but, yet I can tell you great bubbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself give ayme, thus: wide, four bowes; short, three and a halfe. They that crack me shall find me as hard

as a nut of Galisia ; a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wantons almond.<sup>1</sup>

And —

*Dionisia.* I would buy by the score, sir.

*Louarello.* And what a score then ?

*Dio.* Chalks best for the score, every alewife knows that.

*Las.* You talke of chalke, and I of cheese.

*Dio.* Hees in the last diah ; pray take him away here.<sup>2</sup>

These are each the first appearance in the play of the attractive young woman. One of her special gifts is that of witty reply. But the style of the two is vastly different : Dionisia, although she is supposed to be the daughter of the Governor of the Castle, belongs really to the lower ranks of society, where simple word-play and vulgar jest are the staple of bright conversation ; Constanza (disguised as Pretiosa), the daughter of the Corregidor of Madrid, belongs to quite another class of persons. She has really refined wit, based upon ideas, not on mere sound of words. Moreover, she has a strong poetical vein. Her conversation tends to become operatic, — fully expressed for the mere joy of expression, — and forces others to the same style. Even in the passages where the coarser hand of Rowley is apparent, like the scene where Sancho and Soto first appear, there are lines such as —

*Sancho.* Soto, prithee set a good face on 't for I cannot, and give the litle monkey that letter.

*Soto.* Walk off and hum to yourself : — I dedicate, sweet des-

<sup>1</sup> *The Spanish Gipsy*, II, i, 101-108.

<sup>2</sup> *All's Lost by Lust*, II, ii, 50-54.

tiny, in whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love.<sup>1</sup>

These have no parallel in *All's Lost by Lust*. The incident of the verses, though here and there bearing the impression of Rowley, has also a softness of humor, a fineness of temper, that is never found in the unassisted plays by Rowley, but is frequent in Middleton's early comedies of manners. If these comedy scenes in *The Spanish Gipsy* are compared with the scene of the gulling of Lethe by Rearage and Salewood,<sup>2</sup> and with a scene between Lipsalve, Gudgeon, and their two pages,<sup>3</sup> there is found the same general situation. But there are some noticeable differences. In *Michaelmas Term* and *The Family of Love* there is more intrigue, less movement, slower conversation, longer and wordier speeches, less real fun than in *The Spanish Gipsy*. No single example can be given to show this difference convincingly ; but if one reads the comic passages in *The Spanish Gipsy*, then turns to those in *Michaelmas Term*, and *The Family of Love*, the difference cannot be mistaken. The latter are well worked out on principle ; they are the kind of thing that ought to be funny. They contain excellent intrigue properly foiled by the right person for the best results ; they are witty in speech ; they contain unexpected bursts of folly and wit ; they contain all the conventional paraphernalia of the best comedy of manners. But they are slow ; they take too long in doing what they have to do. They cannot

<sup>1</sup> *The Spanish Gipsy*, II, i, 149-155.

<sup>2</sup> *Michaelmas Term*, III, i, 76 ff.

<sup>3</sup> *The Family of Love*, II, iii.

make a hit and stop ; they cannot condense a funny situation so that it will take strong hold of the reader.

Although *The Spanish Gipsy* has the mild humor and genuine wit-play as well as the more restrained horse-play of these comedies by Middleton, it has also the rapidity found in *All's Lost by Lust*, but not found in Middleton's unassisted work. For example, the clowns in the two plays are not different in their source, but the two in *The Spanish Gipsy* have the more refined and slower intellect of Middleton's clowns with Rowley-esque expression, and the one in *All's Lost by Lust* has the cruder, coarser intellect of Rowley's characters with his rapidity of expression. The simple-minded, self-conscious Sancho is more refined in his manners and milder in his burlesque than the more vulgar Jacques ; but they both take part in the action with a rapidity and life unknown in Middleton's unassisted work. Their speeches were plainly phrased by a man who knew what was actually effective on the stage.

The natural inference from the contrasted atmosphere and style of the serious parts, and from the dissimilar thought element but similar style of the comedy parts of these two plays, is that Middleton wrote the original form of *The Spanish Gipsy*, but that Rowley later revised the serious parts, shortening the speeches, giving them terseness and life, and inserting here and there a natural phrase ; also that he completely re-phrased the comedy parts, but did not alter the form or content of the play in essential matters. It is also evident that Middleton had no part in *All's Lost by Lust*.

This general conclusion as to the part Rowley had

in *The Spanish Gipsy* is made still more probable by a study of the style both of the prose and of the verse in the two plays in comparison with other plays by Rowley and Middleton alone, and by a similar study of characterization. Middleton's verse during his early period, prior to 1608, is "uniformly regular as to number of feet, and smooth in quality. It is sometimes noticeable, even, that poetical expression is kept at the expense of naturalness and brevity. A somewhat exaggerated case, though really typical, is found in *The Family of Love*, v, ii, 24-36, of which I quote the first five verses :

Gerardine ?

Aurora, nor the blushing sun's approach,  
Dart not more comfort to this universe  
Than thou to me : most acceptably come !  
The art of number cannot count the hours  
Thou hast been absent.

This is not mere lover's hyperbole, but is the writer's attempt to express in good verse a simple though passionate welcome from a girl to her lover. The response is similar yet worse. An equally formal and almost antiphonal scene occurs in *Your Five Gallants*, i, ii, 1-23. The antiphonal quality of this latter passage is rather unusual, but the formal fulness of the verse, almost if not quite padding, is thoroughly typical of Middleton's longer speeches. The most notable exceptions to this uniformity of verse are in *Your Five Gallants*, which, besides containing incomplete verses in several places, has seven double endings in sixteen lines in i, ii, 83-98. A few rough verses, too, are scattered

through the plays, like iv, ii, 2, in *The Family of Love* :

Thou power predominate, more to be admir'd,  
and some irregular ones, like line 97 :

Is happiness sought by the gods themselves,  
and like i, i, 105, in *A Mad World My Masters* :

Yet willingly embrace it — love to Harebrain's wife.

But with the exception of a few such lines, the verse errs on the side of dull regularity.

In the distribution of prose and verse, also, Middleton seems somewhat self-conscious. Dignified, serious topics, like love, honor, bravery, integrity, whether they are merely talked about by the characters or whether they are the dominant influences in the action of the play, are almost always presented in verse. But the moment there is a change to the light and humorous, there is a change of form. The only important exceptions to this occur in *Your Five Gallants*. These exceptions, however, cannot be allowed to weigh fully against the other plays for two reasons : first, the verse in these places is essentially unlike that in the other five plays ; and second, although this play was licensed for printing in March, 1607-1608, the quarto bears no date, so it may be much later and revised by another hand. A single passage will show the quality of the verse, iv, viii, 48-57 :

When things are cleanly carried, sign of judgment ;  
I was the welcom't gallant to her alive

After the salt was stolen ; then a good dinner,  
 A fine provoking meal, which drew on apace  
 The pleasure of a day-bed, and I had it ;  
 This here one ring can witness : when I parted,  
 Who but *sweet master Goldstone* ? I left her in that trance.  
 What cannot wit, so it be impudent,  
 Devise and compass ? I 'd fain know that fellow now  
 That would suspect me but for what I am.

A good example of a sudden change from verse to prose because of a change of theme is found in *The Phœnix*, I, iv. Up to line 197, since law has been treated humorously as the means of gulling some one, the speeches are all in prose ; but the moment Phœnix begins speaking of law in a higher sense, the form becomes verse. A similar case may be found in *The Family of Love*, v, ii, 39-42, where the change is made in the midst of a speech, because Gerardine turns from talking to Maria of their approaching marriage to ask her an ordinary question about some of the less dignified characters in the play :

At Dryfat's house, the merchant, there 's our scene,  
 Whose sequel, if I fail not in intent,  
 Shall answer our desires and each content.  
 But when sawest thou Lipsalve and Gudgeon, our two gallants ?

This practice of poetical expression for the serious treatment of serious topics, or for increased effectiveness, is surprisingly constant throughout these plays.

Middleton's early prose is usually well written, adapted to the characters, and conversational. It is for the most part better adapted to its purpose than is the verse ; he seems more at home with it. There are a few exceptions, like the euphuistic prose in *Blurt*,





Them all on thee ; 't is thou, ungodly slave,  
That art the mark unto the wrath of heaven :  
I thriv'd ere I knew thee.<sup>1</sup>

Such lines as these are frequent, in which smoothness of verse and rhythm are sacrificed to rather bombastic vigor."<sup>2</sup>

Middleton's regularity of verse, his rather full, padded, formal speeches, careful adjustment of parts of lines, restriction of the trochees to their usual places, are all easily recognized in Act I, Scene iii, for instance, of *The Spanish Gipsy*. Here is none of the rugged verse, the hurried speeches, the irregularly broken lines, the swelling bombast, found in almost any of the similar scenes in *All's Lost by Lust*. Compare, for instance, Clara's refusal to tell her name to Roderigo after her rape by him with Jacinta's refusal to marry the Moor after her violation by King Rodorique :

You urge me to a sinne  
As cruel as your lust ; I dare not grant it.  
Think on the violence of my defame,  
And if you mean to write upon my grave  
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question,  
Or whence, or who I am ; I know the heat  
Of your desires are, after the performance  
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd  
In cooler streams of penance ; and for my part  
I have wash'd off the leprosie that cleaves  
To my just shame, in true and honest tears ;  
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,  
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory ;

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. xii, p. 160. 1875.

<sup>2</sup> *On the Date and Composition of the Old Law: Pub. of Mod. Lang. Assn. of Amer.* pp. 17-18.

Let it lie buried with me in the dust,  
 That never time hereafter may report  
 How such a one as you have made mee live ;  
 Be resolute, and do not stagger, doe not,  
 For I am nothing.<sup>1</sup>

*Moore.* Looke for a vengeance.

*Jacinta.* Yes, some barbarous one,  
 Tis naturall to thee, base African ;  
 Thine inside 's blacker then thy sooty skin.  
 Oh Julianus ! what hast thou done ? th'ast scap't  
 The raging lion, to wrastle with a dragon ;  
 He woud have slaine with a majesticke gripe,  
 But this with venome ; better had bin thy fate  
 By him to fall, then thus, by such a helhound.<sup>2</sup>

Although the reasons for refusal are somewhat different, there still remains, after allowing for that fact, a decided difference in style which is thoroughly characteristic of the two men. Middleton wrote refined romantic verse ; Rowley wrote rough realistic phrases divided into lines.

The difference between the unrevised work of Middleton and that on which the hand of Rowley has been busy can be seen by comparing the first two scenes of the first act with this same third scene of *The Spanish Gipsy*. The first scene contains the rapid prose of Rowley with here and there a fragment of Middleton's verse. The second scene contains more verse, but the scene itself feels fragmentary, unlike what Middleton usually wrote. The two scenes have the spirit of Middleton and the hurry of Rowley. Both together look like a revision and condensation by Rowley of what was originally one of Middleton's rather formal beginnings. In the same way

<sup>1</sup> *The Spanish Gipsy*, Act 1, Sc. iii, 55-72.

<sup>2</sup> *All's Lost by Lust*, Act v, Sc. v, 13-20.

Scene iv and the last of Scene v were probably cut down and hurried.

The two styles of prose in *The Spanish Gipsy* are apparent in the first scene of the second act. Lines 1-108 are quite in a different manner from lines 130-247. The first passage is not so much action carried on by conversation as it is exposition carried on by the discourse of one man. Alvarez talks to the others, who listen and answer in brief inconsequential speeches. In the second passage the action and conversation are balanced: all take part in both. There is a freedom of response, an aptness to catch the previous speech and answer that, which is not found in the former passage. That this difference is not due to the different kinds of characters concerned, may be seen by comparing the beginning of this scene with a passage from a play known to be by Middleton:

*Maudlin.* Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?

*Moll.* Yes.

*Maud.* Yes? you are a dull maid a' late; methinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness — do you weep? — a husband: had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire. To see the difference of these seasons! when I was of your youth, I was lightsome and quick two years before I was married. You fit for a knight's bed! drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your dancing: when was the dancer with you?

*Moll.* The last week.

*Maud.* Last week? when I was of your bord  
He missed me not a night; I was kept at it;  
I took delight to learn, and he to teach me;  
Pretty brown gentleman! he took pleasure in my company:

But you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you ;  
 You dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve  
 Two thousand pound in lead to your marriage,  
 And not in goldsmith's ware.<sup>1</sup>

Or with the following passage also by Middleton alone:

*Francisco.* Martino!

*Martino.* Signor Francisco? you 're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

*Fran.* I bring you the same luck still.

*Mar.* What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

*Fran.* Yes, faith, for another warrant.

*Mar.* Why, there 's my dream come out then. I never dreamed of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a warrant; it is the luckiest part of all the body to me: let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 't is as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, th' other 's the broth: so, 't is in all his members, and we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge; they 're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop. Why, sir, signor Francisco!<sup>2</sup>

All of these passages are plainly by the same hand. Unfortunately there is too little prose (quite possibly much more should be so printed) in *All's Lost by Lust* to help much, but what there is<sup>3</sup> shows a similarity to the second passage in *The Spanish Gipsy* rather than the first. Moreover, this second passage from *The Spanish*

<sup>1</sup> *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, I, i, 1-22.

<sup>2</sup> *The Widow*, I, i, 1-20.

<sup>3</sup> I, iii, 3-10; III, ii, 67-81; III, iii, 20-28, 75-165; v, iii, 1-44, 62-81. This is mainly given to the clown, a little to Lothario. For many other speeches that probably are prose, see footnotes *passim*.

*Gipsy* is much more like the prose in Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*, and *A Woman Never Vexed*.

The similarity of the speeches of similar characters may be seen by comparing the following with the Sancho and Soto passage just referred to (on p. xxxvi):

*Lamb.* Prythee, do not stand troubling the gentlewoman with thy musty sentences, but let her love be laid down betwixt us like a pair of cudgels, and into whose hands she thrusts the weapon first, let him take up the bucklers.

*Speed.* A match between us.

*Jane.* Must I be stickler, then?

*Lamb.* We are both to run at the ring of your setting-up, and you must tell us who deserves most favour.

*Jane.* But will you stand both at my disposing?

*Lamb.* Else let me never stand but in a pillory.

*Jane.* You love me both, you say?

*Speed.* By this hand!

*Lamb.* Hand? Zounds! by the four-and-twenty elements.

*Jane.* Pray spare your oaths; I do believe you do,  
You would not else make all this stir to woo.  
Sir Godfrey, you are knight both tough and old;  
A rotten building cannot long time hold.

*Lamb.* Speedwell, live well, die well, and be hanged well, change your copy well, your experience will not carry it else.

*Jane.* You're rich too, at least yourself so say;  
What though you're but a gilded man of clay.

*Lamb.* A man of gingerbread; i' faith, I could find in my heart to eat him.

*Jane.* Should I wed you, the fire with frost must marry,  
January and May! I for a younger tarry.<sup>1</sup>

This contains the same rapidity and balance of conversation, the same superficial wit, the same brief and simple phrasing that is found in all of the Sancho and Soto passages, of which II, i, 117 and the following lines are a sample. Although some of these differences may seem

<sup>1</sup> *A Woman Never Vexed*, IV, i, 15-40.

at first rather subtle and hypercritical, they will be found on careful study to pervade and characterize the writings of Middleton and Rowley.

The characterization in *The Spanish Gipsy* and in *All's Lost by Lust* is rather more noticeable in its differences and similarities than is the style. All the characters in the serious part of *The Spanish Gipsy* belong, with the plot, in the realm of romantic ideals. The reason why no one would do as did Clara and Roderigo, or Pedro and Maria, or Alvarez and Guimara, or Constanza and Don John, is that no one in this world is quite like any one of them. Clara is too conventional and unreasonable toward her betrayer in her first asking him to marry her and then passionately refusing his proffered love ; then is too sentimental and tearful to the end, where she is happily rewarded with marriage by the man who betrayed her. Roderigo is quite as conventional and unreasonable in his sudden falling in love with Clara after his base betrayal of her, and in his decision to join the gipsies ; and then in his sudden, new love for the new girl ; though he is natural in his opposition to his father's matrimonial plans for him and in his own persistence to marry his own choice. Likewise Alvarez, Guimara, and the rest of the gipsies are purely conventional and romantic in their lives as compared to the informalities of conduct fitting a gipsy life. Although real gipsies might feel no objection to one of their number marrying a runaway young nobleman from court, Alvarez, with a desire to get back to his old standing in Seville, should have thought twice before he allowed the daughter of the Corregidor to marry even Don John,

in the gipsy fashion. They are a band of happy middle-class Englishmen off for a holiday, playing tricks in masquerade with the serious phases of life, not real people in disguise under penalty of death for return to their own country.

It is hardly possible, therefore, to study the character of these people. They are not individuals of real flesh and blood excepting here and there a scene or incident. They are idealized, romanticized, conventionalized people, passing an unserious existence of intrigue and fun. The moral principles which underlie human relations have no constant force here; the motives which control human conduct in real life are easily set aside; natural action is supplanted by romantic eccentricity. They are not the kind of people Middleton knew in London; they are the kind of people he liked to think possible in some ideal world like Shakspeare's "Forest of Arden," or "Wood near Athens."

In the farcical part of *The Spanish Gipsy* the characterization is quite different. Sancho and Soto have much more lifelike qualities: they talk as a foolish gentleman and his witty servant might; they wander away from the guardian's care and fall in with a band of strolling gipsies; Sancho falls in love with the pretty young gipsy, writes foolish verses for the others to laugh at, gives away most of his clothes, and makes a general fool of himself in a most natural manner. So far as the realism is concerned, it might as well be by Middleton as by Rowley; but the particular quality is unlike that found in Middleton's unassisted plays, and is quite like that in *All's Last by Lust*.

In Middleton's plays there are any number of foolish, gullible old and young men, some in love, some not. From this consideration we can at once throw out such characters as Lysander in *The Old Law*, Witgood and Hoard in *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, Blurt in *Blurt, Master-Constable*, Lipsalve and Gudgeon in *The Family of Love*, the four old suitors to Lady Goldenfleece in *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*, since their situations, age, and characteristics do not readily associate them with such persons as Sancho and Soto. Like these latter are the Ward and his servant in *Women Beware Women*; more remotely, Lethe and Hellgill in *Michaelmas Term*, and Tim and his tutor in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. Lethe and Tim belong naturally to a lower class than do the Ward and Sancho, who are gentlemen. This might allow coarser treatment but does not bring it. The Ward in his discussion of marriage with his servant<sup>1</sup> is quite as vulgar as is Tim in his visit to the christening.<sup>2</sup> The Ward, Tim, and Lethe have some marked characteristics in common, and differ from Sancho in all of them. They are distinctly duller in wit, more despised by all their associates, and more put upon by their servants, than is Sancho. Tim is afraid to enter the room where the gossips are eating and drinking, is shown off by his tutor for the benefit of his mother in some foolish Latin exercises, and is completely gulled by the Welsh mistress of Whorehound. Most of his lines are in verse and frequently are long unhumorous speeches, rather descriptive

<sup>1</sup> *Women Beware Women*, II, ii, 83 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, III, ii.



of fun than funny. A single instance will illustrate one kind of his humor:

I mar'l what this gentlewoman should be  
That I should have in marriage; she 's a stranger to me;  
I wonder what my parents mean, i' faith,  
To match me with a stranger so,  
A maid that 's neither kiff nor kin to me:  
'Life, do they think I 've no more care of my body  
Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere stranger,  
One that ne'er went to school with me neither,  
Nor ever play-fellows together?<sup>1</sup>

Some others involve very bad Latin mingled with coarse jests.<sup>2</sup>

Lethe's character and wit is of this same order. He is dull, easily fooled, describes funny situations, but is not really the centre of active farce. Scene i of Act III contains the elements of some good farce as well as of some good pathos; but it is buried beneath the slow phrasing and unnatural action. One of the funniest, which ought to have been carried by the action and conversation, is entirely and superfluously described by Lethe in a typical speech:

*Let.* I invited 'em [Rearage and Salewood] hither to look upon her; brought 'em along with me; gave 'em leave to salute her in kindness: what do they but most saucily fall in love with her, very impudently court her for themselves, and, like two crafty attorneys, finding a hole in my lease, go about to defeat me of my right?<sup>3</sup>

Now this is Middleton pointing out the joke to the audience, not Lethe talking in the action of the scene. It is a natural thing for Lethe to say under the circum-

<sup>1</sup> *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, IV, i, 81-89.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* IV, i, 72 and 113. <sup>3</sup> *Michaelmas Term*, III, i, 156-161.

stances ; but in this very naturalness it is not fitted to carry the scene but rather to cumber it. Middleton has badly chosen the relation of incidents which make necessary such a speech, repeating what the audience knows.

There are the same dramatic mistakes in the presentation of the Ward in *Women Beware Women* as in the presentation of Tim and Lethe. His speeches are too long ; their simplicity is too often not well connected with the action ; it is too plainly clownish fooling for its own sake, and not always funny at that. He is introduced just from a game at shuttlecock with his servant, acts more like a little boy than a young man most of the time, and arouses more disgust than amusement. A single speech will show the style :

I see her now, I'm sure ; the ape 's so little,  
 I shall scarce feel her ; I have seen almost  
 As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence :  
 See how she simpers it, as if marmalade  
 Would not melt in her mouth ! she might have the kindness,  
     i' faith,  
 To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,  
 A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling :  
 These women, when they come to sweet things once,  
 They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,  
 Nay, oftentimes their husbands.<sup>1</sup>

This, like his dance with Livia and wooing of her later in the same scene, is weak dramatically because of the Middletonian expository and descriptive method.

The Sancho and Soto scenes in *The Spanish Gipsy* are quite different. Sancho's dullness is made keenly humorous by its brevity, directness, and rush, as in his

<sup>1</sup> *Women Beware Women*, III, ii, 68-77.

first appearance with the verses which he sings to Constanza.<sup>1</sup> The method by which this naturalness and rapidity are gained is shown in the last part of this same act where they explain their loss of clothes.<sup>2</sup> Middleton would have let them explain to their guardian in three or four long set speeches; but here are 38 little questions and answers, all in 63 lines. Sancho and Soto are wittier, briefer, more conversational, livelier, and therefore the scene is better drama. They are no more realistic, no more natural than the others; but they seem more plausible, and must have been vastly more effective on the stage.

Finally, they are in method and spirit like the clown in *All's Lost by Lust*. At times the clown has long speeches, but they are the long speeches of the egoist and fit in aptly to the action; they are not expository or descriptive. Usually, however, he is brief, rapid, colloquial, and bright within his limits. He is excessively pleased at becoming the brother-in-law of a gentleman, and what clown would not be? This fact gives point to most of his foolish-witty remarks; in other matters he is quite sensible. Moreover, all this clownishness is so skilfully phrased and selected by the writer, that stupid as it may be in the clown, it never seems stupid to the reader. Essentially, these are the characteristics of Sancho. The superficial difference, that Sancho and Soto are a foolish gentleman and his servant, like the Ward and Tim and Lethe and their servants, means merely that Middleton created the characters and general situation in which Sancho and Soto are found. But

<sup>1</sup> *The Spanish Gipsy*, II, i, 130-247.    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* II, ii, 120-183.

the essential similarity of concept, of treatment, and of style of speech and thought, all point to Rowley as the man who in revision has re-phrased most of the parts of *The Spanish Gipsy* in which Sancho and Soto are found, thereby making them in effect like the clown in *All's Lost by Lust*.

The serious characters in *All's Lost by Lust* call for no particular study in this comparison of the two plays. They are the stock conventional characters of romantic tragedy, and belong to the cruder types. Here and there is a touch of genuine pathos, as when Jacinta appeals to heaven for protection from Rodorique; but more often the tragedy is mere wanton cruelty, as when the Moor compels the blind Julianus to kill his dumb daughter. This is a refinement upon the old tragedy of blood, with whatever additional thrills the last two decades of dramatic history had taught the writers to produce. Because of the melodramatic phrasing and the excess of blood, no one of the characters appeals to our sympathy very deeply; we know that the tragedy is imaginary and the wounds unreal. At no point do we lose ourselves in the action, and feel the "pity and fear" required by Aristotle.

## III

The attitude of most critics toward the composition of *The Spanish Gipsy* has been that of caution. Mr. Fleay says, "The whole play is, I think, Middleton's. . . . Middleton left writing for the Cockpit 1621-2, and . . . Rowley afterwards touched up this play."<sup>1</sup> Professor

<sup>1</sup> *Chron. of the Eng. Drama*, vol. II, pp. 101-2.

Ward says, "If Rowley's co-operation is here traceable, there can be little doubt that it should be sought more especially in Act II, which must have added largely to the theatrical effectiveness of the play."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dyce is even less specific: "The pleasing characters of Clara and Constanza in *The Spanish Gipsy* are beyond the ability of Rowley."<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bullen is more definite in saying that the gipsy scenes "were, doubtless, largely the work of Rowley."<sup>3</sup> After a careful study of four of the Middleton-Rowley plays, Miss Pauline Wiggin concludes much with Professor Ward that "the greater part of the play—all but the second act—belongs to Middleton."<sup>4</sup> The rest is by Rowley, she infers. Mr. Swinburne is quite the most general, though not the least correct in his comment. He says, "Whatever is best in the tragic or in the romantic part of this play bears the stamp of Middleton's genius alike in the sentiment and the style. . . . The rough and ready hand of Rowley may be traced, not indeed in the more high-toned passages, but in many of the most animated scenes of *The Spanish Gipsy*."<sup>5</sup>

Since practically no one but Miss Wiggin gives any reason for his opinion, hers is the only one that can be considered in detail. Without doubt she is quite right in the main about the verse of Middleton and of Row-

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Lit.* II, p. 508. 1899.

<sup>2</sup> *Introduction to Middleton's Works*, 1840, p. lv.

<sup>3</sup> *Introduction to Middleton's Works*, 1885, p. lxxii.

<sup>4</sup> *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*, p. 42.

<sup>5</sup> *Best Plays of Thomas Middleton, Mermaid Series, Introduction*, pp. xxx, xxxi. 1887.

ley, and the qualities of their humor. But when she assigns the parts by each merely on the basis of verse, as she seems to do, she misses one of the essential differences between the writings of these two men: the quality of their low comedy.

If *The Spanish Gipsy* is read after *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *The Widow*, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, *The Witch*, *Women Beware Women*, and *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, all plays generally assigned to Middleton, and probably written about the same time as *The Spanish Gipsy*, or a little before; and then if Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, *A Match at Midnight*, and *A Woman Never Vexed* be read after, there are at once apparent two or three important differences and similarities. First, there will be found in *The Spanish Gipsy* little or no verse like that in Rowley's play; but practically all will be seen to be similar to that in Middleton's plays cited. Second, the humor of Sancho and Soto is quite like that of the clown in *All's Lost by Lust*, of the two foolish old men in *A Woman Never Vexed*, and of Bloodhound and Earlack in *A Match at Midnight*, but quite unlike any in the seven Middleton plays mentioned. Third, the purity of womanhood and the pathos of Clara's and Constanza's situation is quite unlike anything in those seven plays just mentioned, but they are easily matched in Middleton's later romantic plays. The conclusion is immediate. Middleton wrote *The Spanish Gipsy* just after those seven plays, between 1614 and 1620, when he was changing to his more romantic work. Later it was revised by Rowley, mainly in the phrasing of certain

parts, without much if any change in the form or spirit of the play as a whole.

The earliest known reference to *The Spanish Gipsy* is in Sir Henry Herbert's office book, where he records the fact that there was performed "Upon the fifth of November [1623] at Whitehall, the prince being there only, *The Gipsye*, by the Cockpitt company."<sup>1</sup> This reference is supported by the contemporary allusion in the play to the "elephant and camels" sent to James I by the King of Spain in July, 1623,<sup>2</sup> and is without doubt to the performance of the text as revised by Rowley.

In detail, the parts can be roughly assigned as follows: by Middleton, with only here and there a slight touch by Rowley, Act I, Scene iii, and Scene v, ll. 1-73; Act II, Scene i, ll. 1-129, and 250-293, and Scene ii, ll. 1-119; Act III, Scene i, ll. 1-30, and 114-145; Scene ii and Scene iii; Act IV, Scenes i, ii, and iii, ll. 188-238; Act V, Scenes i, ii, and iii. Revised by Rowley, though showing here and there the original lines of Middleton, Act I, Scenes i, ii, iv, and v, ll. 73-123; Act II, Scene i, ll. 130-250, and Scene ii, ll. 120-183; Act III, Scene i, ll. 31-113; Act IV, Scene iii, ll. 1-187.

In summary, the original play was by Middleton, probably during the middle period of his romantic writing. The play was revised by Rowley *circa* 1623, probably while Middleton and Rowley were working for the same company. Rowley's revision concerned

<sup>1</sup> Malone's *Shakspeare*, ed. 1821, vol. III, p. 227.

<sup>2</sup> See *Notes* on II, ii, 183, p. 131.

itself with the passages that present Sancho and Soto. He also cut and possibly condensed the opening scenes, largely by the omission of Middleton's longer speeches and the insertion of a few of his own pithy speeches in prose. There is one important exception to the assignment to Rowley of the Sancho and Soto passages; the song in II, I, 194-208, like those in III, I, and IV, I, is by Middleton. Rowley has given no evidence of such power, but Middleton has frequently in his unaided plays.<sup>1</sup>

*The Spanish Gipsy* is an excellent illustration of Rowley's flexibility, naturalness, broad humor, and rapid movement qualifying and popularizing Middleton's formality, artificiality, refined humor, and self-restraint. Middleton furnished the basis of a logical plot, refined verse, and serious phrasing of elevated topics for Rowley to mellow and at the same time to enliven with his realistic phrase. While the two men were working alone, Middleton's plays were too strongly influenced by the study, Rowley's by the pit; but together, each supplying the defects of the other, they accomplished their best work.

<sup>1</sup> See *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, V, II, 36-43; *Blurt, Master-Constable*, I, II, 209-216, II, II, 51-67, 279-286, III, I, 123-136, etc.



## THE TEXT

Previous to this edition *The Spanish Gipsy* is known to have been printed six times: the first quarto in 1653; the second quarto in 1661; in a collection of Old Plays in 1815; in Dyce's edition of Middleton's works in 1840; in Bullen's edition of Middleton's works in 1885; and in Ellis's edition of selected plays by Middleton (*Mermaid Series*) in 1887.

The second quarto has been taken as the basis for this edition because the printers, by correcting several typographical errors, have made it the better of the old editions. The only changes not indicated by notes or brackets are in the capitalization and punctuation which have been modernized without changing the sense of the original.

The stage-directions as rewritten or inserted by Dyce or Bullen have not been referred to except where they seem erroneous. Mr. Ellis's text and notes have been disregarded, since he usually copied Bullen without credit or brackets.

For the sake of brevity the following abbreviations will hereafter be used: Q1, Q2, Q3, referring respectively to the first quarto, the second quarto, and both quartos; A, referring to the edition of 1815, called "Ed. 1816" by Dyce and Bullen; D, referring to Dyce's edition; B, referring to Bullen's edition; and D's Ma., referring to "several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all probability, seen a manuscript of the piece," often quoted by Dyce and Bullen (Dyce's ed. vol. iv, p. 109, *et seq.* and Bullen's ed. vol. vi, p. 125, *et seq.*). There may be two opinions as to the *probability*.

THE  
SPANISH  
GIPSIE.

As it was Acted (with great Applause )  
at the Private House in  
DRURY LANE,  
AND  
SALISBURY COURT.

---

Written by { THOMAS MIDDLETON, }  
AND  
{ WILLIAM ROWLEY } Gent.

---

*The Second Impression.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed by T. C. and L. P. for Robert Crofts, at the Sign of the  
Crown in Chancery-lane, under Serjeants Inn,  
1661.

## DRAMMATIS PERSONÆ

- Fernando, Corrigidor* of Madrid.
- Pedro de Cortes,*  
*Francisco de Carcomo,* } Two old Dons.
- Roderigo,* Son to *Fernando*.
- Lewys,* Son to *De Castro*, [who was] slain by *Alvares*.
- Diego,* Friend to *Don Lewys*.
- Don John,* Son to *Francisco de Carcomo*, and a Lover of *Constansa*.
- Sancho,* A Foolish Gentleman, and Ward to *Don Pedro*.
- Soto,* A merry Fellow, his Man.
- Alvares,* An old Lord disguised like the Father of the Gipsies.
- Claro,*  
*Antonio,* } Two Gentlemen, disguised like Gipsies.
- [OTHERS DISGUISED AS GIPSIES.]
- WOMEN { *Maria,* Wife to *Don Pedro*.  
*Clara,* their Daughter.  
*Guyamara,* Wife to Count *Alvares*, and Sister to *Fernando*, disguised like the mother of the Gipsies, and called by the Name of *Eugenia*.  
*Constansa,* Daughter to *Fernando*, disguised like a young Spanish Gipsie, and called by the name of *Pretiosa*.  
*Christiana,* A gentlewoman, disguis'd like a Gipsie.  
*Cardochia,* A young Hostess to the Gipsies.  
 Servants.

THE SCENE [Madrid and its environs].

*gentlewoman.* Q1, Gentleman.

*Madrid and its environs.* Qq, Allegant.

## The Spanish Gipsie

---

ACTUS PRIMUS. [SCENA PRIMA.

*Near Madrid.*]

*Enter Roderigo, Lewys, and Diego.*

*Lewys.* Roderigo!

*Diego.* Art mad?

*Roderigo.* Yes, not so much with wine; it's  
as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a German  
sober, an Italian no whoremonger, an English 5  
man to pay his debts. I am no borachia; sack,  
maligo, nor canary breeds the calenture in my  
brains; mine eye mads me, not my cups.

*Lew.* What would'st have us do?

*Ro.* Do? 10

*Die.* So far as 't is fit for a gentleman wee'll  
venture.

*Ro.* I ask no more. I ha seen a thing has be-  
witched me: a delicate body, but this in the  
wast [*showing the size by a sign*]; foot and leg 15  
tempting; the face I had a glimpse of, but the

8 *mads.* Q2, made.

11 *a gentleman.* Q1, a gentlemen. D, B, for gentlemen.

16 *had a glimpse.* D, B, had [only] a glimpse.

fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautifull.

*Lew.* Prethee to the point.

*Ro.* Here 't is: an old gentleman (no matter 20  
who he is), an old gentlewoman (I ha nothing to  
do with her), but a young creature that followes  
them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be,  
her I must have; they are coming this way;  
shall I have her? I must have her. 25

*Die.* How, how?

*Lew.* Thou speak'st impossibilities.

*Ro.* Easie, easie, easie! I'le seize the young  
girle; stop you the old man; stay you the old  
woman. 30

*Lew.* How then?

*Ro.* I'le fly off with the young bird, that's all;  
many of our Spanish gallants act these merry  
parts every night. They are weak and old, we  
young and sprightly; will you assist me? 35

*Lew.* Troath, Roderigo, any thing in the way  
of honour.

*Ro.* For a wench, man, any course is honour-  
able.

*Lew.* Nay, not any; her father, if he be her 40  
father, may be noble.

*Ro.* I am as noble.

*Lew.* Would the adventure were so.

*Ro.* Stand close, they come.

*Enter Pedro, Maria, and Clara.*

*Pedro.* 'T is late ; would we were in Madrill. 45

*Maria.* Go faster, my lord.

*Pe.* Clara, keep close.

*[Roderigo seizes Clara ; Lewis and Diego seize Pedro and Maria.]*

*Clara.* Help, help, help !

*Ro.* Are you crying out ? I'le be your mid-wife. *[Roderigo carries off]* *Clara.* 50

*Pe.* What mean you, gentlemen ?

*Ma.* Villains ! thieves ! murderers !

*Pe.* Do you know me ? I am De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes !

*Lew.* De Cortes ! Diego come away. 55

*Ex[eun]t [Lewis and Diego].*

*Pe.* Clara !— where is my daughter ?

*Ma.* Clara !— these villains

Have rob'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,  
Her of her honour.

*Pe.* This had not wont

To be our Spanish fashion ; but now our gal-  
lants,

Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine, 60

*Roderigo seizes, etc.* Qq, They seize them.

*Roderigo carries, etc.* Qq, Exit with Clara.

53 *you know.* D, B, you [not] know.

55 *De Cortes !* A marks this as an aside, and uses interrogation point. D and B omit the aside but keep the point.

(A fire our country-men do seldom sit at.)  
 Commit these outrages. — Clara! — Maria,  
 Let's homeward; I will raise Madrill to find  
 These traytors to all goodnesse. — Clara!

*Ma.* Clara! 65

*Ex[eun]t [Maria and Pedro].*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*Another Place near Madrid.]*

*Enter Lewys and Diego.*

*Lewys.* Oh Diego, I am lost, I am mad!

*Diego.* So we are all.

*Lew.* 'T is not with wine; I'me drunk with  
 too much horror,

Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds  
 To Roderigo's lust. Did not the old man  
 Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?

*Die.* Sure he did. 5

*Lew.* Oh Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on  
 the forfeit

Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,  
 Let 'em not name De Cortes! stay, stay, stay!  
 Roderigo has into his fathers house  
 A passage through a garden.

*Die.* Yes, my lord. 10

*Scena Secunda.* The acts were first divided into scenes by D.  
 10 garden. D and B use a dash instead of a period.

*Lew.* Thither I must find Roderigo out,  
And check him, check him home. If he but  
dare —

No more! Diego, along! my soul does fight  
A thousand battails blacker then this night.

*Ex[unt]s [Lewys and Diego].*

[SCENA TERTIA.

*A Chamber in Fernando's House, Madrid.]*

*Enter Roderigo and Clara.*

*Clara.* Tho the black veyle of night hath over-  
clouded

The world in darknesse, yet e're many hours  
The sun will rise again, and then this act  
Of my dishonour will appear before you  
More black then is the canopy that shrowds it. 5  
What are you, pray, what are you?

*Roderigo.* Husht! a friend! a friend!

*Clara.* A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,  
An honourable villain: as you have  
Disroab'd my youth of natures goodliest por-  
tion, 10

My virgin purity, so with your sword  
Let out that blood which is infected now  
By your soul-staying lust.

*Ro.* Pish!

6 *pray.* B uses an interrogation point.



*Cl.* Are you noble?  
I know you then will marry me; say?

*Ro.* Umh!

*Cl.* Not speak to me! are wanton devils  
dumb? 15

How are so many harmlesse virgins wrought  
By falshood of prevailing words to yield  
To easie forfeits of their shames and liberty,  
If every orator of folly plead  
In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence? 20  
You shall not from me! [*Holding bim.*]

*Ro.* Phew, no more!

*Cl.* You shall not!  
Who e're you are, disease of natures sloth,  
Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of  
virtue,  
Heavens wrath and mankinds burthen, I will  
hold you!

I will! be rough and therein mercifull, 25  
I will not loose my hold else.

*Ro.* [*offering money*]. There, 't is gold.

*Cl.* Gold! why? alas! for what? the hire of  
pleasure

Perhaps is payment; mine is misery:  
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,  
More then a bleeding heart.

*Ro.* Nay, then, y' are troublesome; 30

18 *To.* A, D, B, Too, with no comment on the change.

I'll lock you safe enough.

[Shakes her off and] *exit.*

*Cla.*

They cannot fear

Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of  
life.

Revenge, I kneele to thee,— alas, 'gainst whom?  
By what name shall I pull confusion down  
From justice on his head that hath betray'd  
me?

35

I know not where I am; up, I beseech thee,  
Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,  
And lead me by thy light to some brave venge-  
ance.

It is a chamber sure, the guilty bed,  
Sad evidence against my losse of honour,  
Assures so much. What's here, a window cur-  
tain?

40

Oh heaven! the stars appear too; ha! a cham-  
ber,

A goodly one! dwells rape in such a paradise?  
Help me, my quickned senses, 't is a garden  
To which this window guides the covetous pro-  
spect,

45

A large one and a fair one; in the midst  
A curious alabaster fountain stands,  
Fram'd like — like what? no matter, — swift  
remembrance;

Rich furniture within too! and what's this?

A precious crucifix? I have enough. 50

[Takes crucifix and conceals it.]

Assist me, oh you powers that guard the innocent.

[Re-]enter Roderigo.

*Ro.* Now!

*Cl.* Welcome, if you come arm'd in destruction;

I am prepar'd to die.

*Ro.* Tell me your name,  
And what you are.

*Cl.* You urge me to a sinne 55

As cruel as your lust; I dare not grant it.

Think on the violence of my defame,

And if you mean to write upon my grave

An epitaph of peace, forbear to question,

Or whence, or who I am; I know the heat 60

Of your desires are, after the performance

Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd

In cooler streams of penance; and for my part

I have wash'd off the leprosie that cleaves

To my just shame, in true and honest tears; 65

I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,

The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory;

Let it lie buried with me in the dust,

That never time hereafter may report

How such a one as you have made mee live; 70

Be resolute, and do not stagger, doe not,  
For I am nothing.

*Ro.* Sweet, let me enjoy thee  
Now with a free allowance.

*Cla.* Ha, enjoy me !  
Insufferable villain !

*Ro.* Peace ! speak low,  
I mean no second force ; and since I find 75  
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,  
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for  
So hartily, that could you be your self  
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,  
Trust me, you 'd pitty me.

*Cla.* Sir, you can speak now. 80

*Ro.* So much I am the executioner  
Of mine own trespasse, that I have no heart  
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality ;  
You must excuse me that, but trust me, fair one,  
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wicked-  
ness, 85

I would be proud to court your love like him,  
Whom my first birth presented to the world :  
This for your satisfaction ; what remains,  
That you can challenge as a service from me,  
I both expect and beg it.

*Cla.* First, that you swear 90

88 *This . . . satisfaction*, is part of the previous verse in Qq.  
*what remains*, is part of the following verse in Qq.

Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion  
 Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,  
 To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid.

*Ro.* As I love truth I swear.

*Cl.* Next, that you lead me  
 Near to the place you met me, and there leave me 95  
 To my last fortunes e're the morning rise.

*Ro.* Say more.

*Cl.* Live a new man. If e're you marry  
 (Oh me! my heart's a breaking),—but if e're  
 You marry, in a constant love to her  
 That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault 100  
 Of my undoing. I am lost for ever;  
 Pray use no more words.

*Ro.* You must give me leave  
 To veyle you close.

*Cl.* Do what you will, no time  
 Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonors.

[*Roderigo throws a veil over her.*]

Shall we now go?

*Ro.* My shame may live without me, 105  
 But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.  
 Lend me your hand; now follow.

*Exit [Roderigo with Clara].*

91 *Neither*, is part of the preceding verse in Qq.

97 *Live*. So in D's Ms., D, B. Qq, lay.

## [SCENA QUARTA.

*Before the Door of Fernando's House.]**Enter Lewys, Diego, and a Servant.**Lewys.* Not yet come in, not yet ?*Servant.* No, I'll assure your lordship ; I have seldom known himKeep out so long ; my lord usually observes  
More seasonable hours.*Lew.* What time of night is 't ?*Ser.* On the stroak of three. 5*Lew.* The stroak of three ! 't is wonderous  
strange ! dost hear ?*Ser.* My lord.*Lew.* E're six I will be here again,  
Tell thy lord so : e're six ; — a must not sleep,  
Or if a do, I shall be bold to wake him :  
Be sure thou tell'st him, — do.*Ser.* My lord, I shall. *Exit [Servant].* 10*Lew.* Diego,  
Walk thou the street that leads about the Perado,  
I'll round the west part of the city ; meet me  
At the Inquisition Chappel ; if we misse him,  
Wee'l both back to his lodgings.*Diego.* At the chappel ? 15*Lew.* I, there wee'l meet.2 *him* in Qq is part of the following verse.

*Die.* Agreed, I this way.

*Exit Lewys: [as Diego is going out,]*

*Enter Don John, reading.*

*John.* She is not noble, true. Wise nature  
meant

Affection should enable her discent,  
For love and beauty keeps as rich a seat  
Of sweetness in the mean born as the great. 20  
I am resolv'd. *Exit [Don John].*

*Die.* 'T is Roderigo certainly,  
Yet his voyce makes me doubt, but I'll e o'rehear  
him. *Exit [Diego].*

[SCENA QUINTA.]

*A Street.]*

*Enter Lewys.*

*Lewys.* That I, I, only I should be the man  
Made accessory and a party both  
To mine own torment, at a time so near  
The birth of all those comforts I have travell'd  
with  
So many, many houres of hopes and fears; 5  
Now at the instant — Ha, stand! thy name,  
Truly and speedily.

18 *enable.* A, D, B, ennoble. See *Notes*, p. 129.

19 *keeps.* D, keep.

1 *I, I, only I.* So B. Qq, A, if only I; D, if [I] only I.

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Roderigo.* Don Lewys!

*Lew.* The same;

But who art thou?—speak.

*Ro.* Roderigo.

*Lew.* Tell me,

As y' are a noble gentleman, as ever

You hope to be enroul'd amongst the vertuous, 10

As you love goodnesse, as you wish to inherit

The blessednesse and fellowship of angels,

As you are my friend, as you are Roderigo,

As you are any thing that would deserve

A worthy name, where have you been to night? 15

Oh! how have you dispos'd of that fair creature

Whom you led captive from me? speak, oh speak!

Where, how, when, in what us[a]ge have you left her?

Truth I require, all truth.

*Ro.* Tho I might question

The strangenesse of your importunity; 20

Yet cause I note distraction in the height

Of curiosity, I will be plain

And brief.

*Lew.* I thank you, sir.

11 *to inherit.* D, B, t' inherit.

13 *you are.* D, B, you're.

18 *usage.* So Q1, A, D, B.

23 *And brief.* In Qq part of preceding verse.



*Ro.* Instead of feeding  
 Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,  
 I found, even in that beauty that invited me, 25  
 Such a commanding majesty of chaste  
 And humbly glorious vertue that it did not  
 More check my rash attempt then draw to ebb  
 The float of those desires, which in an instant  
 Were cool'd in their own streames of shame  
 and folly. 30

*Lew.* Now all increase of honours  
 Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,  
 The best man living.

*Ro.* You are much transported  
 With this discourse, methinks.

*Lew.* Yes, I am.  
 She told ye her name too?

*Ro.* I could not urge it 35  
 By any importunity.

*Lew.* Better still!  
 Where did you leave her?

*Ro.* Where I found her; farther  
 She would by no means grant me to wait on her.  
 Oh Lewys, I am lost.

*Lew.* This self-same lady  
 Was she to whom I have been long a suiter, 40  
 And shortly hope to marry.

*Ro.* She your mistris then? Lewys, since  
 friendship

And noble honesty conjures our loves  
 To a continued league, here I unclaspe  
 The secrets of my heart. Oh, I have had 45  
 A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves  
 A temple. If thou lov'st her,— and I blame thee  
 not,

For who can look on her, and not give up  
 His life unto her service? — If thou lov'st her,  
 For pitties sake conceal her; let me not 50  
 As much as know her name, there 's a temptation  
 in 't;

Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,  
 Or any thing that she calls hers, but thee;  
 In thee, my friend, I'll see her; and to avoid  
 The surfeits and those rarities that tempt me, 55  
 So much I prize the happinesse of friendship,  
 That I will leave the city.

*Lew.* Leave it!

*Ro.* Speed me!

For Salamanca, court my studies now  
 For phisick 'gainst infection of the mind.

*Lew.* You do amaze me!

*Ro.* Here to live, and live 60

43 *conjures.* D, conjure.

53 *hers, but thee.* A has a semicolon after *hers*, and a dash after *thee*. Qq have no punctuation after *thee*.

55 *and.* D's qy. "of?" is needless, for this is a common construction.

57 *city.* D, B, use a dash only.

Without her, is impossible and wretched.  
 For Heavens sake never tell her what I was,  
 Or that you know me; and when I find that  
 absence

Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare  
 To see ye again; mean time the cause that  
 draws me 65

From hence, shall be to all the world untold;  
 No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only  
 I undertake this voluntary exile,  
 Shall be partaker of my griefs; thy hand,  
 Farewell: and all the pleasures, joys, contents, 70  
 That blesse a constant lover, henceforth crown  
 thee

A happy bridegroom.

*Lew.* You have conquer'd friendship  
 Beyond example.

*Enter Diego.*

*Diego.* Ha, ha, ha! some one  
 That hath slept well to night, should a but see  
 me

Thus merry by my self, might justly think 75  
 I were not well in my wits.

*Lew.*

Diego!

*Die.*

Yes,

'T is I, and I have had a fine fegary,  
 The rarest wild goose chase.

*Lew.*

'T had made thee melancholy.

*Die.* Don Roderigo here? 't is well you met him,

For tho I mist him, yet I met an accident 80  
Has almost made me burst with laughter.

*Lew.* How so?

*Die.* I'll tell you: as we parted, I perceiv'd  
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled  
With rare conceited raptures; him I dogg'd,  
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed 85  
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation  
Of the sweet voyage he stole to night.

*Ro.* Y' are pleasant.

*Lew.* Prithee, who was 't?

*Ro.* Not I.

*Die.* Y' are i' the right, not you indeed;  
For 't was that noble gentleman Don John, 90  
Son to the Counte Francisco de Carcomo.

*Lew.* In love it seems.

*Die.* Yes, pepperd, on my life;  
Much good may 't do him; Ide not be so  
lin'd

For my cap full of double pistolets.

*Lew.* What should his mistris be?

*Die.* That 's yet a riddle 95  
Beyond my resolution; but of late

87 *voyage he.* A, voyage [that] he.

89 *right, not.* A, right [it was] not.

93 *lin'd.* B quotes D's query, "lim'd?"

I have observ'd him oft [en] to frequent  
The sports the gipsies newly come to th' city  
Present.

*Lew.* 'T is said there is a creature with 'em,  
Tho young of years, yet of such absolute beauty, <sup>100</sup>  
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,  
That Spain reports her not without admiration.

*Die.* Have you seen her?

*Lew.*

Never.

*Die.*

Nor you, my lord?

*Ro.* I not remember.

*Die.* Why then you never saw the prettiest toy <sup>105</sup>  
That ever sung or danc'd.

*Lew.*

Is she a gipsie?

*Die.* In her condition, not in her complexion.

I tell you once more, 't is a spark of beauty

Able to set a world at gaze; the sweetest,

The wittiest rogue! shall see 'em? they have

fine gambolls,

110

Are mightily frequented, court and city

Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship.

This little ape gets money by the sack full,

It troubles upon her.

*Lew.*

Will yee with us, friend?

97-99 *often* . . . *Present*. A prints :

"often to frequent

The sports the gipsies newly come present."

In Qq *Present* is part of the preceding verse.

*Ro.* You know my other projects; sights to me 115  
Are but vexations.

*Lew.* Oh, you must be merry, —  
Diego, wee'll to th' gipsies.

*Die.* Best take heed  
You be not snap'd.

*Lew.* How snap'd?

*Die.* By that little faire;  
'T has a shrew'd tempting face, and a notable  
tongue.

*Lew.* I fear not either.

*Die.* Goe then.

*Lew.* Will you with us? 120

*Ro.* I'll come after. [*Exeunt Lewys and Diego.*]  
Pleasure and youth like smiling evils wooe us  
To taste new follies; tasted, they undoe us.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

118 *faire.* A, D, B, *faire.*  
*Exit Roderigo.* Qq, *Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

[SCENA PRIMA.

*A Room in an Inn.]*

*Enter Alvarez, Carlo, and Antonio [disguised as Gipsies].*

*Alvarez.* Come, my brave boyes, the taylors sheers has cut us into shapes fitting our trades.

*Carlo.* A trade free as a masons.

*Antonio.* A trade brave as a courtiers, for some of them doe but shark, and so do we. 5

*Al.* Gipsies, but no tann'd ones, no red-oker rascalls umberd with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen, lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh free-booters; no, our stile has 10 higher steps to climbe over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies.

*Car.* I never knew nobility in basenesse.

*Al.* Baseness! the arts of Coccoquismo and Germania us'd by our Spanish pickeroes (I mean 15 filching, foysting, niming, jilting) we defie; none in our colledge shall study 'em, such graduates we degrade.

*An.* I am glad Spain has an honest company.

*Al.* Wee'l entertain no mouny-bancking  
 stroule, 20  
 No piper, fidler, tumbler through small hoops,  
 No ape carrier, baboon bearer ;  
 We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base :  
 Am I your major domo, your teniente,  
 Your captain, your commander ?

*An.* Who but you ? 25

*Al.* So then ; now being enter'd Madrill, the  
 enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your  
 new lessons.

*Both.* We listen.

*Al.* Plow deep furrowes, to catch deep root 30  
 in th' opinion of the best grandos, dukes, mar-  
 quesses, condes, and other titulados ; shew your  
 sports to none but them ; what can you do with  
 3. or 4. fooles in a dish, and a block-head cut into  
 sippets ? 35

*An.* Scurvy meat.

*Al.* The Lacedemonians threw their beards  
 over their shoulders, to observe what men did  
 behind them as well as before ; you must do.

*Both.* We shall never doo 't, our muzzles are 40  
 too short.

31 *best.* Q1, D, B, place a comma after *best*.

39 *do.* A, do so ; D, B, do[t].

40-41 *Both* . . . *short.* D and B print ;

*Car.* We shall never do 't.

*Ani.* Our muzzles are too short.



*Al.* Be not English gipsies, in whose company a man's not sure of the eares of his head they so pilfer; no such angling; what you pull to land catch fair: there is no iron so foul but 45  
may be gilded, and our gipsie profession, how base so ever in shew, may acquire commendations.

*Car.* Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

*Al.* Infamous and roguy; so handle your 50  
webbs, that they never come to be woven in the loom of justice; take any thing that's given you, purses, knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezes, any toy, any money; refuse not a marvade, a blanck; feather by feather birds build nests, grain 55  
peck'd up after grain, makes pullen fat.

*An.* The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders.

*Al.* If one city cannot maintain us, away to another; our horses must have wings; does 60  
Madrill yield no money? Sivell shall; is Sivell close fisted? Vallidoly is open; so Cordica, so Toledo: do not our Spanish wines please us? Italian can then, French can; preferments bow is hard to draw, set all your strengths to it; what 65  
you get, keep; all the world is a second Rochill; make all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner serv'd in with trumpets.

*Car.* No, no, sackbuts shall serve us.

*Al.* When you have money, hide it; sell all  
our horses but one. 70

*An.* Why one?

*Al.* 'T is enough to carry our apparel and  
trinkets, and the less our ambler eats, our chear  
is the better. None be sluttish, none theevish, 75  
none lazy; all bees, no drones, and our hieves  
shall yield us honey.

*Enter Eugenia, Pretiosa, Christiana, [disguised as  
Gipsies, and] Cardochia.*

*Pretiosa.* See, father, how I am fitted; how  
do you like

This our new stock of cloaths?

*Al.* My sweet girle, excellent. —  
See their old robes be safe.

*Cardochia.* That, sir, I'll look to; 80  
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever  
Layes hands upon your goods, call but to me,  
I'll make the satisfaction.

*Al.* Thanks, good hostesse.

*Card.* People already throng into the inne,  
And call for you into their private rooms. 85

*Al.* No chamber comedies; hostesse, ply you  
your tide; flow let 'em to a full sea, but wee'l  
shew no pastime till after dinner, and that in a  
full ring of good people, the best, the noblest;  
no closset sweetmeats, pray tell 'em so. 90

79-80 *My . . . safe.* One line in Qq.

83 *she.* A, thee; B, the[e].

*Card.* I shall. *Exit [Cardochia].*

*Al.* How old is Pretiosa ?

*Eugenia.* Twelve and upwards.

*Pre.* I am in my teens assure you, mother ;  
as little as I am, I have been taken for an ele- 95  
phant ; castles and lordships offer'd to be set  
upon me, if I would bear 'em ; why your small-  
est clocks are the pretiest things to carry about  
gentlemen.

*Eu.* Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted. 100

*Pre.* Tempted ! tho I am no mark in respect  
of a huge but, yet I can tell you great bubbers  
have shot at me, and shot golden arrowes,  
but I my self give ayme, thus : wide, four bowes ;  
short, three and a halfe. They that crack me 105  
shall find me as hard as a nut of Galisia ; a  
parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack  
a wantons almond.

*Al.* Thou art my noble girle ; a many dons  
Will not believe but that thou art a boy 110  
In womans cloaths, and to try that conclusion  
To see if thou beest alcumy or no,  
They'l throw down gold in musses ; but, Pre-  
tiosa,

94 *teens assure.* A, teens [I] assure.

104 *give.* Q1, A, D, B, gave.

109 *art.* D and B place a comma after *art.*

111 *womans.* Q1, womens ; B follows D's error in saying " old eds. *womens.* "

Let these proud sakers and jer-falcons fly,  
Do not thou move a wing, be thou thy self, 115  
And not a changeling.

*Pre.* How! not a changeling!  
Yes, father, I will play the changeling;  
I'll change my self into a thousand shapes  
To court our brave spectators; Ile change my  
postures  
Into a thousand different variations 120  
To draw even ladies eyes to follow mine;  
I'll change my voyce into a thousand tones  
To chain attention; not a changeling, father?  
None but my self shall play the changeling.

*Al.* Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa. What noise  
is this? 125

*A beating within. [Re-]enter Cardocbia.*

*Car.* Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths  
in Spain they have seen you, must see you, and  
will see you.

*Al.* To drown this noyse let 'em enter.

[*Exit Cardocbia.*]

*Enter Sancho and Soto.*

*Sancho.* Is your play-house an inne? a gen-130  
tleman cannot see you without crumpling his  
taffaty cloak.

115 *be thou.* Qq, A, D, B, be to. See note on l. 116.

116 *And not a changeling.* So Qq and A. B and D follow  
D's Ms. note which reads: "Thyself and not a changeling." This  
spoils a verse otherwise completed by Pretiosa's next four words.

*Soto.* Nay, more then a gentleman, his man being a deminutive don too.

*San.* Is this the little ape does the fine tricks? 135

*Pre.* Come aloft, Jack little ape!

*San.* Would my Jack might come aloft! please you to set the water mill, with the ivory cogs in 't, a grinding my handfull of purging comfetts. 140

*Soto.* My master desires to have you loose from your company.

*Pre.* Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with cummin-seeds? a flie to glew my wings to sweet meats, and so be tane? 145

*San.* When do your gambolls begin?

*Al.* Not till we ha din'd.

*San.* Foot, then your bellies will be so full you'l be able to do nothing.— *Soto,* prithee set a good face on 't, for I cannot, and give the litle 150 monkey that letter.

*Soto.* Walk off and hum to your self:— I dedicate, sweet destiny, in whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love. [*Offering a paper to Constanza.*] 155

*Eu.* What love? what's the matter?

*Soto.* Grave Mother Bumby, the marks out a your mouth.

143 a. B omits.

153 in. Q1, D, B, into.

*Al.* What 's the paper ? from whom comes it ?

*Soto.* The commodity wrap'd up in the paper 160  
are verses ; the warming pan that puts heat into  
'em, yon fire-brain'd bastard of Helicon.

*Al.* What 's your masters name ?

*Soto.* His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco,  
nuncle to young Don Hortado de Mendonza, 165  
cosen german to the Conde de Tindilla, and  
natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of  
the commendadors of Aleantaro, a gentleman  
of long standing.

*Pre.* Verses ! I love good ones ; let me see 'em. 170

*San.* Good ones ! if they were not good ones,  
they should not come from me ; at the name of  
verses I can stand on no ground.

*Pre.* Here 's gold too ! whose is this ?

*San.* Whose but yours ? If there been any 175  
fault in the verses, I can mend it *ex tempore* ; for  
a stich in a mans stocken not taken up in time  
ravells out all the rest.

*Soto* [*aside*]. Botcherly poetry, botcherly !

*Pre.* Verses and gold ! these then are golden 180  
verses.

160 *commodity.* A, commodities.

162 *yon.* Qq, you. After this speech, D and B follow D's Ms.  
and insert, " *San.* Hum, hum."

168 *Aleantaro.* D, B, Alcantara.

169 *standing.* After this speech, D and B follow D's Ms. and  
insert, " *Alv.* And of as long a style."

175 *been.* D, B, be.

*San.* Had every verse a pearl in the eye it should be thine.

*Pre.* A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind? 185

*San.* I, by this light do I, that you may look upon no bodies crime but mine.

*Pre.* I should be blind indeed!

*Al.* Pray, sir, read your verses.

*San.* Shall I sing 'em or say 'em? 190

*Al.* Which you can best.

*Soto* [*aside to others*]. Both scurvily.

*San.* I'll set out a throat then.

[*Sings.*] *Ob that I were a bee to sing  
Hum, buz, buz, bum! I first would bring* 195  
*Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting.*

*Soto* [*aside to others*]. He manders.

*San.* [*sings*]. *Ob that I were a goose to feed  
At your barn-door! such corn I need,  
Nor would I bite, but gozlings breed.* 200

*Soto* [*aside to others*]. And ganders.

*San.* [*sings*]. *Ob that I were your needle's eye!  
How through your linnen would I fly,  
And never leave one stich awry!*

187 *crime*. A suggests this may be a misprint for *rhyme*, though he believes sense can be made of *crime*. D and B, following D's Ms., print *rhymes*, thus spoiling the jest intended by Sancho.

188 *indeed*. D and B, following D's Ms., print, *indeed then*.

193 *I'll . . . then*. After this line D and B, following D's Ms., insert, "*Soto*. Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back."

Soto [*aside to others*]. Hee'l touze ye. 205

San. [*sings*]. *Oh would I were one of your baires,  
That you might comb out all my cares,  
And kill the nits of my despair!*

Soto [*aside to others, but overheard by Sancho*].  
Oh lowzie!

San. How! lowzie! can rimes be lowzie? 210

Omnes. No, no, th' are excellent.

Al. But are these all your own?

San. Mine own! wud I might never see ink  
drop out of the nose of any goose-quil more, if  
velvet cloaks have not clap'd me for 'em. — Do 215  
you like 'em?

Pre. Past all compare;

They shall be writ out when y' have as good or  
better.

For these and those pray book me down your  
debtor.

Your paper is long liv'd, having two souls, 220  
Verses and gold.

San. Would both those were in thee, pritty  
little body, sweet gipsie!

Pre. A pistolet and this paper? 't would  
choak me. 225

Soto. No more then a bribe does a constable;

217 *compare*. B uses an interrogation point.

218 *They . . . out*. In Qq part of preceding line. D and B use  
a semicolon after *out*, which spoils the quibble intended by Pretiosa.

222 *thee*. A, D, B, thy.



the verses will easily into your head, then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly. I hope I ha chaw'd a good reason for you.

*San.* Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir ?

*Soto.* And eat him down if you say the word.

*Exit [Soto].*

*San.* Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because y' are but a country company of strowles, I think your stock is thred-bare ; here, mend it <sup>235</sup> with this cloak.

*Al.* What do you mean, sir ?

*San.* This scarf, this feather, and this hat.

*Omnes.* Dear signior ! —

*San.* If they be never so dear ; — pox 'o this <sup>240</sup> hot ruffe ! little gipsie, wear thou that.

*Al.* Your meaning, sir ?

*San.* My meaning is not to be an asse, to carry a burthen when I need not ; if you shew your gambols forty leaguës hence, I'le gallop <sup>245</sup> to 'em ; farewell, old gray-beard ; adue, mother mumble-crust ; morrow, my little wart of beauty.

*Exit [Sancho].*

*Enter Don John, muffled.*

*Al.* So harvest will come in ; such sunshine dayes

<sup>247</sup> *morrow.* B erroneously reads to-morrow, Sancho certainly means " good morrow."

Will bring in golden sheafes, our markets raise ;  
 Away to your task.

*Ex[eun]t [all, except] Don John [who]  
 pulls Pretiosa back.*

*Pre.* Mother ! grand-mother ! 250

*John.* Two rows of kindred in one mouth !

*Eu.* Be not uncivil, sir, thus have you us'd  
 her thrice.

*Jo.* Thrice ! three thousand more : may I not  
 use mine own ? 255

*Pre.* Your own ! by what tenure ?

*Jo.* Cupid entails this land upon me ; I have  
 wooed thee, thou art coy ; by this air I am a  
 bull of Tarisa, wild, mad for thee. You told I  
 was some copper coyn ; I am a knight of Spain ; 260  
 Don Francisco de Carcomo my father, I Don  
 John his son ; this paper tells you more. —  
 Grumble not, old granam, here's gold ; for I  
 must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lip'd,  
 sweet mouth'd villain. 265

*Pre.* There's a thing call'd *quando*.

*Jo.* Instantly.

*Eu.* Art thou so willing ?

*Jo.* Peace, threescore and five !

*Pre.* Marry me ! eat a chicken e're it be out 270  
 o' th shell ! I'll wear no shackles, liberty is  
 sweet ; that I have, that I'll hold. Marry me !

can gold and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of christal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I am too low; you too great, I too <sup>275</sup> little.

*Eu.* I pray leave her, sir, and take your gold again.

*Pre.* Or if you dote, as you say, let me try you do this? 280

*Jo.* Any thing; kill the great Turk, pluck out the Magul's eye-teeth; in earnest, Pretiosa, any thing!

*Pre.* Your tast is soon set down; turn gipsie for two years, be one of us; if in that time you <sup>285</sup> mislike not me, nor I you, here's my hand; farewell.

*Eu.* There's enough for your gold, — witty child.

*Exit [Eugenia with Pretiosa].*

*Jo.* Turn gipsie! for two years! a capering trade, 290

And I in th' end may keep a dancing schoole,  
Having serv'd for 't; gipsie! I must turn;  
Oh beauty! the suns fires cannot so burn.

*Exit [John].*

277 *pray leave.* D, pray you leave.

284 *tast.* Q1, taste; A, D, B, task. See *Notes*, p. 131.

290 *gipsie.* A uses a comma after *gipsie*; D and B use no punctuation, a possible reading.

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*Room in Pedro's House, Madrid.]**Enter Clara.*

*Clara.* I have offended ; yet, oh heaven, thou  
know'st

How much I have abhor'd even, from my birth,  
A thought that tended to immodest folly ;  
Yet I have fallen ; thoughts with disgraces strive,  
And thus I live, and thus I dye alive. 5

*Enter Pedro and Maria.*

*Pedro.* Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity  
too much.

*Maria.* Yes, girle, thou dost.

*Pe.* Why should we fret our eyes out with our  
tears

[And] weary complaints, [Maria ?] 't is fruit-  
lesse, childish

Impatience ; for when mischief hath wound up 10  
The full weight of the ravishers foul life  
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,  
The poyse will, by degrees, sink down his soul  
To a much lower, much more lasting ruine  
Then our joynt wrongs can challenge.

*Ma.* Darknesse it self 15

9 *weary complaints.* A, D, B, Weary [heaven with] com-  
plaints.

15 *Ma.* So A, D, B ; Qq, *Ped.*

Will change nights sable brow into a sun-beam  
 For a discovery; and be sure  
 When ever we can learn what monster 't was  
 Hath rob'd thee of the jewel held so pretious,  
 Our vengeance shall be noble.

*Pe.* Royal, any thing; 20  
 Till then let 's live securely: to proclame  
 Our sadnesse were meer vanity.

*Cla.* A needs not,  
 I'le study to be merry.

*Pe.* We are punish'd,  
 Maria, justly; covetousnesse to match  
 Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignor-  
 ance, 25  
 Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon  
 us.

*Ma.* I fear it has!

*Pe.* Off with this face of grief;  
 Here comes Don Lewys.

*Enter Lewys and Diego.*

Noble sir.

*Lewys.* My lord,  
 I trust I have you and your ladies leave  
 To exchange a word with your fair daughter.

17 *be sure.* A, D, B, be [thou] sure.

28 *Here comes . . . sir.* D's *Ma.*, D, B, give this to *Pe.* Q9  
 give it to *Die.*

29 *you.* D, B, you[r].

*Pr.* Leave 30  
And welcome.— Hark, Maria. — Your ear too.

*Diego.* Mine, my lord ?

*Lew.* Dear Clara, I have often su'd for love,  
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd  
To stile me yours.

*Cl.* Mine eyes n'ere saw that gentleman 35  
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected  
Then I have you ; yet you must, sir, excuse me,  
If I resolve to use a while that freedom  
My younger dayes allow.

*Lew.* But shall I hope ?

*Cl.* You will do injury to better fortunes, 40  
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,  
Which I beseech you not to slack.

*Lew.* Then hear me ;  
If ever I embrace any other choyce,  
Untill I know you elsewhere match'd, may all  
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruine ! 45

*Cl.* Oh me !

*Lew.* Why sigh you, lady ?

*Cl.* Deed, my lord,  
I am not well.

*Lew.* Then all discourse is tedious ;  
I'll chuse some fitter time ; till then, fair Clara —

30-31 *Leave . . . too.* One line in Qq.

43 *any other.* Q1, A, D, B, another ; without a note.

46-47 *Deed . . . well.* One line in Qq.

48 *then.* Q1, D, B, when.

*Cl.* You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir ;  
That 's all that I dare promise.

*Lew.* Diego!

*Die.* My lord! 50

*Lew.* What saies Don Pedro?

*Die.* Hee'l go with you.

*Lew.* Leave us: —  
[Exit Diego.]

Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?

*Pe.* Withdraw, Maria, wee'l follow presently.

*Ex[eun]t [Maria and Clara].*

*Lew.* The great corigidor, whose politick  
stream

Of popularity glides on the shore 55

Of every vulgar praise, hath often urged me

To be a suitor to his Catholick Majesty,

For a repeal from banishment for him

Who slew my father; complements in voves

And strange well studied promises of friend-  
ship; 60

But what is new to me, still as he courts

Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,

Still he protests how ignorant he is

Whether Alvarez be alive or dead.

To morrow is the day we have appointed 65

For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,

The Earl of Carcomo; now, my good lord,

The sum of my request is, you will please

To lend your presence there, and witness  
wherein

Our joynt accord consists.

*Pe.* You shall command it. 70

*Lew.* But first, as you are noble, I beseech  
you

Help me with your advice, what you conceive  
Of great Fernando's importunity,  
Or whether you imagine that Alvarez  
Survive or not?

*Pe.* It is a question, sir, 75

Beyond my resolution. I remember  
The difference betwixt your noble father  
And Conde de Alvarez; how it sprung  
From a meer trifle first, a cast of hawks,  
Whose made the swifter flight, whose could  
mount highest, 80

Lie longest on the wing. From change of words  
Their controversie grew to blows, from blows  
To parties, thence to faction; and in short,  
I well remember how our streets were frighted  
With brawls, whose end was blood, till when no  
friends 85

Could mediate their discords: by the king  
A reconciliation was enforc'd,  
Death threaten'd the first occasioner

88 *threaten'd.* A, D, B, threaten'd [to]. Better to read,  
*threatened.*



Of breach, besides the confiscation  
 Of lands and honours ; yet at last they met 90  
 Again, again they drew to sides, renew'd  
 Their antient quarrel, in which dismal uprore  
 Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez ;  
 Alvarez fled, and after him the doom  
 Of exile was set out. He, as report 95  
 Was bold to voyce, retir'd himself to Rhodes,  
 His lands and honours by the king bestow'd  
 On you, but then an infant.

*Lew.* Ha, an infant !

*Pe.* His wife, the sister to the corigidor,  
 With a young daughter and some few that fol-  
 low'd her, 100

By stealth were shipt for Rhodes, and by a storm  
 Ship-wrack'd at sea ; but for the banish'd conde,  
 'T was never yet known what became of him.  
 Here's all I can inform you.

*Lew.* A repeal, —

Yes, I will sue for 't, beg for 't, buy it, any thing 105  
 That may by possibility of friends  
 Or money, I'll attempt.

*Pe.* 'T is a brave charity.

*Lew.* Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her !  
 Her losse was usury more then I covet ;  
 But for the man, I'de sell my patrimony 110  
 For his repeal, and run about the world

To find him out. There is no peace can dwell  
About my fathers tomb, till I have sacrific'd  
Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes.  
You will along with me?

*Pe.* You need not question it. 115

*Lew.* I have strange thoughts about me: two  
such furies

Revel amidst my joyes as well may move  
Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love.  
I'll follow, sir.

*Pe.* Pray lead the way, you know it.

*Exit [Lewys].*

*Enter Sancho and Soto.*

How now! from whence came you, sir? 120

*Sancho.* From fleaing my self, sir.

*Soto.* From playing with fencers, sir, and they  
have beat him out of his cloaths, sir.

*Pe.* Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice!

*San.* Nor cards neither. 125

*Soto.* This was one of my masters dog-dayes,  
and he would not sweat too much.

*San.* It was mine own goose, and I laid the  
giblets upon an other coxcombs trencher; you  
are my gardian, best beg me for a fool now. 130

*Soto.* He that begs one begs tother.

120 *How now . . . sir.* A, D, B, give this line to Pedro; Q9,  
to Soto. *came.* Q1, come.

131 *He . . . tother.* D and B, erroneously, *Aside.*

*Pe.* Does any gentleman give away his things thus ?

*San.* Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too. 135

*Soto.* To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catch'd for their labour.

*Pe.* Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb ?

*San.* If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do? 140

*Pe.* Thy father was as brave a Spaniard  
As ever spake the haute Castilian tongue.

*San.* Put me in cloaths, I'll be as brave as he.

*Pe.* This is the ninth time thou hast plaid  
the asse,  
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloath 145  
To cover others, and go naked thy self.

*San.* I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you.

*Pe.* Once more your broken walls shall have  
new hangings.

*Soto.* To be well hung is all our desire. 150

*Pe.* And what course take you next ?

*San.* What course ? why, my man Soto and  
I will go make some maps.

*Pe.* What maps ?

*Soto.* Not such maps as you wash houses 155  
with, but maps of countries.

*San.* I have an unkle in Sivell, I'le go see him ; an aunt in Siena, in Italy, I go see her.

*Soto.* A cosen of mine in Rome, I go to him with a mortar. 160

*San.* There 's a curtizan in Venice, I'le go tickle her.

*Soto.* Another in England, I'le go tackle her.

*Pe.* So, so! and where 's the money to do all this ?

*San.* If my woodes being cut down cannot 165 fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks.

*Soto.* And if his acres being sold for a marv-edi a turffe for larks in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders.

*Pe.* You'l gallop both to the gallows, so fare you well. *Exit [Pedro].* 170

*San.* And be hang'd you ! new cloaths y'ad best.

*Soto.* Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one.

*San.* Wee'l live as merrily as beggers ; let 's 175 both turn gipsies.

*Soto.* By any means ; if they cog wee'l lie, if they tosse wee'l tumble.

158 *I go.* A, D, B, I['ll] go.

159 *I go.* A, D, B, I['ll] go.

165 *woodes.* So A, D, B. Qq, wookes.

168 *larks.* So A, D, B. Qq, marks.

*San.* Both in a belly, rather than fail.

*Soto.* Come, then, wee'l be gipsified. 180

*San.* And tipsified too.

*Soto.* And we will shew such tricks, and such  
rare gambols,

As shall put down the elephant and camels.

*Exeunt [Sancho and Soto].*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

[SCENA PRIMA.

*A Street.*]

*Enter Roderigo disguiz'd like an Italian.*

*Roderigo.* A thousand stings are in me! oh,  
what vild prisons  
Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!  
Brave tenants to bad houses! 't is a dear rent  
They pay for naughty lodging: the soul, the  
mistresse,  
The body, the caroach that carries her, 5  
Sinnes, the swift wheels that hurry her away,  
Our will, the coachman rashly driveing on,  
Till coach and carriage both are quite o're  
thrown.  
My body yet scapes bruises; that known thief  
Is not yet cal'd to th' bar; there's no true sence 10  
Of pain but what the law of conscience  
Condemns us to; I feel that. Who would lose  
A kingdom for a cottage? an estate  
Of perpetuity for a man's life?  
For annuity of that life, pleasure? a sparke 15

12-19 *I feel . . . few get.* Q2 punctuates, "I feel that, — cottage? — perpetuity, — mans life? — that life (pleasure) — us! — constellations, — way, — get?" D and B punctuate, "I feel that. — cottage? — that life, pleasure? — us; — way; — get!"

To those celestial fires that burn about us ?  
 A painted star to that bright firmament  
 Of constellations which each night are set  
 Lighting our way, yet thither how few get ?  
 How many thousand in Madrill drink off 20  
 The cup of lust, and laughing, in one moneth,  
 Not whining as I doe ! Should this sad lady  
 Now meet me, do I know her ? should this  
 temple,  
 By me prophan'd, lie in the ruines here,  
 The pieces would scarce shew her me : — would 25  
 they did !  
 Shee's mistris to Don Lewys : by his steps  
 And this disguise I'le finde her. To Sala-  
 manca  
 Thy father thinks th' art gon ; no, close here  
 stay ;  
 Where e're thou travell'st scorpions stop thy way.  
 These — 30

*Enter Sancho and Soto as Gipsies.*

*Sancho.* Soto, how do I shew ?

*Soto.* Like a rusty armor new scour'd, but,  
 master, how shew I ?

*San.* Like an asse with a new pibal'd saddle  
 on his back. 35

30 *These.* Qq print *These* as a part of the former verse : Q1, with a period ; Q2, with no punctuation. A, But who are these ? D's Ms., D, B, Who are these ?

*Soto.* If the devil were a taylor, he would scarce know us in these gaberdines.

*San.* If a taylor were the devil, I'de not give a lowse for him, if he should bring up this fashion amongst gentlemen, and make it common. 40

*Ro.* The freshnesse of the morning be upon you both.

*San.* The saltnesse of the evening be upon you single.

*Ro.* Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus 45  
Break in upon your favours; your strange habits  
Invite me with desire to understand  
Both what you are and whence, because no  
country

(And I have measur'd some) shew me your like.

*Soto.* Our like! no, we should be sorry, we or 50  
our cloaths should be like fish, new, stale, and  
stinking in three dayes.

*San.* If you ask whence we are, we are  
Ægyptian Spaniards; if what, we are *ut, re, mi,*  
*fa, sol,* juglers, tumblers, any thing, any where, 55  
every where.

*Ro.* A good fate hither leads me by the hand.  
Your quality I love, the scenical schoole

42 *both.* D, both! B, both?

49 *shew.* D, shew[s]; B, show[s].

54 *what.* A, D, and B omit the comma and place one after *are.*

57 *hand.* D and B mark this *Aside.*



Has been my tutor long in Italy  
 (For that 's my country); there have I put on 60  
 Sometimes the shape of a comedian,  
 And now and then some other.

*San.* A player! a brother of the tyring house!

*Soto.* A bird of the same feather!

*San.* Welcome! wut turn gipsie? 65

*Ro.* I can nor dance, nor sing; but if my  
 pen

From my invention can strike musick tunes,  
 My head and brains are yours.

*Soto.* A calves-head and brains were better  
 for my stomach. 70

*San.* A rib of poetry!

*Soto.* A modicum of the Muses! a horse-shoe  
 of Helicon!

*San.* A mag-py of Parnassus! welcome agen!  
 I am a fire-brand of Phœbus myself; wee'l 75  
 invoke together, so you will not steal my plot.

*Ro.* 'T is not my fashion.

*San.* But now a dayes 't is all the fashion.

*Soto.* What was the last thing you writ? a  
 comedy? 80

*Ro.* No, 't was a sad, too sad a tragedy.  
 Under these eves I'le shelter me.

*San.* See, here comes our company; do our  
 tops spin as you would have 'em?

*Soto.* If not, whip us round. 85

*San.* [*as Alvarez enters*]. I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon a march.

*Enter Alvarez, Eugenia, Pretiosa, and all the Gipsies.*

*Alvarez.* And you are welcome. — [*Aside to Eugenia.*] Yet these fools will trouble us.

*Eugenia* [*aside to Alvarez*]. Rich fools shall 90 buy our trouble.

*San.* Hang lands! it's nothing but trees, stones and dirt. Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock. Pretious Pretiosa, for whose sake I have thus transform'd my self out of a gentleman into 95 a gipsie, thou shalt not want sweet rimes, my little musk-cat, for besides my self, here 's an Italian poet, on whom I pray throw your welcoms.

*Omnès.* He 's welcome!

*Pretiosa.* Sir, y' are most welcome; I love a poet, 100

So he writes chastely; if your pen can sell me Any smooth queint romances, which I may sing, You shall have bayes and silver.

*Ro.* Pretty heart,  
No selling; what comes from me is free.

*San.* And me too.

*Al.* We shall be glad to use you, sir; our sports 105 Must be an orchard bearing several trees, And fruits of several taste, one pleasure dulls. A time may come when we (besides these pastimes)

May from the grandees and the dons of Spain  
 Have leave to try our skill even on the stage, 110  
 And then your wits may help us.

*San.* And mine too.

*Ro.* They are your servants.

*Pre.* Trip softly through the streets,  
 Till we arrive, you know at whose house, father.

## SONG.

*San.* Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,  
 Shew tricks and lofty capers; 115

At threading needles we repine,

And leaping over rapiers.

Pindy pandy rascall toys,

We scorn cutting purses,

Tho we live by making noyse, 120

For cheating none can curse us.

Over high-ways, over low,

And over stones and gravell,

Tho we trip it on the toe,

And thus for silver travell; 125

Tho our dances waste our backs,

At night fat capons mend them;

Eggs well brew'd in butter'd-sack,

Our wenches say befriend them.

Oh that all the world were mad! 130

Then should we have fine dancing,

*Hobby horses would be bad,  
 And brave girles keep a prancing,  
 Beggars would on cock-horse ride,  
 And boobies fall a roaring,* 135  
*And cuckolds, tho no horns be spide,  
 Be one another goring.*

*Welcome, poet, to our ging,  
 Make rimes, wee'l give thee reason ;  
 Canary bees thy brains shall sting,* 140  
*Mull-sack did ne'rs speake treason.  
 Peter-see-me shall wash thy nowle,  
 And Malligo glasses fox thee,  
 If, poet, thou tосse not bowle for bowle,  
 Thou shalt not kisse a doxie.* 145  
*Ex[eun]t [omnes].*

## [SCENA SECUNDA.

*A Garden to Francisco's House.]*

*Enter Fernando, Francisco de Carcomo, Don John,  
 Pedro, Maria, Lewys, and Diego.*

*Fernando.* Lewys de Castro, since you circled  
 are  
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,  
 Pray let me question you about that businesse  
 You and I last confer'd on.

*Lewys.* My lord, I wish it.

*Fer.* Then, gentlemen, tho you all know this  
 man,

Yet now look on him well, and you shall find  
Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosome,  
As but in few are treasur'd.

*Lew.* Oh, my good lord, —

*Fer.* He's son to that De Castro o're whose  
tomb

Fame stands writing a book which will take up 10  
The age of time to fill it with the stories  
Of his great acts; and that his honour'd father  
Fell in the quarrel of those families,  
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla.

*Francisco.* The volume of those quarrels is  
too large, 15

And too wide printed in our memory.

*Lew.* Would it had ne're come forth!

*Omnes.* So wish we all.

*Fer.* But here's a son as matchlesse as the  
father,

For he minds bravery: he lets blood his spleen,  
Tares out the leaf in which the picture stands 20  
Of slain De Castro, cast [s] a hill of sand  
On all revenge, and stifles it.

*Omnes.* 'T is done nobly.

*Fer.* For I by him am courted to sollicite

14 *Castilla.* D, B, Castilla['s].

15 *quarrels.* Qq, families. A corrects.

19 *he minds.* A, D, B, his mind's.

21 *casts.* Q1, D, B, omit the brackets.

The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,  
Who lives a banish'd man, some say in Naples. 25

*Pedro.* Some say in Arragon.

*Lew.* No matter where;  
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,  
Petitioning the royalty of Spaine  
To free the good old man, and call him home;  
But what hope hath your lordship that these  
beames 30

Of grace shall shine upon me?

*Fer.* The word royal.

*Omnnes.* And that's enough.

*Lew.* Then since this sluice is drawn up to  
encrease

The streame, with pardon of these honor'd friends  
Let me set ope another, and that's this, 35  
That you, my lord Don Pedro, and this lady,  
Your noble wife, would in this faire assembly,  
If still you hold me tenant to your favor,  
Repeal the promise you so oft have made me,  
Touching the beautious Clara for my wife. 40

*Pe.* What I possesse in her before these lords  
I freely once more give you.

*Maria.* And what's mine,

To you, as right heir to it, I resigne.

*Omnnes.* What would you more?

39 *Repeal.* A, D, B, repeat, — with no note in B.

42 *Maria.* Qq, A, Al.

*Lew.* What would I more ? The tree bowes  
down his head

45

Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer  
To pluck the fruit, the top branch growes so high,  
To mock my reaching hand, up it does flie ;  
I have the mothers smile, the daughters frown.

*Omnes.* Oh, you must wooe hard !

*Fer.* Wooe her well, shee 's thine own. 50

*John* [*aside*]. That law holds not 'mongst  
gipsies ; I shoot hard,

And am wide off from the marke. *Flourish.*

*Enter Soto* [*disguised as before*], with a cornet in his  
band.

*Fer.* Is this, my lord, your musick ?

*Fra.* None of mine.

*Soto.* A crew of gipsies with desire,  
To shew their sports are at your gates afire. 55

*Fra.* How, how, my gates afire, knave !

*Jo.* Art panting ? — [*Aside.*] I am a fire I'm  
sure !

*Fer.* What are the things they doe ?

*Soto.* They friske, they caper, dance and sing.  
Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing ; 60  
They tumble — how ? not up and down  
As tumblers doe, but from towne to towne.  
Anticks they have, and gipsie masking,  
And toyes which you may have for asking ;  
They come to devoure nor wine nor good cheere, 65

But to earne money, if any be here.  
 But being ask'd, as I suppose,  
 Your answer will be, in your tother hose.  
 For there 's not a gipsie amongst 'em that begs,  
 But gets his living by his tongue and legs. 70  
 If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in ;  
 Now I have ended, let them begin.

*Omnes.* I, I, by any means.

*Fra.* But, fellow, bring you musick along  
 with you too. 75

*Soto.* Yes, my lord, both lowd musick and  
 still musick; the lowd is that which you have  
 heard, and the still is that which no man can  
 heare. *Exit [Soto].*

*Fer.* A fine knave !

*Fra.* There is a report of a faire gipsie, 80  
 A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants  
 In Madrill flock to looke on : this shee, trow ?  
 Yes, sure 't is shee — I should be sorry else.

*Enter Alvarez, Eugenia, Pretiosa, [Christiana, Carlo,  
 Antonio,] Roderigo, Sancho, Soto, and all the Gipsies.*

SONG.

1. *Come, follow your leader, follow ;  
 Our convoy be Mars and Apollo ;* 85

75 *too.* D, B, use an interrogation point.

80 *There is a report.* Q1, There is report ; D, B, There's report.

83 *Yes, sure . . . else.* D's Ms., D, B, assign these words to  
 John (a needless emendation) ; D, B, mark *I . . . else, Aside.*



- The van comes brave up bere ;*  
*Ans. As botly comes the reare.*  
*Omn. Our knackers are the ffes and drums,*  
*Sa, sa, the gipsies army comes.*
2. *Horsemen we need not fear,* 90  
*There's none but footmen bere ;*  
*The horse sure charge without ;*  
*Or if they wheele about,*  
*Omn. Our knackers are the shot that flie,*  
*Pit a pat rattling in the skie.* 95
3. *If once the great ordnance play,*  
*That's laughing, yet run not away ;*  
*But stand the push of pike,*  
*Scorne can but basely strike.*  
*Omn. Then let our armies joyn and sing,* 100  
*And pit a pat make our knackers ring.*
4. *Arme, arme, what bands are those ?*  
*They cannot be sure our foes ;*  
*Wee'l not draw up our force,*  
*Nor muster any horse ;* 105  
*Omn. For since they pleas'd to view our sight,*  
*Let's this way, this way, give delight.*
5. *A council of war lets call ;*  
*Look either to stand or fall ;*

87 *Ans.* Omitted by D.

88 *Omn.* A, D, B, *Chorus* : so also in lines 94, 100, 106, and 112.

*If our weak army stands,* 110  
*Thank all these noble bands ;*

[Omn.] *Whose gates of love being open thrown,*  
*We enter, and then the town's our own.*

*Fer.* A very dainty thing.

*Fra.* A handsome creature.

*Pe.* Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin. 115

*Jo.* Pit! 't is a grave to bury lovers in.

*Ro.* [aside]. My father! disguise guard me.

*Sancho.* Soto, there's De Cortez my guardian,  
 but he smells not us.

*Soto.* Peace, brother gipsie. — Wud any one 120  
 here know his fortune?

*Omnes.* Good fortunes all of us!

*Pe.* 'T is I, sir, needs a good one; come, sir,  
 what's mine?

*Ma.* Mine and my husbands fortunes keep  
 together; 125  
 Who is 't tells mine?

*San.* I, I; hold up, madam; fear not your  
 pocket, for I ha but two hands.

[Examining her bands.]

*You are sad, or mad, or glad,*  
*For a couple of cocks that cannot be bad;* 130  
*Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain,*  
*Doodle doo they will cry on your dungbills again.*

115 *Pe.* Qq, A, Ro.

117 *father.* Qq, fathers, with no punctuation; D, B, punctuate  
 as a question. 123 *needs.* A, D, B, need.

*Ma.* Indeed I misse an idle gentleman,  
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad  
Nor mad for them ; would that were all the lead 135  
Lying at my heart !

*Pe.* [*Soto examines his hand*]. What look'st  
thou on so long ?

*Soto.* So long ! do you think good fortunes are  
fresh herrings, to come in sholes ? bad fortunes 140  
are like mackerel at midsummer. You have had  
a sore losse of late.

*Pe.* I have indeed ; what is 't ?

*Soto.* I wonder it makes you not mad ; for —

*Through a gap in your ground thence late hath been  
stole* 145

*A very fine asse and a very fine foale ;  
Take heed, for I speak not by babs and by nabs,  
E're long you 'l be horribly troubled with scabs.*

*Pe.* I am now so ; go, silly fool.

*Soto* [*aside to Sancho*]. I ha gin't him. 150

*San.* [*aside to Soto*]. Oh, Soto, that asse and  
foale fattens me !

*Fer.* The mother of the gipsies, what can she  
do ? I'le have a bout with her.

*Fo.* I with the gipsie daughter. 155

*Fra.* To her, boy !

145 *hath.* D, have. *thence* . . . *stole.* Separate line in Qq.

150 *aside to Sancho.* D, B, *Aside.*

*Eugenia* [examining *Fernando's* hand].

*From you went a dove away,  
Which e're this had been more white  
Then the silver roab of day;  
Her eyes the moon has none so bright.* 160  
*Sate she now upon your hand,  
Not the crown of Spain could buy it;  
But 't is flown to such a land,  
Never more shall you come nie it;  
Ha! yes, if palmestry tell true,* 165  
*This dove agen may fly to you.*

*Fer.* Thou art a lying witch, I'le hear no more.

*San.* If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song. 170

*Soto.* And when that song's done, wee'l heat you agen with a dance.

*Lew.* Stay, dear sir, send for Clara, let her know her fortune.

*Ma.* [aside]. 'T is too well known. 175

*Lew.* 'T will make her merry to be in this brave company.

*Pe.* Good Diego, fetch her. *Exit Diego.*

*Fra.* What's that old man? has he cunning too? 180

*Omnès.* More then all we.

173-177 *Stay, dear sir . . . company.* D begins a new verse at *her fortune*, and D, B, at *merry to be*.

*Lew.* Has he? I'll try his spectacles.

*Fer.* Ha! Roderigo there! the scholler  
That went to Salamanca, takes he degrees  
I'th schoole of Gipsies? let the fish alone, 185  
Give him line. This is the dove, — the dove?  
— the raven

That bedlam mock'd me with.

*Lew.* [*Alvarez examines his hand*]. What  
worms pick you out there now?

*Alvarez.* This: — 190

*When this line the other crosses,  
Art tells me 't is a book of losses.  
Bend your hand thus, — Ob! bere I find  
You have lost a ship in a great wind.*

*Lew.* Lying rogue, I ne're had any.

*Al.* Hark, as I gather, 195  
That great ship was De Castro call'd, your  
father.

*Lew.* And I must hew that rock that split  
him.

*Al.* Nay, and you threaten —

*Fra.* And what's, Don John, thy fortune? 200  
th' art long fumbling at it.

*Jo.* She tells me tales of the moon, sir.

184 *he.* B, his, without comment on the change.

187 *bedlam.* Q1, D, B, beldam, without comment on the  
change. *me.* A, we.

190 *This.* In Qq part of l. 191. 199 *and.* A, an.

*Pretiosa.* And now 't is come to the sun, sir.  
[*To Francisco.*]

*Your sun wud ride, the youth wud run,  
The youth wud sayle, the youth wud fly;* 205  
*He 's tying a knot will ne're be done,  
He shoots, and yet has ne're an eye.  
You have two, 't were good you lent him one,  
And a heart too, for he has none.*

*Fra.* Hoyday! lend one of mine eyes! 210

*San.* They give us nothing; he 'd best put on  
a bold face and ask it.

## SONG.

*Now that from the hive  
You gaiber'd have the honey,  
Our bees but poorly thrive,* 215  
*Unlesse the banks be sunny.  
Then let your sun and moon,  
Your gold and silver shine,  
My thanks shall buming fly to you,*

*Omnes.* *And mine, and mine, and mine.* 220

[*Fernando, Francisco and others give the Gipsies money.*]

*Al.* *See, see, your gipsie toys,  
You mad girls, you merry boyes,  
A boon voyage we have made,  
Loud peales must then be had;*

210 *lend one.* A, lend him one.

211 *he 'd.* D, B, we'd; but *he* plainly is Alvarez.

220 *Omnes.* A, D, B, Chorus; D, B, so also lines 229, 233.

221 *your.* B, you, following D's "gy. you?"; and places a  
hyphen between *gipsie* and *toyes*.

If I a gipsie be, 225

A crack-ropes I am for thee ;

Oh here 's a golden ring !

Such clappers please a king ;

[Omn.] Such clappers please a king :

[Alv.] You pleas'd may pass away, 230

Then let your bell-ropes stay,

Now chime, 't is holy-day.

[Omn.] Now chime, 't is holy-day.

*Pre.* No more of this, pray, father ; fall to  
your dancing. [All] dance. 235

*Lew.* Clara will come too late now.

*Fer.* [to Lewys]. 'T is great pity. —

[To Alvarez.] Besides your songs, dances, and  
other pastimes,

You do not, as our Spanish actors do,

Make trial of a stage ?

*Al.* We are, sir, about it ;

So please your high authority to signe us 240

Some warrant to confirme us.

*Fer.* My hand shall doo't,

And bring the best in Spaine to see your sports.

*Al.* Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar—

229-230 *Such . . . away.* One line in Qq.

230 *Alv.* Inserted by D and B without comment or brackets.

236-239 '*T is great pity . . . stage.* Qq, A, D, and B have failed to see that the first three words answer Lewys, and the rest is a question. They place a comma after *pity*, and a period after *stage*.

239 *a stage.* A, the stage.

241-242 *My hand . . . sports.* One line in Qq.

*Ro.* [*aside*]. Pox on you!

*Al.* Will write for us.

*Fer.* A Spaniard, sir?

*Ro.* No, my lord, an Italian.

*Fer.* [*aside*]. Denies 245

His country too? My son sings gipsie ballads! —

Keepe as you are, wee'l see your poets vaine,

And yours for playing; time is not ill spent

That 's thus laid out in harmlesse merriment.

*Exit gipsies dancing.*

*Pe.* My lord of Carcomo, for this entertain-  
ment, 250

You shall command our loves.

*Fra.* Y' are nobly welcome.

*Pe.* The evening growes upon us; lords, to all  
A happy time of day.

*Fer.* The like to you,

Don Pedro.

*Lew.* To my hearts sole lady

Pray let my service humbly be remembered; 255

We only mist her presence.

*Ma.* I shall truly

Report your worthy love.

*Ex[eun]t Ped[ro and] Ma[ria].*

*Fer.* You shall no further;

Indeed, my lords, you shall not.

245-246 *Denies* . . . *ballads*. One line in Qq.

246 *sings*. A, sing.

253 *The like* . . . *Pedro*. One line in Qq.



*Fra.* With your favour  
We will attend you home.

[*Re-*] *enter Diego.*

*Diego.* Where's Don Pedro?  
Oh sir!

*Lew.* Why, what's the matter?

*Die.* The lady Clara, <sup>260</sup>  
Passing near to my lord Corigidors house,  
Met with a strange mischance.

*Fer.* How, what mischance?

*Die.* The jester that so late arrived at court,  
And there was welcome for his countries sake,  
By importunity of some friends, it seems, <sup>265</sup>  
Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse  
The backing of your mettl'd barbery:  
On which being mounted, whilst a number  
gaz'd  
To hear what jests he could perform on horse-  
back,

The head-strong beast, unus'd to such a rider, <sup>270</sup>  
Bears the presse of people before him;  
With which throug the lady Clara meeting,  
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruis'd, I hope,  
But frighted and intranc'd.

*Lew.* Ill destin'd mischief!

*Fer.* Where have you left her?

*Die.* At your house, my lord. <sup>275</sup>

259-260 *Where's* . . . *sir*. One line in Qq.

271 *people before*. D, B, *people [on] before*.

A servant coming forth, and knowing who  
The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber ;  
A surgeon too is sent for.

*Fer.* Had she been my daughter,  
My care could not be greater then it shall be  
For her recure.

*Lew.* But if she miscarry, 280  
I am the most unhappy man that lives.

*Exit [Lewys].*

*Fer.* Diego, coast about the fields,  
And over-take Don Pedro and his wife ;  
They newly parted from us.

*Die.* I'll run speedily. *Exit [Diego].*

*Fer.* A strange mischance : but what I have,  
my lord 285  
Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you ;  
An accident of merriment and wonder.

*Fra.* Indeed, my lord !

*Fer.* I have not thoughts enough  
About me to imagine what th' event  
Can come to ; 't is indeed about my son ; 290  
Hereafter you may counsel me.

*Fra.* Most gladly, —  
How fares the lady ?

282 *Diego, coast.* A, D, Diego [straightway] coast.

285-287 *A strange . . . wonder.* Qq, as three verses ending in  
*what, noted, and wonder* ; A, in four verses, *what, noted, you,*  
*wonder.*

291-292 *Most gladly . . . lady.* One line in Qq. A uses a  
period after *gladly* ; D and B use a period and dash.

[*Re-*]enter *Lewys*.

*Lew.* Cal'd back to life,  
But full of sadness.

*Fer.* Talks she nothing?

*Lew.* Nothing;

For when the women that attend on her  
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about, 295  
And answered with a sigh. When I came near,  
And by the love I bore her, begg'd a word  
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,  
Before she would reply, from her fair eyes  
She greets me with a bracelet of her tears; 300  
Then wish'd me not to doubt she was too well;  
Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance  
Or company untill her father came.  
And thus I left her.

*Fra.* For she's past the worst;  
Young maids are oft so troubled.

[*Re-*]enter *Pedro and Maria*.

*Fer.* Here come they 305  
You talk of. — Sir, your daughter, for your com-  
fort,

Is now upon amendment.

*Ma.* Oh my lord,  
You speak an angels voice!

292-293 *Cal'd . . . sadness*. One line in Qq. A, She's call'd;  
D, B, Call'd. 293-294 *Nothing . . . her*. Qq, one line.

301 *doubt*. Qq, comma after *doubt*.

304 *For . . . worst*. A gives these words to Lewys; D, B,  
follow D's Ms. and read, *Fra*. Sir, she's, etc.

*Fer.*

Pray on and visit her.

*Exit Pedro and Maria.*

I'll follow instantly.

[*Fra. to Fernando.*]

You shall not part

Without a cup of wine, my lord.

*Fer.*

'T is now 310

Too troublesome a time. — Which way take  
you,

Don Lewys ?

*Lew.*

No matter which, for till I hear

My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing,

My lord corrigidor. — [*To Francisco.*] I am your  
servant

For this free entertainment.

*Fra.*

You have conquer'd me 315

In noble courtesie.

*Lew. [aside].*

Oh, that no art

But love it self can cure a love-sick heart !

*Ex[eun]t [omnes].*

308 *Pray on.* D, B, agree that the audience is to imagine a change of scene at l. 258, and the arrival of the company at Fernando's house. This supposition seems to me so violent I offer an independent reading, explained in the following changes.

308 *on.* Qq, A, D, B, in.

310 *Fer.* Qq, A, D, B, *Fra.*

310-312 'Tis now . . . *Lewys.* The Qq break this at time, *Lewys.*

313 *nothing.* A uses a period ; D and B use a period and dash, apparently not noticing the fact that Francisco and not the corrigidor gave the "entertainment."

314 *corrigidor.* Others punctuate this with a comma.

315 *Fra.* Qq, A, D, B, *Fer.*

## [SCENA TERTIA.

*A Chamber in Fernando's House.]**Clara in a chair, Pedro and Maria by her.**Maria.* Clara, hope of mine age!*Pedro.* Soul of my comfort !Kill us not both at once ; why dost thou speed  
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls ?*Clara.* Yon large window  
Yields some fair prospect ; good my lord, look  
out,

And tell me what you see there.

*Pe.* Easie suite :Clara, it over-views a spacious garden,  
Amidst which stands an alabaster fountain,  
A goodly one.*Cla.* Indeed, my lord !*Ma.* Thy griefs  
Grow wide, and will mislead thy judgement  
through

Thy weakness if thou obey thy weakness.

*Cla.* Who owns these glorious buildings ?*Pe.* Don Fernando  
De Azeitda, the corigidor  
Of Mardrill, a true noble gentleman.

9-11 *Thy griefs . . . obey thy weakness.* Qq, The griefs grow  
wide, breaking the lines at *wide, weakness, weakness.* A, D, B,  
Thy griefs grow wild.

13 *Azeitda.* D, B, following D's Ms., Azevida.

*Cl.* May I not see him ?

*Ma.* See him, Clara ? why ? 15

*Cl.* A truly noble gentleman you said, sir ?

*Pe.* I did : loe here he comes in person. —

We are,

My lord, your servants.

*Enter Fernando.*

*Fernando.* Good, no complement. —  
Young lady, there attends below a surgeon  
Of worthy fame and practice ; is 't your pleasure 20  
To be his patient ?

*Cl.* With your favour, sir,  
May I impart some few, but needfull words  
Of secresie to you, to you your self,  
None but your self ?

*Fer.* You may.

*Pe.* Must I not hear 'em ?

*Ma.* Nor I ?

*Cl.* Oh yes. — Pray sit, my lord.

*Fer.* Say on. 25

*Cl.* You have been married ?

*Fer.* To a wife, young lady,  
Who whiles the heavens did lend her me, was  
fruitfull

In all those vertues which stiles woman good.

17-18 *We . . . servants.* One line in Q9.

26 *wife.* Q2, A, wise.

28 *stiles.* D, style.

*Cla.* And you had children by her ?

*Fer.* Had, 't is true ;  
 Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives ; 30  
 The daughter, as if in her birth the mother  
 Had perfected the errand she was sent for  
 Into the world, from that hour took her life  
 In which the other that gave it her, lost hers ;  
 Yet shortly she unhappily, but fatally, 35  
 Perish'd at sea.

*Cla.* Sad story !

*Fer.* Roderigo,  
 My sonne —

*Cla.* How is he call'd, sir ?

*Fer.* Roderigo.  
 He lives at Salamanca, and I fear  
 That neither time, perswasions nor his for-  
 tunes  
 Can draw him thence.

*Cla.* My lord, d'ee know this crucifix ? 40

*Fer.* You drive me to amazement ! 't was my  
 sons,  
 A legacy bequeathed him from his mother  
 Upon her death bed, dear to him as life ;  
 On earth there cannot be another treasure  
 He values at like rate as he does this. 45

*Cla.* Oh then I am a cast-away !

*Ma.* How 's that ?

*Pe.* Alas, she will grow frantick !

*Cla.* In my bosome,  
 Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up  
 In bloody character a tale of horror.  
 Pray read the paper; and if there you find 50  
 Ought that concerns a maid undone and miser-  
 able,  
 Made so by one of yours, call back the piety  
 Of nature to the goodness of a judge,  
 An upright judge, not of a partial father;  
 For do not wonder that I live to suffer 55  
 Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather  
 That I have liv'd to speak them. Thou great  
 man,  
 Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider  
 What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,  
 Thine own name, father-hood, and my dishon-  
 our. 60  
 Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle  
 Have in my weakness wrought a strange dis-  
 covery;  
 Truth copyed from my heart is texted there:  
 Let now my shame be throughly understood;  
 Sinnes are heard farthest, when they cry in  
 blood. 65

49 *character.* Q1, D, B, characters, without comment on the change.

52 *one.* B quotes D's "gy., son?"

59 A thinks a line has been lost here. I agree with D in seeing no reason for such a belief.



*Fer.* True, true, they do not cry but hollow here ;

This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep  
In the unfathom'd seas of match less sorowes.  
I must lock fast the dore. *Exit [Fernando].*

*Ma.* I have no words

To call for vengeance.

*Pe.* I am lost in marvaile. 70

[*Re-*]enter *Fernando.*

*Fer.* Sir, pray sit as you sate before. White paper,

This should be innocence ; these letters gules  
Should be the honest oracles of revenge.  
What 's beauty but a perfect white and red ?  
Both here well mixt limne truth so beautifull, 75  
That to distrust it, as I am a father,  
Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son ;  
'T is true.

*Cl.* 'T is true.

*Fer.* Then mark me how I kneel  
Before the high tribunal of your injuries.  
Thou too, too much wrong'd maid, scorn not  
my tears, 80

For these are tears of rage, not tears of love.  
Thou father of this too, too much wrong'd maid,

71 *Sir.* D queries " sit ? " B adopts the reading, which is unnecessary.

81 *love.* D, B, use a comma and dash.

82 *maid.* D, B, use a comma and dash.

Thou mother of her counsells and her cares,  
 I do not plead for pitty to a villain;  
 Oh! let him dye as he hath liv'd, dishonourably, 85  
 Basely and cursedly! I plead for pitty  
 To my till now untainted blood and honour;  
 Teach me how I may now be just and cruell,  
 For henceforth I am childlesse.

*Cla.* Pray, sir, rise;

You wrong your place and age.

*Fer.* Point me my grave 90

In some obscure by-path, where never memory  
 Nor mention of my name may be found out.

*Cla.* My lord, I can weep with you, nay,  
 weep for yee,

As you for me; your passions are instructions,  
 And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least 95  
 A noble satisfaction, tho not revenge.

*Fer.* Speak that agen.

*Cla.* Can you procure no balme  
 To heal a wounded name?

*Fer.* Oh th' art as fair

In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,  
 And I'll be thy physitian?

*Cla.* I'll be yours. 100

*Fer.* Don Pedro, wee'l to counsail;  
 This daughter shall be ours. — Sleep, sleep,  
 young angell,  
 My care shall wake about thee.

*Clara.* Heaven is gracious,  
And I am eas'd.

*Fer.* We will be yet more private;  
Night curtains o're the world; soft dreams rest  
with thee. 105

The best revenge is to reform our crimes,  
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten  
times. *Ex[eunt all except Clara].*

105 *Night.* Q<sup>1</sup>, *Might.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

[SCENA PRIMA.

*A Court before an Inn.]*

*Enter Alvarez, Sancho, Soto, Antonio, Carlo, Eugenia, Pretiosa, Christiana, and Don John. Asbowt witbin.*

*Omnes.* Welcome, welcome, welcome !

*Soto.* More sacks to the mill.

*Sancho.* More theeves to the sacks.

*Alvarez.* Peace.

*Pretiosa.* I give you now my welcome without  
noyse. 5

*John.* 'Tis musick to me. *He offers to kiss her.*

*Omnes.* Oh sir !

*San.* You must not be in your mutton before  
we are out of our veale. 10

*Soto.* Stay for vineger to your oysters ; no  
opening till then.

*Eugenia.* No kissing till y' are sworn.

*Jo.* Swear me then quickly,

I have brought gold for my admission. 15

*Al.* What you bring leave, and what you leave  
count lost.

*San.* I brought all my teeth; two are struck out, them I count lost, so must you.

*Soto.* I brought all my wits; half I count lost, 20 so must you.

*Jo.* To be as you are, I lose father, friends, Birth, fortunes, all the world. What will you do With the beast I rode on hither?

*San.* A beast! is 't a mule? send him to Muly 25 Crag a whee in Barbary.

*Soto.* Is 't an asse? give it to a lawyer, for in Spain they ride upon none else.

*Jo.* Kill him by any means, lest, being pur-  
su'd,  
The beast betray me. 30

*Soto.* He's a beast betrays any man.

*San.* Except a bayliff to be pump'd.

*Jo.* Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture.

*San.* Do, do, bury the asses household-stuffe,  
and in his skin sow any man that's mad for a 35 woman.

*Al.* Do so then, bury it; now to your oath.

*Eu.* All things are ready.

*Al.* Thy best hand lay on this turffe of grass,  
(There thy heart lies,) vow not to passe 40  
From us two years for sun nor snow,

37 bury. Q1, buy.

39 *Al.* D, B, *Alv.* [*sings*]. Likewise in D, B, all the other parts in the initiation, except *Omnes*, are marked *Sing.* *Omnes* is changed to *Chorus* except in line 59, where it is marked *All.* See *Notes*, p. 133. *best.* D, qy. "left?"

*For hill nor dale, bow e're winds blow.  
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,  
With her green cushions under thy head;  
Flowre banks or mosse to be thy bord,* 45  
*Water thy wine,—*

*San.* *And drink like a lord.*

*Omnes.* *Kings can have but coronations;  
We are as proud of gipsie fashions;  
Dance, sing, and in a well-mixt border,  
Close this new brotber of our order.* 50

*Al.* *What we get, with us come share;  
You to get must vow to care;  
Nor strike gipsie, nor stand by  
When strangers strike, but fight or dye;  
Our gipsie wenchbes are not common,* 55  
*You must not kisse a fellowes leman;  
Nor to your own, for one you must,  
In songs send errands of base lust.*

*Omnes.* *Dance, sing, and in a well mix'd border,  
Close this new brotber of our order.* 60

*Jo.* *On this turffe of grass I vow  
Your laws to keep, your laws allow.*

*Omnes.* *A gipsie, a gipsie, a gipsie!*

*Eu.* *Now choose what maid has yet no mate,  
She's yours.*

*Jo.* *Here then fix I my fate. Offers to kisse.* 65

*San.* *Agen fall too before you ha wash'd!*

42 *For hill nor dale.* B queries: "O'er hill, o'er dale?"

45 *Flowre.* A, Flowery.

64-65 *Now . . . yours.* One line in Qq. Lines 64-65 in

Qq are not printed as part of Song.

66 *too.* D, B, to.

*Soto.* Your nose in the manger before the oates  
are measur'd, jade, so hungry!

*Al.* Set foot to foot, those garlands bold;

*Teach him how.*

Now mark [well] what more is told; 70

By *crosse armes*, the lovers signe,

Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,

Of *Aprils* wealth building a throne

Round, so your love to one or none;

By those touches of your feet, 75

You must each night embracing meet,

Chaste, how e're disjoyn'd by day;

You the sun with her must play;

She to you the marigold,

To none but you her leaves unfold; 80

Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,

Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.

*Carlo.* This is your market now of kisses,  
Buy and sell free each other blisses.

*Jo.* Most willingly. 85

*Omnes.* Holy dayes, high dayes, gipsie fairees,

When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in paires.

*Al.* All ceremonies end here; welcome, brother gipsie!

*Teach him how.* In Qq is printed as the beginning of the line, *Now mark, &c.* A thinks it a stage-direction to the other gipsies; D and B think it is for the guidance of Alvarez alone.

70 *Now mark.* A, D, B, *Now mark* [well].

73-74 *throne Round, so.* Qq use semicolon after *Round.* "Perhaps we should place a comma after 'throne' and read, 'To bound, &c.'" B.

83 *Carlo.* These lines, like 86-87, are in Qq not printed as part of Song.

San. And the better to instruct thee, mark  
what a brave life 't is all the year long. 90

## SONG.

*Brave don, cast your eyes on our gipsie fashions,  
In our antique hey de guize, we go beyond all nations;  
Plump Dutch at us grutch, so do English, so do French,  
He that loapes on the ropes, shew me such another  
wench.*

*We no camells have to shew, nor elephant with growt  
head; 95  
We can dance, be cannot go, because the beast is corn-  
fed;  
No blinde bears shedding tears, for a colliers whipping,  
Apes nor dogs, quick as frogs, over cudgells skipping.*

*Jack in boxes, nor decoyes, puppets, nor such poor things,  
Nor are we those roring boyes, that cosen fools with guilt  
rings; 100  
For an ocean, not such a motion, as the city Ninivie,  
Dancing, singing, and fine ringing, you these sports shall  
bear and see.*

Come now, what shall his name be ?

*Song.* D and B print each stanza in ten verses, dividing the first  
two verses into four verses and the last two into six verses to bring  
out the rhymes. This text follows the Qq arrangement.

94 *wench.* B quotes D's "Qy., 'wrench'?" See *Notes*, p. 133.

99 *Jack.* D, B, Jack[s].

101 *not.* Q2, A, rot. D thinks A mistook a broken *n* for an *r*  
in Q2.

103 *Come . . . be.* In Qq part of Song.



*Pre.* His name shall now be Andrew. —

Friend Andrew, mark me :

Two years I am to try you ; prove fine gold, 105

The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold.

*Jo.* My vows are rocks of adamant.

*Pre.* Two years you are to try me ; black  
when I turn,

May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn.

*Jo.* Kings diadems shall not buy thee.

*Car.* Do you think 110

You can endure the life and love it ?

*Jo.* As usurers dote upon their treasure.

*Soto.* But when your face shall be tand,  
Like a saylors workie-day hand, —

*San.* When your feet shall be gall'd, 115  
And your noddle b[e] mall'd : —

*Soto.* When the woods you must forredge,  
And not meet with poor pease-porridge, —

*San.* Be all to be dabled, yet lie in no  
sheet, —

*Soto.* With winters frost, hayle, snow and  
sleete ; 120

What life will you say it is then ?

*Jo.* As now the sweetest.

108 *black.* B quotes D, — “ May be the right reading, but *qy.* ‘back’ ? ” and adds, “ Perhaps the meaning is, ‘ If I prove false, as spurious gold turns black when tested.’ ” See *Glossary.*

110 *Car.* Qq, *Cl.*

116 *be.* So A, D, B. In Qq *e* has dropped out.

*Diego within.* Away! away! the corigidor has sent for you.

## SONG.

*San.* Hence merily fine to get money!  
 Dry are the fields, the bancks are sunny,  
 Silver is sweeter far than honey. 125  
     *Flie like swallows,*  
 We for our coney's must get mallowes;  
 Who loves not his dill, let him die at the gallowes.  
 Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly,  
 Smug up your beetle browes, none look grimly; 130  
 To shew a pretty foot, Ob! 't is seemly.

*Enter Cardochia, staves Soto, [as others go out.]*

*Cardochia.* Do you hear, you gipsie? gipsie!

*Soto.* Me?

*Car.* There's a young gipsie newly entertain'd;  
 Sweet gipsie, call him back for one two words,  
 And here 's a jewel for thee.

*Soto.* I'le send him. 135

*Car.* What 's his name?

*Soto.* Andrew. *Exit [Soto].*

*Car.* A very handsome fellow; I ha seen courtiers

Jet up and down in their full bravery,  
 Yet here 's a gipsie worth a drove of 'em. 140

122 *Diego within.* Qq print as a stage-direction after l. 122.

123 *fine.* Query, fare?

131 *seemly.* Qq, seemly. *Exit.*

[Re-]enter Don John.

*Jo.* With me, sweet heart ?

*Car.* Your name is Andrew ?

*Jo.* Yes.

*Car.* You can tell fortunes, Andrew ?

*Jo.* I could once,  
But now I ha lost that knowledge ; I am in  
haste,

And cannot stay to tell you yours.

*Car.* I cannot tell yours then ;  
And cause you are in hast, I am quick ; I am a  
maid,—

*Jo.* So, so ! a maid quick ?

*Car.* Juanna Cardochia,  
That 's mine own name ; I am my mothers heir  
Here to this house, and two more.

*Jo.* I buy no lands.

*Car.* They shall be given you with some plate  
and money

And free possession, during life, of me, 150

So the match like you ; for so well I love you

That I in pittty of this trade of gipsying,

Being base, idle and slavish, offer you

A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,

Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call  
you 155

My husband ; shall I, Andrew ?

145 you are in hast. D, B, you're in haste.

*Jo.* 'Las! pretty soul,  
Better stars guide you! may that hand of Cupid  
Ake, ever shot this arrow at your heart!  
Sticks there one such indeed?

*Car.* I would there did not,  
Since you'l not pluck it out.

*Jo.* Good sweet, I cannot; 165  
For marriage, 't is a law amongst us gipsies  
We match in our own tribes; for me to wear you,  
I should but wear you out.

*Car.* I do not care;  
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,  
Ruine me, so you lend me but your love, 165  
A little of your love!

*Jo.* Would I could give it,  
For you are worth a world of better men,  
For your free noble minde; all my best wishes  
Stay with you; I must hence.

*Car.* Wear for my sake  
This jewell.

*Jo.* I'le not rob you, I'le take nothing. 170

*Car.* Wear it about your neck but one poor  
moon;

If in that time your eye be as 't is now,  
Send my jewell home agen, and I protest  
I'le never more think on you; deny not this,  
Put it about your neck.

158 *ever shot.* A, ever [that] shot.

*Jo.* Well then, 't is done. 175  
 [*Putting on jewel.*]

*Car.* And vow to keep it there.

*Jo.* By all the goodness  
 I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it.

*Exit [John].*

*Car.* Scornd! thou hast temper'd poyson to  
 kill me

Thy self shall drink; since I cannot enjoy thee  
 My revenge shall.

*Enter Diego.*

*Diego.* Where are the gipsies?

*Car.* Gon. 180

Diego, do you love me?

*Die.* Love thee, Juanna!

Is my life mine! it is but mine so long

As it shall do thee service.

*Car.* There 's a younger gipsie newly enter-  
 tain'd.

*Die.* A handsome rascal; what of him? 185

*Car.* That slave in obsceane language courted  
 me,

Drew rialls out, and would have bought my  
 body,

Diego, from thee!

*Die.* Is he so itchy? I'le cure him.

180-181 *Gon.* . . . *ms.* One line in Qq.

184 *younger.* A, D's *Ms.*, D, B, *young.*

*Car.* Thou shalt not touch the villain; I'll  
spin his fate;

Woman strike[s] sure, fall the blow ne're so  
late. [Exit *Cardocbia.*] 190

*Die.* Strike on, sin thou wilt be a striker.

*Exit [Diego].*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*A Room in Fernando's House.]*

*Enter Fernando, Francisco, Pedro, and Lewys.*

*Fernando.* See, Don Lewys, an arm,  
The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length  
Is stretch'd to pluck old Count Alvarez home  
From his sad banishment.

*Lewys.* With longing eyes,  
My lord, I expect the man. Your lordships par-  
don,

Some businesse call's me from you.

*Fer.* Prithee, Don Lewys,  
Unlesse th' occasion be too violent,  
Stay and be merry with us, all the gipsies  
Will be here presently.

*Lew.* I will attend your lordship  
Before their sports be done. *Exit [Lewys].*

190 *strikes.* A, women strike; Q1, D, B, strikes, without  
comment on the change.

191 *sin.* A, D's Ms., D, B, since; Qq, Strike on sin, thou.

1, 2 *arm.* So D's Ms., D, B. Qq, A, army.

9 *I will.* D, B, I'll.

*Fer.* Be your own carver. — 10  
 [To Francisco.] Not yet shake off these fetters?  
 I see a son  
 Is heavy when a father carries him  
 On his old heart.

*Francisco.* Could I set up my rest  
 That he were lost, or taken prisoner,  
 I could hold truce with sorrow; but to have  
 him 15  
 Vanish I know not how, gon none knows  
 whither,  
 'T is that mads me.

*Pedro.* You said he sent a letter.

*Fra.* A letter! a mere riddle; he's gon to  
 see[k]  
 His fortune in the warres; what warres have  
 we?  
 Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field 20  
 Naked, unfurnish'd, both [of] armes and  
 money?

*Fer.* Come, come, he's gone a-wenching; we  
 in our youth  
 Ran the self-same byas.

*Enter Diego.*

*Diego.* The gipsies, my lord, are come.

*Fer.* Are they? let them enter. *Exit Diego.*

18 *seeh.* So A, D, B. Qq, *see.*

21 *both of armes.* So A, D, B.

My lord De Cortez, send for your wife and  
daughter ;  
Good company is good physick. — Take the 25  
pains  
To seat your selves in my great chamber.

*Exit [Pedro].*

*Enter Alvarez, Don John, Roderigo, Antonio, Carlo,  
Eugenia, Pretiosa, Cbristiana, Sancho, and Soto  
[disguised as before].*

*Fer.* See they are here. — What 's your number ?

*Sancho.* The figure of nine casts us all up,  
my lord. 30

*Fer.* Nine ! let me see — you are ten, sure.

*Soto.* That 's our poet, he stands for a cipher.

*Fer.* Ciphers make numbers ; what playes have  
you ?

*Alvarez.* Five or six, my lord. 35

*Fer.* It 's well so many already.

*Soto.* We are promist a very merry tragedy,  
if all hit right, of *Cobby Nobby*.

*Fer.* So, so, a merry tragedy ! There is a way  
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use ; 40  
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,  
The actors will *ex tempore* fashion out  
Sceans neat and witty.

*Exit Pedro.* A, D, B, Exeunt Francisco and Pedro, but I see  
no reason for Francisco's going. 28 *Fer.* Q1, *Al.*

39-41 *So* . . . *plot.* Qq set as prose.



*Al.* We can do that, my lord,  
Please you bestow the subject.

*Fer.* Can you? Come hither,  
You master poet. To save you a labour, 45  
Look you, against your comming I projected  
This comick passage. [*Producing a paper.*] Your  
dramma, — that 's the scean, —

*Roderigo.* I, I, my lord.

*Fer.* I lay in our own country, Spain.

*Ro.* 'T is best so. 50

*Fer.* Here 's a brave part for this old gipsie,  
look you,  
The father: read the plot: this young she  
gipsie,

This lady; now the son, play him your self.

*Ro.* My lord, I am no player.

*Fer.* Pray, at this time,  
The plot being full, to please my noble friends, 55  
Because your brains must into theirs put lan-  
guage,

Act thou the sons part; I'le reward your pains.

*Ro.* Protest, my lord —

*Fer.* Nay, nay, shake off protesting;  
When I was young, sir, I have plaid my self.

*San.* Your selfe, my lord! you were but a 60  
poor companie then.

*Fer.* Yes, full enough, honest fellow. — Will  
you do it?

*Ro.* I'll venture.

*Fer.* I thank you; let this father be a don  
Of a brave spirit. — Old gipsie, observe me. 65

*Al.* Yes, my lord.

*Fer.* Play him up high; not like a pantaloone,  
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,  
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd fel-  
low. —

[*To Roderigo.*] This poynt I think will shew well.

*Ro.* This of the picture? 70

It will indeed, my lord.

*San.* My lord, what part play I?

*Fer.* What part dost use to play?

*San.* If your lordship has ever a coxcombe, I  
think I could fit you. 75

*Fer.* I thank your coxcombe-ship.

*Soto.* Put a coxcombe upon a lord!

*Fer.* There are parts to serve you all; go, go,  
make ready,

And call for what you want. *Exit* [*Fernando*].

*Al.* Give me the plot; our wits are put to  
tryal. 80

What's the son's name? Lorenzo. — [*To Rod-  
erigo.*] That's your part.

Look only you to that; these I'll dispose;  
Old Don Avero, mine; Hialdo, Lolloio,  
Two servants, [*to Sancho and Soto*] you for them.

*San.* One of the foolish knaves give me ; I'le be Hialdo. 85

*Soto.* And I, Lollo.

*San.* Is there a banquet in the play ? we may call for what we will.

*Ro.* Yes, here is a banquet. 90

*San.* I'le go then and bespeake an ocean of sweet meates, marmalad, and custards.

*Al.* Make hast to know what you must doe.

*San.* Doe ! call for enough, and when my belly is full, fill my pockets. 95

*Soto.* To a banquet there must be wine ; fortunes a scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound like a rattle, and my heels dance the canaries.

*Al.* So, so ; dispatch, whilst we employ our brains 100

To set things off to th' life.

*Ex* [*eun*] *t* [*all except Roderigo*].

*Ro.* I'le be streight with you. —

Why does my father put this trick on me ?

Spies he me through my vizard ? if he does,

He 's not the king of Spain, and 't is no treason ;

If his invention jet upon a stage, 105

Why should not I use action ? a debosh'd fellow !

A very rake-hell ! this reflects on me,

And I'le retort it ; grown a poet, father ?

No matter in what strain your play must run,  
 But I shall fit you for a roaring son. 110  
*Exit [Roderigo]. Florish.*

## [SCENA TERTIA.

*A Hall in Fernando's House.]*

*Enter Francisco, Pedro, Fernando, Diego, Maria, and Clara.*

*Fernando.* Come, ladies, take your places.  
*Florish within.*

This their musick?

'T is very handsome; oh! I wish this room  
 Were frighted, but with [pleasures], noble  
 friends,  
 As are to you my welcomes!—Begin there,  
 masters.

*Sancho [within].* Presently, my lord; we want 5  
 but a cold capon for a property.

*Fer.* Call, call for one.—Now they begin.

*Enter Sancho, the Prologue.*

*San.* Both short and sweet some say is best.

*We will not only be sweet but short;*

*Take you pepper in the nose, you mar our sport. 10*

*Florish within.* Q<sub>2</sub> places this at the end of speech.

3 *frighted.* D, freighted. *pleasures.* So D and B: D is not  
 certain he has supplied the right word, but refers back to l. 55 of  
 the previous scene.

10 *our.* Q<sub>2</sub>, out.

*Fer.* By no means pepper.

*San.* Of your love, measure us forth but one span;  
We do, tho not the best, the best we can.

*Exit [Sancho].*

*Fer.* A good honest gipsie.

*Enter Alvarez and Soto [as Avero and Lollo].*

*Alvarez.* Slave, where's my son Lorenzo? 15

*Soto.* I have sought him, my lord, in all four elements: in earth, my shoes are full of gravel; in water, I drop at nose with sweating; in air, wheresoever I heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths of gallon-pots roaring; and in fire, what chimney soever I saw smoaking with good cheer, for my masters dinner, as I was in hope. 20

*Al.* Not yet come home? before on this old tree  
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll bew it off,  
And bury it at my foot! Didst thou enquire 25  
At my brothers?

*Soto.* At your sisters.

*Al.* At my wives fathers?

*Soto.* At your uncles mothers; no such sheep has  
broke through their bedge, no such calfe as your sonne 30  
sucks or bleates in their ground.

*Al.* I am unblest to have but one son only,  
One staffe to bear my age up, one taper left  
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly,  
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe; 35  
He that should prop me is mine overbrow.

*Fer.* Well done, old fellow! — is 't not?

*Omnes.*

Yes, yes, my lord.

*Enter Sancho [as Hialdo].*

*Soto. Here comes bis man Hialdo.*

*Al. Where's the prodigal your master, sirrab?*

*Sancho. Eating acorns amongst swine, draffe amongst 40  
bogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs; has lost all bis  
money at dice, bis wits with bis money, and bis honesty  
with both; for he bum-fiddles me, makes the drawers  
curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores up the  
vintners name in the Ram-head, flirts bis wife under 45  
the nose, and bids you with a pox send bim more money.*

*Al. Art thou one of bis currs to bite me too?  
To nayle thee to the earth were to do justice.*

*Enter Roderigo [as Lorenzo].*

*San. Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master;  
nayle me now who dares. 50*

*Roderigo. I sit like an owle in the ivy-bush of a  
tavern! Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the  
vintners own bogshead.*

*San. Here's two more; pierce them too.*

*Ro. Old don, whom I call father, am I thy sonne? 55  
If I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver; had I  
Spain in this hand, and Portugall in this, puffe it should  
fly. Where's the money I sent for? — [Aside.] I'le  
tickle you for a rake-hell.*

*San. Not a marvedi! 60*

*Al. Thou shalt have none of me.*

*Soto. Hold bis nose to the grinstone, my lord.*

*Ro. I shall have none!*

*Al. Charge me a case of pistous;  
What I have built I'le ruine. Shall I suffer*

*A slave to set his foot upon my heart?* 65

*A son! a barbarous villain; or if heaven save thee*

*Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee.*

*Ro. Hialdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father.*

*San. Whilst you slice into collaps the rusty gamon his man there.* 70

*Ro. No money! Can taverns stand without anon, anon? fidlers live without scraping? taffaty girles look plump without pampering? If you will not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea.*

*Al. To have thee bang'd for piracy?* 75

*San. Trim, tram, bang master, bang man!*

*Ro. Then send me to the West-Indies, buy me some office there.*

*Al. To have thy throat cut for quarrelling!*

*Ro. Else send me and my ningle, Hialdo, to the wars.* 80

*San. A match; wee'l fight dog, fight bear.*

*Enter Antonio [as Hernando].*

*Al. Ob dear Hernando, welcome! — [To Soto] Clap wings to your beels, And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me Their present visitations.* [Exit Soto.] 85

*Lorenzo, see the anger of a father; Altho it be as low'd and quick as thunder, Yet 't is done instantly. Cast off thy wildnesse, Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home*

79 for quarrelling. Q1, for thy quarrelling. D and B follow Q1, with no note of the reading in Q2.

82 *Al.* So A, D, B; Qq, *An.*

84 *visitations.* Q1, D, B, *visitation.*

85 *Lorenzo.* Qq prefix *Ant.* here, corrected by A, D, B, without comment on the change.

*Have, with my honor'd friend here, Don Hernando,  
Provided thee a wife.* 90

*Ro. A wife! is she bansome? is she rich? is she  
fair? is she witty? is she bonest? bang bonesty! Has  
she a sweet face, cherry-cheek, strawbury-lip, white  
skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs? — [Aside]  
as there's a girl now.* 95

*Ant. It is a creature both for birth and fortunes,  
And for the most excellent graces of the mind,  
Few like her in Spain.*

*Ro. When shall I see her?  
Now, father, pray take your curse off.*

*Al. I doe. The lady  
Lives from Madrill very near fourteen leagues,  
But thou shalt see her picture.* 100

*Ro. That! that! Most ladies in these dayes are but  
very fine pictures.*

*Enter Carlo, Don John, Eugenia, Pretiosa, [and] Christiana.*

*Al. Ladies, to you first welcome; my lords, Alonzo,  
And you worthy marquess, thanks for these honours.* 105  
*Away you: [Exit Sancho.]  
To th' cause now of this meeting. My son Lorenzo,*

94-95 delicate . . . now. A, D, B, place a comma after  
legs and a question mark after now, not noticing that the last five  
words are an aside.

97 for the most. Q1, A, D, B, for most.

98 her in. Q1, D, B, her are in.

*Enter . . . Christiana.* Qq include Sancho and Soto in this en-  
trance.

*Carlo.* Q1, Claro; Q2, Clara, corrected by D and B without  
comment. See Notes, p. 135.

106-107 *Away you . . . Lorenzo.* One line in Qq. A,  
D, B, Exit Sancho.



*Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,  
Sits gently; has call'd home his wandering thoughts,  
And now will marry.*

*Pre.* *A good wife fate send him!* 110

*Eu.* *One stayd may settle him.*

*Ro.* *Flie to the mark, sir;*

*Shew me the wench, or her face, or any thing*

*I may know 't is a woman fit for me.*

*Al.* *Shee is not here herself, but here 's her picture.*

*[Alvarez shows] a picture.*

*Fer.* *My lord De Carcomo, pray observe this.* 115

*Fra.* *I do attentively. — Don Pedro, mark it.*

*[Re-]enter Soto.*

*Soto [to John].* *If you ha done your part, yonders a wench*

*Wud ha a bout with you.* *Exit [Soto].*

*Jo.* *Me!* *Exit [John].*

*Die.* *A wench!* *Exit [Diego].*

*Al.* *Why stand you staring at it? how do you like her?*

*Ro.* *Are you in earnest?* 120

*Al.* *Yes, sir, in earnest.*

*Ro.* *I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a cuckold.*

*An.* *Look not upon the face, but on the goodness*

*That dwells within her.* 125

*Ro.* *Set fire on the tenement.*

*Al.* *Shee 's rich, nobly descended.*

*Ro.* *Did ever nobility look so scurvily?*

111-113 *Flie . . . for me.* Prose in Qq.

114 *Shee.* Q2, Sec. A, D, B, silently follow Q1.

117-118 *If . . . wish you.* Prose in Qq.

*Al.* I am sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both.

*Ro.* Sink, let her, to her granam! marry a witch? <sup>130</sup>  
have you fetch'd a wife for me out of Lapland? an old  
midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this: that a  
red lip!

*Pre.* There's a red nose.

*Ro.* That a yellow hair!

135

*Eu.* Why, her teeth may be yellow.

*Ro.* Where's the full eye?

*Cbri.* She has full blabber cheeks.

*Al.* Set up thy rest, her marriest thou or none.

*Ro.* None then; were all the water in the world one <sup>140</sup>  
sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climbe on all  
four up to the top of that hill, and head-long burle my  
selfe into that abyse of waves, e're I would touch the  
skin of such rough haberdine, for the breath of her pic-  
ture stinks bitter. *A noyse within.* 145

[*Re-*]enter Don John, Diego, Cardoebia, Sancho, and  
Soto in a burry.

*Fer.* What tumult's this?

*San.* Soto. Murder, murder, murder! One of  
our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging!

*Pe.* Who is hurt?

*Die.* 'T is I, my lord, stab'd by this gipsie. <sup>150</sup>

*Jo.* He struck me first, and I'll not take a blow  
From any Spaniard breathing.

*Pe.* Are you so brave?

*Fer.* Break up your play; lock all the doors.

147-148 *San.* Soto. . . . hanging. D and B divide this speech,  
giving the first three words to Sancho and the rest to Soto.

*Die.* I faint,  
My lord.

*Fra.* Have him to a surgeon. — How fell  
they out? [*Servants remove Diego.*]

*Card.* Oh, my good lord, these gipsies when  
they lodg'd 155

At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket  
Stolne by this villain.

*Jo.* 'T is most false, my lords;  
Her own hands gave it me.

*Pre.* She that calls him villain,  
Or says he stole, —

*Fer.* Hoyday! we hear your scoulding.

*Card.* And the hurt gentleman finding it in  
his bosome, 160

For that he stabb'd him.

*Fer.* Hence with all the gipsies!

*Pe.* Ruffians and theeves, to prison with 'em  
all!

*Al.* My lord, wee'l leave engagements in plate  
and money

For all our safe forth-commings; punish not all  
For one's offence; wee'l prove our selves no  
theeves. 165

*San.* Oh Soto! I make buttons.

*Soto.* Would I could make some, and leave  
this trade.

*Fer.* Iron him then, let the rest go free ; but  
stir not

One foot out of Madrill ; bring you in your  
witness. 170

*Soto.* Prick him with a pinne, or pinch him by  
the elbow ; any thing.

*San.* My lord Don Pedro, I am your warde ;  
we have spent a little money to get a horrible  
deale of wit, and now I am weary of it. 175

*Pe.* My runne-awayes turn'd juglers ! for-  
tune-tellers !

*Soto.* No great fortunes.

*Fer.* To prison with 'em both : a gentleman  
play the asse ! 180

*San.* If all gentlemen that play the asse  
should to prison, you must widen your jayles. —  
Come, Soto, I scorne to beg ; set thy foot to  
mine, and kick at shackles.

*Fer.* So, so ; away with 'em ! 185

*Soto.* Send all our company after, and wee'l  
play there, and be as merry as you here.

[*Exeunt John in custody, Cardochia and all  
the gipsies except Roderigo.*]

*Fer.* Our comedy turn'd tragical ! please you,  
lords, walk.

169-170 *Iron . . . witness.* D and B mark after *witness* the  
exit of Cardochia, John, and the other gipsies.

*Exeunt John . . . Roderigo.* Qq, *Exit.* D, B, *Exeunt Sancho  
and Soto with servants.*

This actor here and I must change a word,  
And I come to you.

*Omnes.* Well, my lord, your pleasure. 190

*Exeunt [all except Fernando and Roderigo].*

*Fer.* Why, couldst thou think in any base  
disguise

To blinde my sight? Fathers have eagles eyes.  
But pray, sir, why was this done? why when I  
thought you

Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,  
Leap'd you into a gipsie?

*Ro.* Sir, with your pardon, 195

I shall at fit time to you shew cause for all.

*Fer.* Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to  
live by;

Best to turn player; an excellent ruffian! ha!  
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave  
you

This project of set purpose; 't is all my self; 200

What the old gipsie spake must be my language.

Nothing are left me but my offices

And thin fac'd honours; and this very creature,  
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your mar-  
rying her.

*Ro.* You would not build your glory on my  
ruines? 205

*Fer.* The rascall has bely'd the lady,  
She is not half so bad; all's one, she's rich.

*Ro.* Oh! will you sell the joyes of my full  
youth  
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretches  
daughter,  
Whose soul is lost for gold then. You are more  
noble 210  
Then t' have your son, the top branch of your  
house,  
Grow in a heap of rubbish; I must marry a  
thing  
I shall be asham'd to own, asham'd to bring her  
Before a sun-beam.

*Fer.* I cannot help it, sir;  
Resolve upon 't, and doo 't.

*Ro.* And doo 't and die! 215  
Is there no face in Spaine for you to pick out  
But one to fright me? when you sat the play  
here,  
There was a beauty, to be lord of which  
I would against an army throw defiance.

*Fer.* She? alas!

*Ro.* How! how! at every hair of hers 220  
There hangs a very angel; this! I am ready  
To drop down looking at it: sir, I beseech you  
Bury me in this earth, on which I am humbled

[*Kneels.*]

208 *sell.* So D's Ms., D, B. Qq, see; A, act.

214-215 *I . . . doo 't.* One line in Qq.

220 *How! how!* D's Ms., D, B, How? she!

To beg your blessing on me for a gipsie,  
 Rather then — oh! I know not what to term it! 225  
 Pray, what is that young pensive piece of  
 beauty?

Your voyce for her; I ey'd her all the scene.

*Fer.* I saw you did.

*Ro.* Me thought 't was a sweet creature.

*Fer.* Well, tho my present state stands now  
 on ice,

I'll let it crack and fall rather then bar thee 230  
 Of thy content; this lady shall go by then.

*Ro.* Hang let her there, or any where!

*Fer.* That young lannard,

Whom you have such a mind to, if you can  
 whistle her

To come to fist, make tryal; play the young  
 falconer;

I will not mar your marriage, nor yet make; 235  
 Beauty, no wealth, — wealth, ugliness, —  
 which you will, take.

*Ro.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Fernando.*] — Put on  
 your mask, good madam [*to the picture*],

The sun will spoyle your face else.

*Exit* [*Roderigo*].

ACTUS QUINTUS.

[SCENA PRIMA.

*A Room in Fernando's House.]*

*Enter Fernando, Francisco, Pedro, Roderigo, Clara, Maria, as from Church, over the Stage[. They pass behind the arras, except] Fer[nando, who], stays Roderigo.*

*Fernando.* Thou hast now the wife of thy desires.

*Roderigo.* Sir, I have,

And in her every blessing that makes life  
Loath to be parted with.

*Fer.* Noble she is,

And fair ; has to enrich her blood and beauty,  
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage. 5

*Ro.* I owe you duty for a double birth,  
Being in this happinesse begot again,  
Without which I had been a man of wretched-  
nesse.

*Fer.* Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy  
fate ;

'T is faln upon thee ; know it, and embrace it : 10  
Thy wife's a wanton.

*Ro.* A wanton!

*Fer.* Examine through the progresse of thy  
youth



What capital sins, what great one 't is, for 't is  
A great one th'ast committed.

*Ro.* I a great one !

*Fer.* Else heaven is not so wrathfull to pour  
on thee 15

A misery so full of bitterness ;  
I am thy father ; think on 't, and be just ;  
Come, do not dally.

*Ro.* Pray, my lord, —

*Fer.* Fool, 't were

Impossible that justice should rain down  
In such a frightfull horror without cause. 20

Sir, I will know it ; rather blush thou didst  
An act thou darst not name, then that it has  
A name to be known by.

*Ro.* Turn from me then,

And as my guilt sighes out this monster, rape,  
Oh, do not lend an ear !

*Fer.* Rape ! fearfull !

*Ro.* Hence, 25

Hence springs my due reward.

*Fer.* Th' art none of mine,

Or if thou beest, thou dost bely the stamp  
Of thy nativity.

*Ro.* Forgive me !

*Fer.* Had she,

13 *sins.* A, D, B, *sin.*

25-26 *Hence . . . reward.* One line in Qq.

27 *stamp.* Q1, D, B, *stamps.*

Poor wronged soul, who e're she was, no friend  
 Nor father to revenge? had she no tongue 30  
 To rore her injuries?

*Ro.* Alas! I know her not!

*Fer.* Peace! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all  
 president.

Young man, thou shouldst have married her;  
 the devil

Of lust that riots in thy eye should there  
 Have let fall love and pity; not on this stranger 35  
 Whom thou hast doted on.

*Ro.* Oh! had I married her,  
 I had been then the happiest man alive!

*Enter Clara, Maria, and Pedro, from behind the  
 arras.*

*Clara.* As I the happiest woman being mar-  
 ried;

Look on me, sir.

*Pedro.* You shall not find a change  
 So full of fears as your most noble father, 40  
 In his wise tryal, urg'd.

*Maria.* Indeed you shall not,  
 The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn.

*Ro.* Why, pray, d'ee mock my sorrows?  
 now, oh, now,  
 My horrors flew about me!

35 *fall.* Qq, full. A corrects.

44 *flew.* A, D, B, flow.

*Fer.* No, thy comforts,  
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

*Cla.* By this Crucifix [*shows crucifix*] 45  
You may remember me.

*Ro.* Ha! art thou  
That lady wrong'd?

*Cla.* I was, but now am  
Righted in noble satisfaction.

*Ro.* How can I turn mine eyes and not be-  
hold

On every side my shame?

*Fer.* No more; hereafter 50  
We shall have time to talk at large of all;  
Love her that's now thine own; do Roderigo;  
Shee's far from what I charactred.

*Cla.* My care  
Shall live about me to deserve your love.

*Ro.* Excellent Clara! — Fathers both, and  
mother, 55

I will redeem my fault.

*Fer. Pe. Ma.* Our blessings dwell on ye!

*Enter Lewys and Francisco.*

*Lewys.* Married to Roderigo!

*Francisco.* Judge your self;  
See where they are. *Exit [Francisco].*

*Lew.* Is this your husband, lady?

46-47 *Ha!* . . . *wrong'd.* One line in Qq.

53-54 *My* . . . *love.* One line in Qq.

*Cl.* He is, sir; heavens great hand, that on  
record  
Fore-points the equal union of all hearts, 60  
Long since decreed what this day hath been per-  
fected.

*Lew.* 'T is well then; I am free, it seems.

*Cl.* Make smooth,  
My lord, those clouds which on your brow de-  
liver  
Emblems of storms; I will, as far as honour  
May privilege, deserve a noble friendship, 65  
As you from me deserve a worthy memory.

*Lew.* Your husband has prov'd himself a friend,  
Trusty and try'd; he's welcome I may say  
From the university.

*Ro.* To a new school  
Of happy knowledge, Lewys.

*Lew.* Sir, I am 70  
Not so poor to put this injury up;  
The best blood flowes within you is the price.

*Ro.* Lew [ys], for this time calm your anger;  
and if  
I do not give you noble satisfaction,  
Call me to what account you please. 75

63 *lord.* B, lords.

64 *storms.* Q1, D, B, storm.

67 *friend.* D, B, friend [to me].

70-71 *Sir . . . up.* One line in Qq. D queries: Sir, I'm not  
So poor in spirit to put, &c. B reads, Sir, I am Not so poor [as]  
to put, &c.

*Lew.* So, so. — I come for justice t'ee,  
And you shall grant it.

*Fer.* Shall and will.

*Lew.* With speed too;  
My poor friend bleeds the whites.

*Fer.* You shall your self,  
Before we part, receive the satisfaction  
You come for. — Who attends ?

*Servants within.* My lord ?

*Fer.* The prisoner! 8.

*Ser.* He attends your lordships pleasure.

*Enter Pretiosa, Eugenia, and Alvarez.*

*Lew.* What would this gire ?  
Foh, no tricks ; get you to your cabin, hus-  
wife ;

We have no ear for ballads.

*Fer.* Take her away.

*Cla.* A wondrous lively creature.

*Pretiosa.* Noble gentlemen,  
If a poor maids, a gipsie virgins tears 8.  
May soften the hard edge of angry justice,  
Then grant me gracious hearing. As y' are  
mercifull,

I beg my husbands life.

*Fer.* Thy husbands, little one !

80 *Servants within.* Qq, *Within Servants*, as a stage-direction.

81-83 *What . . . ballads.* In Qq broken at *tricks, ballads.*

84 *lively.* D's Ms., D, B, *lovely.*

*Pre.* Gentle sir, our plighted troaths are chron-  
icl'd

In that white book above, which notes the se-  
crets 90

Of every thought and heart ; he is my husband,  
I am his wife.

*Lew.* Rather his whore.

*Pre.* Now trust me,  
Y' are no good man to say so ; I am honest,  
Deed, la, I am ; a poor soul that deserves not  
Such a bad word ; were you a better man 95  
Then you are, you do me wrong.

*Lew.* The toy growes angry.

*Cl.* And it becomes her sweetly ; troath, my  
lord,

I pity her.

*Ro.* I thank you. — Sir, — [*aside to Fernando.*]

*Lew.* Your husband,

You'l say, is no thief.

*Pre.* Upon my conscience he is not.

*Lew.* Dares not strike a man.

*Pre.* Unworthily 100

He dares not ; but if trod upon, a worm

Will turn again.

97-98 *Cl.* . . . *you.* — *Sir.* A retains this reading, but thinks possibly the speech should be given to Carlo, whom he calls Claro. This reading seems simpler than D's Ms., D, and B, who read : *Cl.* . . . *you, sweet.*

*Lew.* That turning turns your worm  
Off from the ladder, minion.

*Pre.* Sir, I hope  
You are not his judge; you are too young, too  
chollerick,

Too passionate; the price of life or death 105  
Requires a much more grave consideration

Then your years warrant. They sit like gods,  
Upon whose head the reverend badge of time  
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom; to these ora-  
cles

Of riper judgement, lower in my heart 110  
Then on my knees, [*kneels*] I offer up my suit,  
My lawfull suit, which begs they would be  
gentle

To their own fames, their own immortal stories.  
Oh! do not think, my lords, compassion thrown  
On a base low estate, on humble people, 115

Lesse meritorious then if you had favor'd  
The faults of great men; and indeed great men  
Have oftentimes great faults. He whom I plead  
for

Is free; the soul of innocence it self  
Is not more white. Will you pittie him? 120

104 *You are.* D, B, You 're.

107 *They sit.* Qr, he sit they; A, there they sit; D's Ms.,  
D, B, here sit they.

108 *head.* D, B, head[s].

120 *white.* D queries for metre, "whiter?"

I see it is in your eyes, 't is a sweet sun-beam,  
Let it shine out ; and to adorn your praise,  
The prayers of the poor shall crown your daies,  
And theirs are something h[e]ard.

*Fer.* Beshrew the girl,  
She has almost melted me to tears. 125

*Lew.* Hence, trifler ! — Call in my friends.—  
What hope of ease ?

*Enter Don John, Diego, and Cardochia.*

*Diego.* Good hope, but still I smart ;  
The worst is in my pain.

*Lew.* The price is high  
Shall buy thy vengeance ; to receive a wound  
By a base villains hand, it mads me. 130

*John.* Men subject to th' extremity of law  
Should carry peace about 'em to their graves ;  
Else, were you nobler then the blood you boast of,  
Could any way, my lord, derive you know,  
I would return sharp answer to your slanders ; 135  
But it suffices I am none of ought  
Your rage miterms me.

*Lew.* None of 'em ? no rascal ?

*Jo.* No rascal.

121 *it is in.* D, B, it in.

124 *something heard.* A, D's Ms., D, B, sometimes heard.

126 *friends.* D queries, "friend ?"

130 *mads.* D, B, mad[den].

134 *you know.* D, B, place a comma after *you* and none after *know*.



*Lew.* Nor no thief?

*Jo.* Ask her that's my accuser. Could your  
eyes

Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires, 140  
You might, without a partial judgement, look  
into

A womans lust and malice.

*Cardochia.* My good lords,  
What I have articled against this fellow,  
I justify for truth.

*Jo.* On then, no more;  
This being true she sayes, I have deserv'd 145  
To die.

*Fer.* We sit not here to bandy words,  
But minister law, and that condemns thee  
For theft unto the gallows.

*Pre.* Oh my misery!  
Are you so marble-brested? are your bosomes  
Hoop'd round with steel, to cast away a man, 150  
More worthy life and honours then a thousand  
Of such as only pray unto the shadow  
Of abus'd greatnesse?

*Jo.* 'T is in vain to storm,  
My fate is here determin'd!

*Pre.* Lost creature,

147 *minister law.* A, D, B, minister [the] law.

149 10. A, D, B, follow Q1, all, without comment on the  
reading of Q2.

Art thou grown dull too? is my love so cheap,<sup>155</sup>  
That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love  
thee? —

My lords, my lords! — Speak, Andrew, prithee  
now,

Be not so cruel to thy self and me;  
One word of thine will doo't.

*Fer.* Away with him!  
To morrow is his day of execution. <sup>160</sup>

*Jo.* Even when you will.

*Pre.* Stay, man, thou shalt not go;  
Here are more women yet. — Sweet madam,  
speak!

You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling  
Of tendernesse; you may be touch'd as I am;  
Troth, wert your cause, I'de weep with you, and  
joyn <sup>165</sup>

In earnest suit for one you held so dear.

*Cl.* My lord, pray speak in his behalf.

*Ro.* I would,  
But dare not, 't is a fault so clear and manifest.

*Lew.* Back with him to his dungeon.

*Jo.* Heaven can tell  
I sorrow not to die, but to leave her <sup>170</sup>  
Who whiles I live is my lifes comforter.

[*Exit John guarded.*]

*Car.* Now shall I be reveng'd.

[*Aside and*] *exit.*

*Pre.* Oh me unhappy !

*Fer.* See, the girl falls ; some one look to her !

*Gla.* 'Las, poor maid !

*Eugenia.* Pretiosa ! She does recover ;  
Mine honourable lord, —

*Fer.* In vain ; what is 't ? 175

*Eu.* Be pleas'd to give me private audience ;  
I will discover something shall advantage  
The noblest of this land.

*Fer.* Well, I will hear thee ;  
Bring in the girl.

*Ex[eu]t [omnes, sed] mane[n]t Lewys [et] Alvarez.*

*Lew.* Ought with me ? what is 't ?  
I care not for thy company, old ruffian ; 180  
Rascall, art impudent ?

*Alvarez.* To beg your service.

*Lew.* Hang your self !

*Al.* By your fathers soul, sir, hear me.

*Lew.* Dispatch.

*Al.* First, promise me you will get reprieve  
For the condemned man, and by my art  
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth 185  
Can wish for or desire.

*Lew.* Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

*Al.* Try me.

*Lew.* Doe that, and then, as I am noble,

173 See . . . her. Broken at falls in Qq.

174-175 Pretiosa . . . lord. In Qq broken at Pretiosa, lord.

183 me you will. A, me [that] you will ; D, B, me you'll.

I will not onely give thy friend his life,  
But royally reward thee, love thee ever.

*Al.* I take your word; what would you?

*Lew.* If thou mock'st mee, 190

'T were better thou wert damn'd.

*Al.* Sir, I am resolute.

*Lew.* Resolve me, then, whether the Count  
Alvarez,

Who slew my father, be alive or dead?

*Al.* Is this the mighty matter? the count lives.

*Lew.* How!

*Al.* The count lives!

*Lew.* Oh fate! Now tell me where, 195

And be my better genius.

*Al.* I can do 't.

In Spaine a lives: more, not far from Madrill,  
But in disguise, much alter'd.

*Lew.* Wonderfull scholler!

Miracle of artists! Alvarez living!

And near Madrill too! now, for Heavens sake,  
where? 200

That's all, and I am thine.

*Al.* Walk off, my lord,

To the next field, you shall know all.

*Lew.* Apace, then!

202 *Apace, then!* *A.* *Exeunt:* scene changes to a Field, *Alvarez*  
and *Lewys* re-enter.

202-204 *Apace* . . . *fortunate.* Two lines in Qq, broken at  
*thes, fortunate.*

I listen to thee with a greedy ear,  
 The miserable and the fortunate  
 Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate. 205

[*Exeunt Alvarez and Lewys.*]

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*A Field.*

*Enter Alvarez and Lewys.*]

*Alvarez.* Good, good; you would fain kill  
 him and revenge  
 Your fathers death?

*Lewys.* I would.

*Al.* Bravely, or securely?

*Lew.* Not basely, for the world.

*Al.* We are secure. *Two swords.*

Young Lewys, two more trusty blades than  
 these,

Spain has not in her army; with this  
 Alvarez slew thy father, and this other  
 Was that the king of France wore when great  
 Charles

In a set battail took him prisoner;

*Exeunt.* Qq, *Ex.* at one door. *Enter presently at the other, as a stage-direction.*

<sup>2</sup> *securely.* D's Ms., D, B, scurvily, which is not needed, since *securely* would be *basely*.

<sup>5</sup> *army.* D, B, arm[or]y.

Both I resigne to thee.

*Lew.* This is a new mysterie.

*Al.* Now see this naked bosom; turn the points 10  
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st,  
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst  
Of vengeance, blood; if blood be thy ambition,  
Then call to minde the fatal blow that struck  
De Castor, thy brave father, to his grave; 15  
Remember who it was that gave that blow,  
His enemy Alvarez; hear, and be suddain;  
Behold Alvarez!

*Lew.* Death, I am deluded!

*Al.* Thou art incredulous; as fate is certain,  
I am the man.

*Lew.* Thou that butcher! 20

*Al.* Tremble not, young man; trust me I have  
wept

Religiously to wash off from my conscience  
The stain of my offence: twelve years and more,  
Like to a restlesse pilgrim I have runne  
From foreign lands to lands to finde out death. 25  
I am weary of my life; give me a sword.  
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal  
I honour old De Castors memory,  
I'le fight with thee; I would not have thy hand  
Dip'd in a wilfull murder; I could wish 30

15, 28 *Castor.* Dramatis Personae, D, B, Castro.

21 *Al. A, Lew.*

For one howers space I could pluck back from  
time

But thirty of my years, that in my fall  
Thou mightst deserve report : now if thou con-  
querst,

Thou canst not triumph ; I am half dead already,  
Yet I'le not start a foot.

*Lew.* Breathes there a spirit 35  
In such a heap of rage ?

*Al.* Oh ! that I had  
A sonne of equal growth with thee, to tugg  
For reputation ! by thy fathers ashes,  
I would not kill thee for another Spain,  
Yet now I'le do my best. Thou art amaz'd ? 40  
Come on.

*Lew.* Twelve tedious winters banishment !  
'T was a long time.

*Al.* Could they redeem thy father,  
Would every age had been twelve ages, Lewys,  
And I for penance every age a dying !  
But 't is too late to wish.

*Lew.* I am o'recome ; 45  
Your nobleness hath conquered me ; here ends  
All strife between our families, and henceforth  
Acknowledge me for yours.

*Al.* Oh ! thou reviv'st

34 *I am.* D, B, I'm.

36 *rage.* A, rags ; D's Ms., D, B, age. See *Notes*, p. 135.

Fresh horrors to my fact ; for in thy gentleness

I see my sinne anew.

*Lew.* Our peace is made ; 50  
Your life shall be my care. 'T will be glad news  
To all our noble friends.

*Al.* Since heaven will have it so,  
I thank thee, glorious majesty ; my son,  
For I will call thee, e're the next morrow  
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries. 55

*Lew.* I have enough to feed on ; sir, I'll follow ye. *Ex[eun]t [Alvarez and Lewys].*

[SCENA TERTIA.

*A Room in Fernando's House.]*

*Enter Eugenia, Fernando, and Pretiosa.*

*Fernando.* Don John son to the count of Carcomo ?

Woman, take heed thou trifle not.

*Eugenia.* Is this,  
My lord, so strange ?

*Fer.* Beauty in youth, and wit  
To set it forth, I see, transforms the best  
Into what shape love fancies.

54 *thee.* A, D, B, thee [so].  
4 *transforms.* D, transform.



*Pretiosa.* Will you yet 5  
Give me my husbands life ?

*Fer.* Why, little one,  
He is not married to thee.

*Pre.* In his faith  
He is ; and faith and troth I hope bind faster  
Then any other ceremonies can ;  
Do they not, pray, my lord ?

*Fer.* Yes, where the parties 10  
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,  
As he and thou art.

*Pre.* This is new divinity.

*Eu.* My lord, behold this child well : in her  
face

You may observe by curious insight something  
More then belongs to every common birth. 15

*Fer.* True, 't is a pretty child.

*Eu.* The glasse of misery  
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,  
At length run out. You had a daughter call'd  
Constanza.

*Fer.* Ha !

*Eu.* A sister, Guyamara,  
Wife to the Count Alvarez.

6-7 *Why . . . thee.* One line in Qq.

18-19 *call'd Constanza.* Separate line in Qq.

18-28 D and B make each of these speeches by Eugenia a direct question.

*Fer.* Peace, oh peace! 20

*Eu.* And to that sisters charge you did commit  
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,  
Her mother, dy'd.

*Fer.* Woman, thou art too cruell!

*Pre.* What d'ee mean, granam? 'lass, the noble  
man

Growes angry.

*Fer.* Not I, indeed I do not. — 25

But why d'ee use me thus?

*Eu.* Your child and sister,

As you suppos'd, were drown'd.

*Fer.* Drown'd? talking creature!

Suppos'd?

*Eu.* They live, Fernando; from my hand,  
Thy sisters hand, receive thine own Constanza,  
The sweetest, best child living.

*Pre.* Do you mock me? 30

*Fer.* Torment me on, yet more, more yet, and  
spare not;

My heart is now a breaking, now!

*Eu.* Oh brother!

Am I so far removed off from your memory

As that you will not know me? I expected

An other welcome home. Look on this casket, 35

[Shows] a casket.

The legacy your lady left her daughter,

When to her son she gave her crucifix.

*Fer.* Right, right ; I know ye now.

*Eu.* In all my sorrows,  
My comfort has been here ; she should be, —  
Be yours. — Constanza, kneel, sweet child, 40  
To thy old father.

*Pre.* How ! my father ? [*Pretiosa kneels.*]

*Fer.* Let not  
Extremity of joyes ravish life from me  
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee ! Thou art  
my sister,

My sister Guyamara ! How have mine eyes  
Been darkened all this while ! — 't is she !

*Eu.* 'T is, brother ; 45  
And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,  
No Pretiosa henceforth.

*Fer.* My soules treasure,  
Live to an age of goodnesse, and so thrive  
In all thy wayes, that thou mayst die to live !

*Pre.* But must I call you father ?

*Fer.* Thou wilt rob me else 50  
Of that felicity, for whose sake only  
I am ambitious of being young again ;  
Rise, rise, mine own Constanza !

*Pre.* [*rising*]. 'T is a new name,  
But 't is a pretty one ; I may be bold  
To make a sute t'ee ?

39-40 she . . . yours. A, she should be yours ; Constanza,  
kneel, &c. D, B, she should be [yours], Be yours [at last].—

*Fer.* Any thing.

*Pre.* Oh father, 55

And if you be my father, think upon  
Don John, my husband! without him, alas,  
I can be nothing!

*Fer.* As I without thee;  
Let me alone, Constanza. — Tell me, tell me,  
Lives yet Alvarez?

*Eu.* In your house.

*Fer.* Enough; 60

Cloy me not, let me by degrees digest  
My joyes.— Within! my lords Francisco, Pedro!

*Enter Francisco, Pedro, Maria, Roderigo, [and]  
Clara.*

Come all at once! I have a world within mee!  
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal!  
My honorable lord, partake my blessings: 65  
Count Alvarez lives here in my house;  
Your sonne, my lord Francisco, Don John, is  
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft;  
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister, Guyamare;  
Madam, this Constanza, mine own child; 70  
And I am a wondrous merry man.— Without!  
The prisoner.

65 *lord.* D, B, lord[s.] 66 *Count.* D, B, [The] Count.

67-68 *Your . . . theft.* In Qq broken at *John, theft.*

70 *this Constanza.* D, B, this [is] Constanza.

71 *Without.* In Qq first word of next line.

*Enter Alvarez, Lewys, Don John, Diego, Sancho,  
Soto, and Cardochia.*

*Lewys.* Here, free and acquitted  
By her whose folly drew her to this errour;  
And she for satisfaction is assur'd  
To my wrong'd friend.

*Cardochia.* I crave your pardons; 75  
He whose I am speaks for me.

*Diego.* We both beg it.

*Fer.* Excellent! admirable!—My dear brother!

*Alvarez.* Never a happy man till now; young  
Lewys

And I are reconcil'd.

*Lew.* For ever faithfully,

Religiously.

*Omnes.* My noble lord, most welcome! 80

*Al.* To all my heart payes what it owes, due  
thanks;

Most, most brave youth, to thee.

*John.* I all this while

Stand but a looker on; and tho my father

May justly tax the violence of my passions,

Yet if this lady, lady of my life,

Must be deny'd, let me be as I was,

And dye betimes. 85

*Pre.* You promis'd me, —

79—80 *For ever . . . Religiously.* One line in Qq.

82 *Most, most brave youth.* D, B, place a comma after the  
second *most*.

*Fer.* I did. —  
 My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts  
 Are joyn'd already, so let our consents  
 To this wish'd marriage —  
*Fra.* [*to Don John*]. I forgive thine errors, 90  
 Give me thy hand.  
*Fer.* [*to Constanza*]. Me thine. — [*To Don  
 John*] But wilt thou love  
 My daughter, my Constanza ?  
*Jo.* As my blisse.  
*Pre.* I thee as life, youth, beauty, any thing  
 That makes life comfortable.  
*Fer.* Live together  
 One, ever one ! 95  
*Omnes.* And heaven crown your happinesse !  
*Pe.* Now, sir, how like you a prison ?  
*Sancho.* As gallants doe a tavern, being stop'd  
 for a reckoning, scurvily.  
*Soto.* Though you cag'd us up never so close, 100  
 we sung like cuckoes.  
*Fer.* Well, well, you be your self now.  
*San.* My self? — Am I out of my wits, Soto ?  
*Fer.* Here now are none but honourable  
 friends.

91 *Me thine.* A, And me : D objects to the change and suggests this was addressed to Constanza. B agrees.

94-95 *Live . . . ever one.* One line in Qq.

102 *you be.* D queries "be you?"

104-105 *friends.* Will. Qq, friends, Will.

Will you to give a farewell to the life 105  
You ha led as gipsies, these being now found  
    none,  
But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,  
Give it a merry shaking by the hand,  
And cry adue to folly ?

*San.* Wee'l shake our hands, and our heels, if 110  
you'l give us leave.     [*Sancho and Soto*] *dance.*

*Fer.* On, brides, and bride-grooms ! to your  
    Spanish feasts  
Invite with bent knees all these noble guests.

**FINIS.**

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*Playes Printed for Robert Crofts.*

The reward of Loyalty.

The Old Law.

The Carelesse Shepardsse.

And most sort of Playes, are to be had at  
his Shop at the *Crown* in *Chancery-Lane*,  
under *Serjants-Inne*.

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## Elizabeth Stuart, 1596-1662.

THE Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, became the patroness of a company of players in 1609. This company, known first as the Princess Elizabeth's Servants, assumed the title of Lady Elizabeth's Servants after her marriage, in 1613, to Frederick, the Elector Palatine. When Frederick was elected King of Bohemia, they became the Queen of Bohemia's Servants. Finally, about 1625, they became the Queen's Majesty's Servants, under the patronage of Henrietta, wife of Charles I.

By an amalgamation of the original company with that of Prince Charles in 1614, Middleton and Rowley were first brought together. About two years later these companies separated, and the Lady Elizabeth's Servants went to the Cockpit, which had formerly been a "Privat House in Drury-Lane," and was also called the Phœnix. There at various times were performed both plays reprinted in this volume. If we may trust the title "Lady" to have been accurately used, *All's Lost by Lust* must have been acted between 1616, when the company went to the Cockpit, and 1619, when Elizabeth became Queen of Bohemia; and there must have been a revival by "her Majesties Servants" between 1625, when they came under the patronage of the new Queen, and 1633, the date of the Quarto. It seems likely that *The Spanish Gipsie* was first acted soon after 1614, when Middleton and Rowley came together, and before "the Privat House in Drury-Lane" had become well known by its other names, the Cockpit or the Phœnix. According to Henry Herbert's Office book it was revived November 5, 1623-4 in the Cockpit; and the next revival in Salisbury House must have been after 1629, the date that house was opened.

### References:

Ante, pp. vii, viii, I, 137.

A. W. Ward: HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE, III, 232, n. 5, 249, n. 4.

F. G. Fleay: CHRONICLE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, II, 98.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE, pp. 201 *seqq.*

Malone's edition of SHAKESPEARE, 1821, III, 227.

Felix Schelling: ELIZABETHAN DRAMA, I, 160; II, 242, 245, 310.

## Notes to The Spanish Gipsie

*For the meaning of single words see the Glossary*

11, 76. **unknown frame of virtue**: a person not known to be virtuous.

11, 80. **Sir, you can speak now**. See lines 13, 14, 21, 30, and 31.

12, 105. **My shame . . . without me**. The one who was the cause of my shame may live without me.

14. **Enter Don John, reading**. D suggests that this refers to the paper he later shows Pretiosa in II, i, 242.

14, 18. **enable**. The word may be retained: compare *King Lear*, IV, vi, 172: "I'll able 'em."

22, 14. **Cocoquismo**. B quotes D's observation "that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish *caco*, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle); and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gipsies."

24, 44. **angling**. B quotes, from *The Bellman of London*, 1608, a description of the anglers: "The rod they angle with is a staff of five or six foot in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole bored quite through, in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same do they angle at windows about mid-night, the draught they pluck up being apparel, sheets, coverlets or whatsoever their iron hooks can lay hold of." *Non-Dramatic Works* of Thomas Decker, ed. Grosart, III, 95.

24, 55. **blanck**. B quotes D: "*Blanquilla*, doit, a very small coin . . . said to be coins struck by Henry V in France, of baser alloy than sterling [silver] and running for eight pence. They were called Blanks or Whites from their colour. Ruding's *Annals of the Coinage*, 4to, vol. II, p. 8."

24, 66. **Rochill**. B and D quote the ed. of 1815 (which both refer to as of 1816): "In the time of our poets [it] seems to have been a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew

not where to go; and Alvarez intimates that the whole world was equally open to people of their description, who had no settled home." D adds his uncertainty of the correctness.

24, 69. **sackbuts.** See a similar play upon words in the *Mayor of Quinboro*, III, iii, 231: a butt of sack or a cask of wine, and a trumpet much like a trombone.

26, 104. **give ayme:** *i. e.* stand near the mark and indicate how good the aim was.

26, 108. **a wantons almond.** D in his note to a similar expression in *The Honest Whore*, pt. I, act v, in his edition of Middleton, vol. III, p. 112, says, "The expression 'an almond for a parrot' is old (it occurs in Skelton) and by no means uncommon." B says, "Almond for a parrot was an old proverbial expression."

27, 124. **my self.** D quotes and B condenses the note of ed. 1815: "Perhaps the performer who personated Pretiosa [Constanza] had before met with applause in Antonio, the character in *The Changeling* that gives name to the piece."

27, 130. **Is your . . . inne:** an allusion to the rough crowds that gathered in innyards to see plays. *Your playhouse* is the small room in which the company was assembled "till after dinner" (l. 88); and it was so crowded that Sancho compared it to the usual innyard during the performance of a play.

28, 136. **Come aloft . . . ape:** "the exclamation of a master to an ape that has been taught to tumble and play tricks." *The Honest Whore*, D's Middleton, vol. III, p. 112. B says, "It was the cry of the ape-ward when the ape was to go through his feats of agility."

28, 144. **cummin-seeds.** B quotes D, "were used for luring pigeons to a dove-cote."

28, 148. **Foot:** abbreviation for by God's or Christ's foot. It was common to swear by anything suggestive of the Crucifixion; *e. g.* 'snails, 'sblood, etc.

28, 157. **Mother Bumby:** a famous fortune-teller, prominent in one of Lyly's plays named for her.

28, 157-8. **marks out a your mouth.** This mark is a depression caused by a fold in the enamel of a horse's incisor tooth, which by its appearance and gradual disappearance gives some indication of the age of the animal. Hence the phrase means; she is so

old the mark has entirely gone. "Mengus speaks like an olde worne exorcist, whose mark is out of his mouth." Haranet, *A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*, 1603, ch. 5, p. 22.

30, 184-5. A pearl . . . blind. D and B quote ed. 1815: "The whitish spots in the eye, arising from small-pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls." The modern name is cataract.

32, 229. **chaw'd a good reason.** For a similar pun on raisin, see 1 *Henry IV*, II, iv, 264.

34, 282. **Magul's eye-teeth.** B points out that Charlemagne commanded Huon of Bordeaux to bring him "iiii. of hys (Admiral Gaudy's) grettest teth."

34, 284. **tast.** The change to *task* by A, D, B, is quite unnecessary, since it means *trial* or *task*. See *Twelfth Night*, III, I, 87.

34, 284. **turn gipsie.** D and B quote ed. 1815: "Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in *The Jovial Crew* of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection."

41, 130. **beg me for a fool:** apply to be my guardian. D, in his edition of Middleton, vol. III, p. 16, quotes Reed's note to a similar phrase in *The Honest Whore*, pt. 1, vol. 1, act II. B quotes Nares to the same effect: "In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject. See Blackstone, bk. I, ch. 8, sec. 18." Middleton, *Works*, vol. VI, p. 91.

43, 159-60. **go to him with a mortar.** D and B quote ed. 1815: "On this [a passage containing the word mortar, from Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*] Mason observes: 'One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were (*sic*) styled *presidents à mortier*, from a cap they wore resembling in shape a mortar.'" B adds, "The expression was proverbial." The more modern form is mortar-board.

43, 168. **a turffe for larks in cages:** refers to a common custom in England of keeping a freshly cut turf in a lark's cage.

44, 183. **the elephant and camels.** B says, "Frequent mentions are made of performing elephants," and refers to Marlowe, B's ed. vol. III, p. 217, and to Jonson, Gifford's ed. vol. II, p. 144. This allusion, however, is much more likely to have been local. In a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, July 12, 1623,

John Chamberlain, Esq., writes: "The king of Spain hath sent hither *five camels and an elephante*, which, going through the town this day seven night, past midnight, could not yet pass unseen." *Court and Times of James I*, vol. II, p. 410. The same gift is referred to in a letter dated at Madrid, 25 April, 1623, to James I, from the Duke of Buckingham and signed Steenie. British Museum, Harl. MS. 6987, f. 78. Compare also IV, i, 95.

48, 83-4. **do our tops spin.** D, "Qy. ought Alvarez and his companions to enter before these words?"

50, 116. **At threading needles.** D and B quote ed. 1815: "Thread my needle is yet a common sport; and to this, probably, the song alludes."

50, 119. **cutting purses.** Cutting purses from the belt or cutting them open on the side was a common practice among 16th century thieves.

51, 142. **Peter-see-me.** D and B: "A corruption of *Pedro Ximenes*." B adds, "a delicate Spanish wine." D quotes in Middleton, vol. III, p. 213: "The Pedro Ximenes . . . receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called Pedro Simon (corrupted to Ximen, or Ximenes) and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the Malmsey of Paxarete." Henderson's *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, p. 193.

55, 68. **in your tother hose.** The phrase equals "in my other trowers' pocket"; and is a proverbial expression to excuse not giving.

57, 116. **a grave to bury lovers in.** B points out that this conceit is borrowed "from Cervantes's *La Gitanilla*, on which the play was partly founded."

60, 182. **I'll try his spectacles:** allusion to glasses perspective, by which magical lenses it was supposed the possessor could see future events as though then actually taking place.

60, 186. **raven.** The raven's croak is ominous: see *Macbeth*, I, v, 39.

60, 188-9. **What worms . . . now?** A common belief that worms breed in idle fingers. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 65.

61, 221. **gipsie toys:** the money in the collection just taken.

62, 226. **A crack-rope**: since he will ring the bell vigorously to produce the "loud peals."

69, 18. **Good**: often stands alone for *Good sir*.

71, 52-3. **piety Of nature**. Should this read *pity of nature*, meaning natural pity? Otherwise, it is natural piety, which does not seem to be involved.

75, 9. **be in your mutton**. D, in his edition of Middleton, vol. III, p. 102, quotes Reed: "Mutton in the language of the time, signified *file de joie*."

76, 25-6. **Muly Crag a whee**. "A corrupted name probably, used with a quibble." D.

76, 32. **bayliff to be pump'd**: from whom information is to be secured indirectly.

76, 39. **Al. Thy best hand**. There is little reason to believe this sung by Alvarez, as D and B mark it. It is in the same metre as that of the fortunes told by the gipsies in III, ii; it differs decidedly in lyric quality from the songs in that scene and in this; and it is not marked as a song in the Qq, which have marked all the others. The two passages assigned to *Omnes* may have been sung, but not necessarily.

76, 39. **Thy best hand**. B quotes D's query, "left?" Compare instead the Anglo-Saxon phrase, *sio swiðra hond*, the stronger or right hand.

79, 92. **hey de guize**: a rustic dance.

79, 94. **wench**. D queries "wrench?" and says, "Compare Sir John Davies's *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing*:"

'Such winding sleights, and turns and tricks he hath,  
Such creeks, such wrenches, and such dalliaunce.' Stz. 53."

B quotes the note.

79, 96. **the beast is cornfed**. D quotes the ed. of 1815: "This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go that I believe we should read 'is not fed.'" Then he adds, "But does not *cornfed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and perhaps there is a quibble — *cornified* (having corns)." B quotes D's note. The quibble seems rather far-fetched. It means "fattened up."

79, 99. **Jack in boxes**: a kind of swindler, who by means of duplicate boxes was able to exchange one filled with silver for one filled with gold, and so cheat his unsuspecting dupe. For the

full process, see *English Villanies*, sig. H, ed. 1632, or Decker's *Lantern and Candlelight*, Grosart ed. vol. III, pp. 286-289.

79, 100. **with guilt rings**: a complicated kind of swindling, described by Decker in his *Bellman of London*, Grosart ed. vol. III, p. 148, and quoted by D in his edition of Middleton, vol. IV, p. 165.

79, 101. **Ninivie**: a favorite puppet-show.

81, 123. **merily fine to get money**. Does this mean levy a fine or tax, or is *fine* a misprint for *fare*, meaning *go or pass*?

86, 10. **Be your own carver**: adopt any course you choose; since the person carving at the table can select the best for himself. Compare *Othello*, II, III, 173.

86, 13. **set up my rest**: from the game of primero, and means, feel certain.

87, 38. **Cobby Nobby**. No other reference to the play has survived.

89, 67. **Play him up high; not like a pantaloone**: play the part with spirit, not like a feeble old man. See *Glossary*.

91, 10. **Take you pepper in the nose**: if you take offence; a proverbial expression given by Ray.

92, 16. **four elements**. Earth, air, fire, and water were supposed to be the constituents of the universe; hence, everywhere.

93, 46. **with a pox**: a vulgar but common imprecation.

93, 51. **like an owle in the ivy-bush**. B quotes D: "To look like an owl in an ivy-bush" is a proverbial expression; see Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 61, ed. 1768. A tuft or bush of ivy was formerly hung at the door of a vintner."

93, 62. **Hold his nose to the grinstone**. D and B quote ed. 1815: "Confine him to short allowance." This hardly applies here. Wright's *English Dialectical Dictionary* gives, "to subject one to severe toil or punishment." Hence, this means punish him, or hold him to the matter.

93, 63. **case of pistols**. There were two in a case.

94, 71-2. **anon, anon**: the answer of the waiter when called to a room in a tavern; it means, at once.

94, 72. **taffaty girls**: loose women.

95. **Enter . . . Christiana**. The Q<sup>q</sup> are evidently at fault in including Sancho and Soto in this entrance, for Sancho is already on the stage, having had no reason to leave since l. 81, and Soto

re-enters after l. 116 with no chance to leave it in the mean time. Since Sancho must be got off before l. 145, or that direction changed, D and B give Sancho an exit after l. 106, "Away you." In Qq these words begin the next line. D suspects a misprint here.

95, 102-3. **but very fine pictures**: nothing but very fine pictures.

97, 139. **Set up thy rest**: see 86, 13.

98, 166. **make buttons**: part of a proverbial expression; it means, am very much frightened. Ray's *Proverbs*, Bohn ed. p. 151.

99, 183. **set thy foot to mine**: to be shackled together.

105, 40. **full of fears**: full of that which produces fear in others.

105, 42. **The forfeit of her shame**: the penalty of her shame shall be the pawning of herself.

109, 97-8. **Cl. And it . . . Sir**. A's suggestion that Clara's speech be given to Carlo (called Claro) is not happy, as Carlo was a disguised gipsy and therefore needed no thanks for his sympathy. D and B read *sweet* for *Sir*, thus making Roderigo stupidly repeat the word from Clara's speech. The present reading has the advantage of not doing violence to Roderigo's character or the text.

110, 103. **Off from the ladder**: on which the prisoner stood for the adjustment of the rope before hanging.

115, 196. **better genius**: a reference to the belief that a good and an evil spirit attended on every man.

116, 2. **securely**. Notwithstanding D's Ms. correction, *securely* makes good sense. To kill him *bravely* would involve danger; to kill him *securely* would not, therefore would be *basely*.

118, 36. **a heap of rage**. Since Alvarez was not a vagabond in rags but a gipsy in fancy dress, nor was he a decrepit old man, the readings of A, D's Ms., D, and B cannot be accepted. Is it not rather an interrupted speech? Possibly *In* should read *And*.

125, 91. **Me thine**. In a long note D shows the needless change by ed. 1815 to "And me": he, followed by B, rightly suggests that this is addressed to Constanza, though neither inserts the necessary stage-direction.

126, 113. **Invite . . . guests**. D: "Here of course the performers were to kneel—perhaps to pray, according to the old custom."



## THE TEXT

There is known to exist only one quarto edition of this play previous to the present text. Very slight differences, probably due to typographical corrections while the play was in press, have been noted in two or three instances: the *i* in the word *printed* at the bottom of the title-page has fallen almost its length below the line in one text, while in another it is quite in place; and the word *fashions* on page 157, line 70, is plainly printed *fashion* in one text; and so on. But all of these differences together have not been sufficient to warrant any conclusion that there were printed two separate editions in the same year.

All emendations of the text and re-arrangement of the lines have been recorded in footnotes. The only textual changes not indicated by notes or brackets are: the correction of such obvious misprints as *comuand*, *Audalusia*, *Beenc* for *Beene*, the normalization of the use of *u* and *w*; the printing of proper names in roman type within the text, and not in italics as in the quarto; and the modernization of capitalization and punctuation, where no change of meaning would be involved.

A  
TRAGEDY  
CALLED  
ALLS LOST  
BY  
L V S T

---

Written by *William Rowley.*

---

*Divers times Acted by the Lady Elizabeths*  
SERVANTS.

And now lately by her Maiesties Servants, with  
great applause, at the *Phoenix* in *Drury Lane.*

*Quod non dant Proceres, Dabit Histrio.*

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LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS HARPER, 1633.

## SOURCES

The main plot is founded on well authenticated events, mingled with romance and fiction. Roderick, son of Theodofridus, was the thirty-third Gothic king of Spain, and reigned from 711 to 714 A. D. The story of his relations with Jacinta, and of his subsequent overthrow by Julianus and the Moors, occurs in many forms in Spanish history and romance; but the most accessible one to English readers is by Washington Irving, in *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*.

The source of the story of Antonio, Margareta, and Dionysia is unknown. Professor Ward (*History of English Dramatic Literature*, II, 544) says it is "founded on a Spanish story called *The Unfortunate Lovers*," but gives no further information by which to trace it. Robert Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* (1824) notes three titles that correspond to the name given by Professor Ward; but the pieces referred to have no connection in content. *Eccho, or The Unfortunate Lovers*, by James Shirley, 1618 (of which no copy is known to exist), is usually thought to be identical with the poem called, in the edition of 1646, *Narcissus, or The Self-Lover*, which merely tells the classical story of Narcissus and Echo. *The Tragical History of Two English Lovers*, folio, 1612, is an old ballad of quite a different plot from Rowley's. *The Unfortunate Lover*, a tragedy, 1649, is not only too late to have been Rowley's source, but again has an entirely different plot. This anonymous play is a reprint of William Davenant's play of the same name, printed 1643. Finally, the last story of Cervantes's *Exemplary Novels*, although entitled, in some old editions, *The Rival Lovers*, cannot have been the source, since the only similarity is in the fact of two girls in love with one man named Antonio. Cervantes's story introduces another man, and ends happily. The source of the romantic part of *All's Lost by Lust* is plainly yet to find.

## THE ARGUMENT

Roderigo, king of Spaine, being deeply enamored upon Jacynta, a beautifull young Spanish lady, daughter to a great commander in the warres, called Julianus, hath often by private solicitations and gifts, tryed to winne her to his embraces ; 5  
but they not prevailing, hee resolves to enjoy her by force. Whilst hee sailes in these lustfull thoughts, Lothario, a gentleman of better fortunes than condition, is his pilot, steering his wickednesse on. To helpe which with winde and weather, Mulymu- 10  
men, king of Barbary, with an army of 60000 Moores, is ready to crosse into Spaine, to invade Roderigo, who no way frightened, but laying hold on this occasion, sends Julianus as generall against the African, and by his two evill spirits, Lothario 15  
and Malæna, gets accesse to the lady in her fathers absence ; but their engines breaking, he ravishes her. The dove, being thus ruffled, is delivered out of one falcons tallons to the gripe of another. Lothario is made her keeper, whom Jacynta, one day finding 20  
fast asleepe, takes the keyes of the castle from him, & flies to her father in the camp ; who hearing the storie of the ravisher, joynes with those Spanish lords in his army, to bee revenged on the tyrant.

*To hasten this vengeance, the African is taken 25  
 prisoner, and againe set at liberty, with condition  
 that hee shall rally all his scattered troopes, and  
 then, those two armies being incorporated in one, to  
 drive Roderigo out of his kingdome, & to inthrone  
 the Moore there. Mulymumen so likes the rav- 30  
 ished lady, that he begs her of her father to be  
 his; but Roderigo flying into Biscany, and the  
 African, lord of all, is scorned by Jacynta, who in  
 revenge calls for Julianus, her father, commanding  
 his eyes to be put out, and her tongue to be cut out, 35  
 and so to leade him. In the end, the Barbarian, to  
 shorten Julianus his misery, gives him a weapon,  
 the Moore hath another, with intent to runne ful-  
 butt at one another. Much intreaty being made to  
 let Jacynta dye nobly, tis promist, and then they 40  
 both being ready to runne, the Moore snatches  
 Jacynta before him, and so the father kills his own  
 daughter, and is presently by the Moore slaine him-  
 selfe.*

*Antonio marries Margaretta, faire but low in 45  
 fortunes, and comming to these warres, fals in love  
 with Dionysia, daughter to Alonzo; but the women  
 come to tragicall ends, and Antonio, for upbraiding  
 Julianus with selling his king and country to the  
 Moore, is by Julianus slaine. 50*



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RODERIGO, King of Spaine.

JULIANUS, a Generall against the Moores, [and] Father to JACINTA.

ANTONIO, a Don, lover of DIONYSIA, yet husband to MARGARETTA.

ALONZO, a Don, Father to DIONYSIA.

PIAMENTELLI, [a Gentleman attending on RODERIGO.]

MEDINA, a Duke.

PEDRO, an old fellow, Father to MARGARETTA.

JAGUES, a simple clownish Gentleman, his sonne, personated by the Poet.

LOTHARIO, a Privado to the King.

LAZARELLO, Minion to ANTONIO.

COB, a Page.

[MULLY MUMEN,] King of Africa.

Moores, [Spaniards.]

[JACINTA, Daughter to JULIANUS.]

[DIONYSIA, Daughter to ALONZO.]

MARGARETTA, [Wife to ANTONIO.]

FIDELLA, a Moore, wayting-woman to [MARGARETTA].

CLOVEELE, a Rusticke, [Mother to MARGARETTA.]

MALENA, a Pandresse.

*Dramatis Personæ.* Though the spelling of the original is maintained, the type is not, and the arrangement is changed somewhat for the convenience of the reader.

## All's Lost by Lust

---

ACTUS PRIMUS. [SCENA PRIMA.

*Seville. Presence-Chamber of Rodericke's Palace.]*

*Enter Rodericke, King of Spaine, Lothario, Medina, Julianus, Antonio, and Lazarello.*

*Rodericke* [to the Lords who retire]. Give leave.  
— *Lothario.*

*Lothario.* My sovaigne.

*Rod.* The newes in briefe: how replies Jacinta?

Will she be woman? will shee meete our armes  
With an alternate roundure? will she doe?

*Lo.* Nothing to the purpose, my liege, cold as  
Aquarius.

There she was borne, and there she still remains;

I cannot move her to enter into Pisces.

I laid the flesh to her too, and the delights thereof;

*I to the Lords, &c. Q, Aside Lords, as a stage-direction at right.*

7-13 *I cannot . . . armes.* The Q ends these verses: *Pisces. I, | leanes, | spirit. I, | doe, | swore, | are, | armes.*



She leans another way, and talks all of the spirit.  
 I frighted her with spirits too, but all 10  
 Would not doe : she drew her knife, pointed it to  
 Her breast, swore she would doe something, but  
 womens

Tongues are sometimes longer then their armes.

*Rod.* Enough; we have bethought another way.  
 This wooing application is too milde : 15  
 'T is better trust the mercy of a storme,  
 'To hast our way, then to be calmd for ever,  
 Short of the wished haven. [*To the Lords.*] Now  
 draw neere.

You told us of a hot invasion,  
 The barbarous and tawney Affricans, 20  
 Intend upon our confines.

*Medina.* True, my liege.  
 Full three score thousand are discryde in armes,  
 Ready to passe the streights of Gibraltar,  
 Whose watry divisions their Affricke bounds  
 From our Christian Europe in Granado 25  
 And Andalusia. They spred and flourish  
 Their silver moones, led as it is supposde,  
 By some blinde guide, some saintish infidell,  
 That prophesies subjection of our Spaine,  
 Unto the Moores. 30

*Rod.* They would deter us with their swarty  
 lookes :

18-19 Now . . . invasion is one verse in Q.

Were they the same to their similitude,  
 Sooty as the inhabitants of hell,  
 Whom they neerest figure, cold feare should  
 flye

From us as distant as they are from beauty. 35

They come to sacrifice their blouds to us.

If that be red, a *mare rubrum*

Wee'le make so high to quench their silver  
 moones,

And on their carkasses an istmus make

To passe their straytes agen, and forrage there. 40

*Julianus.* Your forward valour speakes you  
 majesticall;

But my dread liege, does not your treasury

Grow thinne and empty? So long have you held

A champion resolution 'gainst the Turke,

That Spaine is wasted in her noble strength, 45

On which presuming, tis to be suppos'd,

The Moore is thus encourag'd.

*Rod.*

And yet we [are]

Undaunted, Julianus; our treasury

Is a myne unsearcht, wee have a castle

Suppos'd enchanted. Wee'le breake the magicke, 50

If spels there be, ope the forbidden dores

Which twenty of our predecessors have refusde,

But added each a locke to guard it more,

47-49 *And yet . . .* Is one verse in Q.

52 *of our.* Query: inserted by a careless scribe?

Rather then our souldiers shall want pay  
To fight our battailes nobly.

*Ful.* O my Lord, 55  
That 's a dangerous secret onely known  
To such as can divine futurities ;  
And they with fearefull prophesies predict  
Fatall events to Spaine, when that shall be  
Broke up by violence, till fate hath runne 60  
Her owne wasting period ; which out staide  
Auspiciously, they promise, that wreathes are kept  
In the fore-dooming Court of destiny,  
To binde us ever in a happy conquest.

*Rod.* Tut, feare frights us not, nor shall hope  
foole us. 65  
If neede provoke, wee'le dig supply through hell  
And her enchantments. Who can prefixe us  
A time to see these incantations loosde ?  
Perhaps 't will stay tenne generations more,  
When our bloud royall may want succession ; 70  
If not, what bootes it us, lost in our dust  
And memory 500 yeeres, that then  
This hidden worke shall be. Tush, the weake-  
nesse  
Of our predecessors shall not fright us ;  
All is not deadly that lookes dangerous. 75

55-56 *O my . . . known* is one verse in Q.

72-77 *And . . . destiny.* The Q ends these verses: *hidden, predecessors, deadly, dangerous, day, destiny.*

*Antonio.* I wish no life to see that day.

*Med.* Nor I,  
So many kings have fear'd that destiny.

*Rod.* Lord Julianus, we commit to you  
The charge of this great worke against the  
Moores,

With title of Lord Generall. As you please, 80

Order this high affaire: call to the field

An equall army against those Affricans,

The bold and hardiest souldiers of our kingdome;

Scourge backe agen those halfe-nak't infidels

Into their sun-burnt clymate; in thy heart 85

Be loyaltie and courage, strength in thine arme;

With christian valour strike the heathens dead,

And for thy triumph, bring the Mulyes head.

*Ful.* This honour which your Majestie has  
given me,

Tho better it might fit anothers wearing, 90

Of abler limbs, where time has not defac't,

Nor halfe so many winters quencht his bloud,

As a new spring it hath revivde agen

This autumnne of my yeeres. There's but one  
care

I leave behinde me within the court of Spaine: 95

My poore Jacinta, mine, and onely mine.

May she here thrive in honour, and in favours;

And I shall meete her with a victory,

(Heaven put before,) as shall endow us both  
In your high esteeme.

*Rod.* That shall be our care, 100  
Noble Julianus, to see her safe.

We love Jacinta more then you must know,  
And for her sake we doe remove you hence ;  
You may thanke your daughter for this honour,  
sir,

If you knew our purpose. 105

*Lo.* [*aside*]. I understand all this : whilst he  
warres abroad, his  
Daughter must skirmish at home ; Venus is in  
conjunction

With Mercury, wit and lechery are both in labour  
At once. Alas, poore mayden-head, th' art cast  
i' faith,

And must to execution ; virginity, hadst thou bin 110  
Moulded in my compasse, thou hadst scap't this  
pitfall.

*Rod.* On, to thy charge, prosper in thy high  
deedes ;

Who aymes at honour nobly, nobly speedes.

*Jul.* My heart and tongue thus sentence to  
my fate,

In honour thrive, in basenesse ruinate. 115

100-101 *That . . . safe* is one verse in Q.

106-111 *I understand . . . pitfall* is probably prose, though  
the verses would be improved if they ended: *this, must, conjunction,*  
*lechery, mayden-head, execution, in, pitfall.*

*Rod.* All helpe him on his speede : Lothario,  
*Exeunt omnes nisi Rod [erigo] & Lotb[ario].*  
 Have we not finely moulded our designe?  
 Times antient bawde, opportunity, attends us  
 now,  
 And yet our flaming bloud will scarce give leave  
 To opportunity. 120

*Lo.* I told your highnesse of a second bawd to  
 time, & yet  
 Not times second neither, for time nere pattern'd  
 her  
 A thing reall, nor a dumb mor[t]all, as time it  
 selfe  
 Is, but a speaking thing, and one that speakes  
 Effectually; one that has wrackt more mayden-  
 heads 125  
 In Spaine then she has yeers upon her reverent  
 browes,  
 And yet she writes odde of threescore. An odde  
 wench 't is.

*Rod.* Thou nam'st her to me?

*Lo.* Malena.

*Rod.* And hast instructed her? 130

*Lo.* I have prepar'd her fit for instruction, my  
 liege; shee

121-123 *I told . . . of mayden-heads* is probably prose, except Rodericke's lines and l. 138.

123 *nor. Q, not.*

Waites her further confirmation from your highnesse.

Oh, every souldier has a double heart when the king's in field.

*Rod.* Call her.

*Lo.* By her right name; bawd, where art thou, bawd? 135

*Rod.* If words will serve, — if not, by rapines force

Wee'le plucke this apple from th' Hesperides.

*Enter Malena.*

*Lo.* This is the thing I told your highnesse of.

*Rod.* A reverent one it is, & may be cal'd Schoolemistresse of her sexe; if Apelles had 140  
Ever picturde forth experience,  
Here might he take his patterne.

*Malena.* Indeed, my liege, I have bin the pattern that a great  
Many has taken out pictures by; I confesse I have  
Bin a greater friend to the hospitals then the nunneries; 145

And I thinke it was the greater charity, because They are the poorer and more wretched places.

*Lo.* The very *ipsissima* of her sexe, my liege.  
As old as

She is, I will undertake she shall wrastle a fall  
With the strongest virgin in Spaine, & throw her  
down too. 150

*Rod.* Thou must be my lawyer, (I'le fee thee  
well,)

And at the barre of beauty plead a cause,  
Which, whether right or wrong, must needs be  
mine.

*Mal.* Indeed in rightfull causes weake lawyers  
will

Serve turne, but the wrong had need have 155  
The best orators. I'me but a weake vessell, you  
Know, my liege.

*Lo.* Shee'le hold out I warrant. — Harke you,  
my liege;

This vessell is not hollow yet, it does not sound,  
There's mettall in her, there's sacke in this  
tunne, 160

That has eaten up a great deale of dead  
Flesh in her time, lights, longs, and bad livers.

*Rod.* Come, come, you must not plead an  
insufficiency.

*Mal.* I'le doe my best, my lord.

*Lo.* *Tush, in malo consilio fœminæ vincunt viros.* 165

*Mal.* Does he not abuse me, my liege?

*Rod.* Not at all, he sayes women overcome  
men in

Giving counsell.



*Mal.* Is there not a faulty word amongst them?

*Lo.* Thou art able to corrupt any good sence, with bad construction. 170

I say *fæminæ vincunt*, that is, *quasi vincere cunctos*, Overcomes all men.

*Mal.* Go to, go to, there is a broad word amongst 'm : *vincunt*

Quotha ; is it spoke with a K, or a C ? But in plaine

Language I will doe my best ; if she be of my sexe, I 175

Will shew her the end of her function. Men follow

The traditions of their forefathers, so should Women follow the trades of their fore-mothers.

*Rad.* I see thou hast perswasive oratory. Here's juyce of liquorish, [*gives money*] good for thy voyce, 180  
Speake freely, and effectually.

*Mal.* I will speake the words that have o're-throwne a Hundred in my time.

*Lo.* I was within compast then.

*Mal.* Let me have accesse to her. If she be flesh & bloud, I'll move her ; I will not leave her till I turne her to a stone. 185

*Rod.* Unite your forces both, conquer in love,  
I will reward as for a victory  
Purchac't with blood from my worst enemy.  
Effect, for ill things have their effects we see ;  
Prosper, wee'le call it a prosperity. 190

*Exit [Roderigo].*

*Mal.* You'le bring me to the place and party ?

*Lo.* Prepar'd with all advantage. I will assist  
thee, thou

Destroyer of maiden-heads.

*Exeunt [Lotbario and Malena].*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*Seville. Another Room in the Castle.]*

*Enter Antonio and Lazarello.*

*Lazarello.* Your passions erre, my lord. Did  
you foresee

What may ensue, — folly begets danger,  
Nay oft, their full effects, destruction, —  
You would not clothe the noblenesse of your  
bloud

In such base weedes, shee's a beggar you doate  
on.

*Antonio.* Th'ast spoke the worst thy malice can  
invent. 5

A beggar say'st? and better being so.  
If a small starre could overshine the sunne,

And shew his brightnesse in the solsticie,  
Should it be blam'd or prais'd? The feeble vine 10  
Brings forth sweet fruits, whilst the cedars's  
barren.

Beggar is she? I'le poyse her graces with 't,  
And see how many infinites shee'le pull  
The ballance downe, and yet that poverty  
A goodnesse dis-esteem[e]d: shee [i]s faire, 15  
Modest, lovely, wise, vertuous.

*Laz.* Nay, if you doate, I'le waste no more  
good counsell;

And what 's her dower, sir?

*Ant.* Infinites,

I nam'd them to thee.

*Laz.* O shee [i]s faire,

A faire dowry.

*Ant.* Chast and vertuous. 20

*Laz.* Those are jewels indeed, but they'le  
yeeld little.

*Ant.* They are not things of prise, they are  
farre off

And deare, yet ladies send not for 'em.

*Laz.* May not a league be taken for a time?  
Deferre this hasty match, you have employment 25  
As a souldier; the king has given you charge,  
Approve your champion valour in the field;

18-19 *Infinites* . . . *shee* is one line in Q.

19-20 *O* . . . *dowry* is one line in Q.

If that remove not this domesticke trouble,  
Retire upon your Venus.

*Ant.* I'll prevent that venome :  
This night I will be married to my sweet, 30  
And then her memory enjoy'd shall strengthen  
Mine arme against my foe, which else would  
droope,

Suspecting of her losse ; I feare it now ;  
What eye can looke upon her, but is captiv'd  
In the enchanted prison of her eyes. 35

*Laz.* Why you'le be jealous in your absence  
then ?

*Ant.* Away, away, thou dost forget her vertues  
Faster then I can name 'em. Shee's chastity  
It selfe ; and when a shrine shall be set up  
Unto that saint, it shall be built upon 40  
The marble that shall cover her.

*Enter Julianus and Jacinta.*

*Laz.* Here comes the Generall.

*Julianus.* No more, no more, thy feares are  
all follies,

My Jacinta.

*Jacinta.* I must not leave you thus.

*Jul.* Antonio ? what, unplum'd ? you are a  
souldier, sir, 45

And souldiers should be forward ; looke yee,  
I have bright steele for the blacke Affricans ;

43-44 No . . . *Jacinta* is one line in Q.

*Jul.* 'T is treason that thou speak'st, and by  
the Saint 85

Of Spaine, mend it or I'll discover thee :  
Wrong my dread liege, my king, my soveraigne,  
To say that he should doate upon your face ?  
Away, away, 't is but your beauties pride,  
So to belye it selfe ; thou art not faire, 90  
Thou hast no eye to attract majestic  
To looke upon 't. Say he speake love to thee ;  
'T was but to try thee, perhaps 't was my consent.  
Will you enquire the hidden hearts of kings ?  
He would not wrong thee for his kingdomes  
wealth, 95

Even for my sake ; away you wanton foole.

*Jac.* There has bin ravishers, remember Tarquin.

*Jul.* There has bin chast ladies, remember  
Lucres.

I'll heare no more, my time and haste hath  
bard me.

My blessing take, heaven and that shall guard  
thee. *Exit [Julianus].* 100

*Jac.* You leave me in a tempest ; heaven  
guide my fate ;

Oh let me sinke ere I be captivate !

*Exit [Jacinta].*

## [SCENA TERTIA.]

*Seville. A Room in Pedro's House.]**Enter Pedro, Jaques, and Claveele.*

*Pedro.* I doe not like this match ; this gay outside

Is cloth of gold, within a ragged lining.

*Jaques.* O poore comparison, father ; doe they use to line cloth of gold with cloth of gold ? no, but with fine, gentle, and easie linings ; and such my sister may be, for tho I say it that should not say it, my sister has a good face, a white necke, and a dainty hand, and that may serve for lining for the best cloth of gold in all Spaine.

*Ped.* Cedars and shrubs cannot grow up together.

*Jaq.* Away, away, speake not so like a wood monger. I'le

Put you downe with a caparison now : doe we not use

To graft sweet apples upon crab-tree stocks ; doe we

Not use to enoculate your malicatoon upon a gooseberry ?

12-57 *Away, away . . . her owne hairs.* Like ll. 3-10, these are probably all prose except the speeches of Pedro, which can be divided into rough verses.

Such is my sisters case now : say that the noble  
 man  
 Would enoculate his lordship upon my sisters  
 yeomandry,  
 What hurt were in this? Would it grieve you  
 to be a  
 Lords brother, or this old woman to have her  
 lady  
 Daughter to aske, Granam, how doe you? will  
 you ride  
 Abroad in your croatch or your embroderd side-  
 saddle? 20

*Claveele.* I, thou talk'st wildly, boy, yet err'st  
 not much  
 In my conceit. Be content, man, and adde, as  
 meete it is,  
 Joy to content; your daughter shal be made a  
 happy woman  
 By a noble marriage.

*Ped.* Happy say'st thou? 25  
 Oh, 't is as distant as the moon from earth,  
 And has the like effects, it changes oft;  
 So with a silver brow greatnesse lookes on us  
 Promising and lovely, but once growne full,  
 It brings swelling billowes to o'whelme us. 30

*Faq.* Pray, father, talk no more of the moon,  
 but of your son;

25-26 *Happy* . . . *earth* is one line in Q.

Not my selfe that am your son and heire, but  
of your  
Son in law that shall be, my noble L. Antonio,  
Lord of  
Barcelona, and his noble Lady, my sister, that  
shall be.

*Ped.* 'T will well become her!

35

What armes shall I give to make her gentle  
by?

*Jaq.* Those we can buy of the heraulds; you  
know shee

Has cryde orenge the most of her time here in  
Civill;

Now a fine orenge for her crest, with Civillity  
Written round about it, woud speake wondrous  
well;

40

Then a capon in a scutchen with a gizard  
Under his left arme, with his spurs upon his  
heelles,

Riding upon a leman.

*Ped.* Away, away,

Thy talkes impertinent, what should a capon  
Do with a leman?

45

*Jaq.* I, you say well, father, there indeed;  
A capon desires no leman, and therefore  
Wele hope of both that neither the lord  
Prove himsele a capon, nor my sister a leman.



*Ped.* I, thus thou touchest by a forced figure 50  
 The perfect sence of all; thence grows my feare:  
 This love was first conceivd and borne in lust.  
 How long has he laid an unlawfull seige  
 Against her virgin honour? which had she  
 yeelded,  
 And beene so lemond, she nere had bin profferd 55  
 The stile of wife.

*Cl.* Peace, see, they come.

*Enter Ant[onio] and Margareta.*

*Faq.* I, marry, heres a lady now will weare  
 her owne haire.

*Margareta.* Nay, now, no further protesta-  
 tions;

You have said enough to make me new or  
 ruine me,

And this my spirit bids me prophesye: 60

If you repent, as love might be ore sated

In its best desires, and any crosse event

Should fall upon this your unequall choise,

Yours is the crime, your handmaid must be  
 blamelesse,

Since you have sought what I have not desirde; 65

And yet, you may avoide the fatall doome,

If any such there be, by throwing backe

Your atcheiv'de vassayle.

50 *thus.* Q, this.

54 *honour?* Q places a comma here.

60 *prophesye.* Q has no punctuation.

*Antonio.* Teach me no errour.  
I will not learne it, sweetest, if you do.  
Speake nothing now but of those holy rytes 70  
Whose sacred hands must guide us to the path  
Of your desired joyes.

*Mar.* Heres [*pointing to her father and  
mother*] all the barre;  
When these have given consent I am your owne.

*Ant.* It shall be done in this acknowledgement:  
Father and mother, let me but call you so. 75

*Jaq.* And brother eke also.

*Ant.* Yes, brother too; —  
By this I claime them all; — your daughter  
makes  
Me your sonne, and yours.

*Jaq.* And my brother.

*Ant.* Ile not forget that neither.

*Jaq.* If you do,  
I will forget to call your lady, sister. 80

*Cl.* Sir, I have question'd all the will in me,  
And finde it now resolv'd unto your wish.

*Jaq.* You have my good will too, brother.

*Ped.* Mine is wrought out through rocks of  
doubt and feare;

72 *your.* Query, our? Compare l. 65.

79-80 *If . . . sister* is one line in Q.

83 *You have . . . brother.* This and the following speeches by  
Jaques are probably prose.

She is your owne; I send her pilote like 85  
 Into an argosey beyond her sterge.

*Ant.* Ile hand the helme with her, and there  
 abide

Safetie or drowning.

*Ped.* She will be hated when  
 The disdainfull browes of noble greatnesse shall  
 Be shot against her; [and] the scornes and  
 flowts 90

She shall endure will be farre lesse content  
 Then is the humble quiet she enjoys.

*Ant.* All those I will rebuke, and if she blush,  
 The beauty then will check their painted cheekes  
 With a rebounding shame upon themselves. 95

Let not more obstacles be mention'd,  
 Onely let privacie protect us yet  
 Altho we scant the full solemnitie  
 Due to thy wishes, Hymen, which afterward  
 Shall dare the largest blazon.

*Mar.* Call it mine, sir, 100  
 And then the smallest ceremony may serve.  
 All wants are onely wanting unto you  
 To give your greatnesse the due ornaments.

*Ant.* Shall your kinde paines provide us of a  
 priest,  
 Whom my instructions shall direct you to? 105

88-92 *She . . . enjoys.* In Q, ending with *browes, her, be, enjoys.*

100 *Call it mine.* Query, Call me thine?

*Jaq.* Shall I? Why, who am I, pray?

*Mar.* Yes, good brother, do.

*Ant.* O, you teach me, sweet; — yes, good brother, do.

*Jaq.* O, as a brother I will; I perceive these great men

Are somewhat forgetfull of their poore kindred.

*Ant.* A fryer in Saint Austins Monastery —<sup>110</sup>  
Aske for one Benedicke, my comends to him  
Will bring him with thee; hees prepar'd for it.

*Jaq.* Ile be the clarke my selfe for the groat sake,  
Which you know will arise out of the two and twenty.

*Ant.* Tush, Ile treble that wages. <sup>115</sup>

*Jaq.* Nothing grieves me but this wedding  
will be so still borne  
We shall have no dancing at it; but Ile foot it  
To the priest howsoever, — Fala, la, la, la.

*Ant.* How ere the kings employment in the wars  
Calls on my person, I shall leave behinde <sup>120</sup>  
My selfe in thee, and beare my selfe along  
In thy sweet memory.

*Mar.* O sir, you speake  
Of swift divorce.

*Ant.* Relish to joy, a breathing  
From our pleasures. Come, come, true love  
Shall tye two hearts in one.

*Ped.* O happy prove. 125  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

123-125 *Relish . . . one.* In Q, two lines ending in *pleasures*,  
and *one*.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. [SCENA PRIMA.

*Seville. A Room in Roderigo's Palace.]*

*Enter Lotbario and Malena.*

*Lotbario.* Come, old reverence, if ever thou  
hadst musique in thee  
To inchant a maydenhead, now strike up.

*Malena.* You play well  
On the pandora, sir, I wonder your skill  
Failes to make her dance after it. 5

*Lo.* Tush, I give thee  
The precedence; wire strings will not doote; it  
must be  
A winde instrument thats govern'd with stop-  
ping of holes,  
Which thou playest well on, my old violl de  
gamb;  
Come, thou shalt have reward. 10

*Mal.* And what pay have you for pandership?

*Lo.* Little or nothing, it comes short of the  
bawd alwaies.

*Mal.* A bawd, why, whats a bawd, pander?

*Lo.* Why, bawd, Ile tell thee what a bawd is.

1-77 *Come old . . . then kept* is probably prose, except the  
lines by Jacinta and Rodorique, and l. 64.

*Mal.* Then, pander, I will tell thee what a pander is.

*Lo.* A bawds a thing that, when the devil plaies at maw,

He turnes up trump, because shees a helpe.

*Mal.* But the pander playing with the devill robs the bawd

To make his hand the stronger, and the cards being

The devils, he makes out a little heart (and thats all

He has) into the stocke.

*Lo.* The devill vyes it with the bawd.

*Mal.* The pander being drunke sees the devill.

*Lo.* The devill playes on, and looses the bawd.

*Mal.* And takes away the knave, which is the pander,

With his five finger.

*Lo.* And fearing he has not tricks enough Gives up his dealing to the bawd, so they shuffle agen.

*Mal.* Enough of this game.

*Lo.* Well, the maidenhead is

In this enchanted castle thou must blow up;

Give fire, old linstocke, I confesse I am repulst ith van.

If thou failst too, the king comes with a murdering piece

In the rere; oh, tis a royall service.

*Mal.* Well, leave it to me, sir.

*Enter Jacinta.*

*Lo.* See, she sallyes upon thee; Asmotheus, 35  
Cerothus, and all the fiends of the flesh  
Stand at thine elbow. *Exit Lotbario.*

*Mal.* Blesse ye, faire virgin.

*Jacinta.* From your age with a virgine epitaph,

If you no better be then I esteeme you.

*Mal.* Twere pity 40

Indeed you should be a virgin to my age,  
Sweet beauty; you woud be like a garment long  
laid by

And out of fashion, which tho new, woud not be  
Worth a wearing.

*Jac.* Is that your companion  
Parted with you?

*Mal.* No companion, lady, 45  
But a friend of mine, as I hope he is of yours.

*Jac.* Y' are both naught then, and neither  
friends of mine,

But here you have me prisoner in your power.  
If you have ought to speake to me, out with 't.

35 *See. Q, She.* 39 *If you:* part of preceding verse in Q.

35-36 *See . . . flesh* is one verse in Q.

44 *Worth a wearing* is part of preceding verse in Q.



*Mal.* Ya're belov'd, lady, and which is more, 50  
Yea most, of a king belovde.

*Fac.* A good induction; and all [of] this  
I may deserve, being a loyall subject.

*Mal.* Your loyalty may be mixt with his  
royalty,  
If youle be rulde; understand, kings are not  
common things, 55  
Nor are their actions common; all things are  
Proper and peculiar unto them; so ladies,  
Whom they love, are commonly proper ladies,  
who being  
Proper cannot be counted common.

*Fac.* Tis all my pride; I'le be accounted pro-  
per. 60

*Mal.* Onely to a king.

*Fac.* And common to all the world besides?  
That were grosse.

*Mal.* You wrest my meaning, virgin, I woud  
not have you

Be—

*Fac.* A virgin, is not that your meaning? 65

*Mal.* Now you come to me,  
Tis true; for what is a virgin? Knew you as  
much

As I, youde nere be a virgin.

51 *Yea . . . belovde* is two lines in Q, ending, *most*, and *belovde*.  
52-53 *A good . . . subject* is in two lines in Q, ending  
with *induction*, and *subject*.

60 *Tis all* stands in separate line in Q.

*Jac.* I dare sweare I shoud not.

*Mal.* A virgin? why, tis as much as to say  
because

70

You were borne a childe you shoud ever be so.  
This were ridiculous. Virginity,  
Why tis a jewell kept in a casket,  
Which never open'd, as good you never had it.  
Shall muske be alwayes kept in the cod, how  
shall

75

The sweetnesse be tasted then? Virginity is  
Like a false friend to you, which indeed is better  
lost then kept.

*Jac.* Out, shame of women! thou the falsest  
art;

Be lost for ever looking on my face,  
Or loose those instruments thou lookst withall. 80  
Immodestyes in men are veniall,  
When women rebell against their weaker selves.  
Out, hag! turne thee into some other shape,  
Or I shall curse my selfe for being one  
Of thy bad sex.

*Enter Rodorique.*

*Mal.* Nay, I have done with you, lady. 85  
If flags of truce will not serve, you must look  
For defiance, and here he comes that brings it  
with him.

*Jac.* All powers of goodnesse guard me.

*Rodorique.* Speake, is she pliant?

*Mal.* Stubborn as an elephants leg, no bending in her;

You know what you have to do, my leige; trees that

Will not yeeld their fruit by gentle shaking must  
Be climde, and have it pulde by violence. 90

*Rod.* Give leave.

*Mal.* I woud she woud give leave as soone  
As I; you should not be troubled to aske a duty  
From me, I woud fall at your feet, my leige. 95

*Exit [Malena].*

*Rod.* Why turne you from us, lady?

*Jac.* O my leige,

I turne not from your face but from your power;  
You bring a frowne I dare not looke upon.

*Rod.* Your thoughts instruct you ill; I do not  
frowne

But smile upon you.

*Jac.* I crave your pardon and bend 100

My knee your true obedient servant; my life  
I'le lay an offering at your feet. What more  
Woud you from your humble vassayle?

*Rod.* Nothing so much,

But for lesse then eyther, thy love, faire virgin.

*Jac.* Keeping that name, you have it ever.

*Rod.* What name? 105

*Jac.* A virgin; you have my prayers dayly  
to heaven

For your long sovereignties, your honours  
Health, and victoryes.

*Rod.* T'is good, and will you  
Deny your selfe what you wish from others?  
I would atchieve a victory from you. 110

*Jac.* Sir, I am not your foe.

*Rod.* Concluded well;  
Approve your selfe a friend; the war is love  
Wherein we two must strive; make it no warre,  
But yeeld it freely.

*Jac.* It is not love you seeke  
But an antipathy as dissonant 115  
As heaven and hell, the musique of the spheares  
Comparede with gnashings and the howles below.  
Can lust be cal'd love, then let men seeke hell,  
For there that fiery diety doth dwell.

*Rod.* We come not to dispute of good and bad; 120  
Do as your sex has done, tast what's forbid,  
And then distinguish of the difference.  
I come not now to war with eloquence;  
Those treaties are all past. If you embrace  
Our profferd love, wele pray; or call it lust; 125  
If not, we speake a king to you, you must.

*Jac.* Will you be a ravisher?

*Rod.* Cal't as you please;

107-108 For . . . victoryes is one line in Q.

108-110 T'is . . . from you is in two lines in Q, ending with  
wish, and you.

We have a burning feaver, and the disease  
You must lay balsum to.

*Jac.* Poyson be it,  
A serpentine and deadly aconite. 130  
Never survive to know what you have done,  
But perish in the deed or ere begun.

*Rod.* These blasts are zephires breath, a gentle  
gale  
When it blows high.

*Jac.* Then let my teares prevaile.  
*Rod.* The sacrifice of fooles, the proverbs  
scorne; 135

None pitties womens teares, but ideots borne.  
*Jac.* Remember what my father does for you :  
Hees gone to brandish gainst your enemies,  
Hees fetchng you honour home, while at home  
You will dishonour him.

*Rod.* My purpose twas 140  
To send him forth the better to atchieve  
My conquest here.

*Jac.* Tyranous, unkingly.  
*Rod.* Tush, I have no cares, —  
*Jac.* Hele be reveng'd.  
*Rod.* Pitty, nor future feares.

*Jac.* Help! help! some good  
Hand help!

*Rod.* Thers none within thy call.  
*Jac.* Heaven heares. 145

145 *Hand help* is part of preceding line in Q.

*Rod.* Tush, tis far of.

*Jac.* See, heaven, a wicked king, lust staynes  
his crowne;

Or strike me dead, or throw a vengeance downe.

*Rod.* Tush, heaven is deafe, and hell laughs  
at thy crye.

*Jac.* Be cursed in the act, and cursed dye. 150

*Rod.* Ile stop the rest within thee.

*Exit [Rodorique] dragging her.*

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*Near Gibraltar. A Field by Alonzo's Castle.]*

*Enter Julianus, Medina, Antonio, [and] Lazarello.*

*Julianus.* Not the messenger returnd from the  
castle

With answer from Alonzo?

*Enter Alonso, and Dionisia, [and a messenger.]*

*Medina.* See, my lord,

They come together.

*Alonzo.* Noble Julianus,

The dignity of generall you weare,

Be with your valour individuall,

5

Till we have made it triple by our conquests,

Then let that threefold one impale your browes,

And beare it to king Rodorique in triumph.

2-5 See . . . *individuall* is in three verses in Q, ending with  
*together, generall, and individuall.*

*Ful.* Worthy Alonzo, you must helpe your wishes

Ere they can take effect. Your approved arme <sup>10</sup>  
 Will be a good assistant, but I pray, sir,  
 How have you kept your castle so unbruis'd?  
 The foe not far distant, have you not tane  
 Nor given? no sallying forth, no buffetting?

*Alon.* My lord, we have beene yet as quiet as  
 in league, <sup>15</sup>

Which makes me guesse their number is not full.  
 They have not yet, unlesse with grim aspects,  
 So much as frighted this my tender daughter.

*Dionysia.* Tender! Father, I pray let not your  
 pittie

Disparadge me; I have seene a sword whipt out <sup>20</sup>  
 Starke naked in my time, and never squeakt.  
 Do you thinke a Sarazins head or a blacka-  
 moores face

Can affright me? let me then be afraid  
 Of every chimney sweeper.

*Ful.* Good spirit, yffaith; <sup>25</sup>  
 Even such a souldier have I left behinde;  
 I had much adoe to keepe her from the field.  
 Poore Jacinta, had I knowne such a sworne  
 sister for her,

I shoud almost have given her leave.

*Alon.* I'le tell you, sir:

19-24 *Tender* . . . *sweeper* is in five lines in Q, ending with  
*me, time, head, then, and sweeper.* *Tender* has no punctuation in Q.

Were there a band of buskind Amazons  
That woud tucke up their skirts and strike  
indeed,  
My girle shoud weare bright Menalippaes belt : 30  
She shoud be formost ; and I'le venture her.

*Lazarello.* Is she such a striker, my lord ?

*Dio.* All at head,  
No where else, beleeve me, sir ; we hold  
It base to strike below the wast.

*Laz.* You fight 35  
High, lady.

*Antonio.* So she does at heart, I thinke.

*Jul.* So, so, to her batchellours, Antonio,  
Lazarello, Medina. Come, Alonzo,  
You and I must treate more seriously  
Upon our war intendments.

*Laz.* The generall wrongs you 40  
To call you batchellour, Antonio.

*Ant.* Woud he did not wrong me !

*Laz.* Have not you a cordiake,  
A heart fever now, ha ? Do you thinke there is  
A Phenix now ? is there but one good face  
In the world ?

*Ant.* I see nothing in her face ; 45  
Prethee attempt to make her speake agen.

34-41 *No . . . Antonio* is in eight lines in Q, ending with *base, wast, lady, thinke, batchellours, Alonzo, intendments,* and *Antonio.*

42 *Have not you.* The negative has perhaps slipped in from the preceding sentence.



*Laz.* Her tongue ? nay if you like her tongue  
you must needs

Like her taylor, for the one utters the other. Lady,  
What would you give now for Moores heads by  
the dozen ?

*Dio.* I would buy by the score, sir. 50

*Laz.* And what a score then ?

*Dio.* Chalks best for the score, every alewife  
knows that.

*Laz.* You talke of chalke, and I of cheese.

*Dio.* Hees in the last dish ; pray take him  
away here.

*Laz.* I have not done yet ; will you buy any  
ware of me ? 55

*Dio.* What ? proffer'd ware ? foh !

*Ant.* Give o're, thou wilt be foyl'd else.

*Laz.* Why, heres a wench now ! I had rather  
lie with her

Witt then with the best piece of flesh in Christ-  
endome ;

I could beget young Mercuries on her with 60  
The very conceit. Would you had had a good  
paire

Of eyes in your head.

*Ant.* They are false glasses,  
And will deceive me.

47-61 *Her tongue . . . paire* is probably prose.

62-64 *They . . . you* is in four lines in Q, ending with *will,*  
*me, discovered,* and *you.*

*Enter a Scout.*

[*Scout.*] My lords, to armes! the foe['s]  
Discover[e]d, marching amaine upon you!

*Ful.* We are in readinesse, our counsels broke, 65  
Advice must be all blows. Ladie, to your hold,  
And at advantage see what these youths will do  
To gaine your love. Nobly for Spaine speake,  
drum,

And if they call, answer for us, "They come."

*Exeunt [omnes].*

[SCENA TERTIA.

*Battle-Field near the Castle.]*

*Alarum. Enter Mully Mumen, King of the Moores.*

*Mully Mumen.* Descend thy spheare, thou  
burning Diety,  
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy bed.  
Thy sonnes we are, thou everlasting ball,  
Yet never shamde these our impressive brows  
Till now, we that are stampd with thine owne  
seale, 5  
Which the whole ocean cannot wash away.  
Shall those cold ague cheeks, that nature moulds  
Within her winter shop, those smoothe white  
skins,  
That with a palsey hand she paints the limbes,  
Make us recoyle?

*Enter Zacharia.*

*Zacharia.* Great Mullymumen, haste! 10  
 Either give heart to our retyring troups  
 By a fresh onset, or haste to saftie by  
 Flight and basenesse; Bennizaverians slaine.

*Mull.* Where's our brother, Mahu Mahomet?

*Zac.* Rounded with danger,  
 Where he behaves himselfe nobly. Haldillin-  
 baiday, 15  
 Enaser, and five Alchaides more are gone  
 Up to his rescue; and if not more, he dies,  
 Or is captiv'de.

*Mull.* Wele partake either or both with him,  
 They are both noble; but too basely flie 20  
 Is to preserve life, and let honour die.  
 Fall then my flesh, so there survive my name;  
 Who flies from honour, followes after shame.

*Exeunt [Mully Mumen and Zacharia].*

[SCENA QUARTA.]

*Another part of same Field.]*

*Alarum. Enter Julianus, Antonio, and Alonzo.*

*Julianus.* Antonio, now by the Saint of  
 Spaine  
 You have made your selfe remarkable to day;

Valour, exceeding valour, was not lookt for  
Which you have showne.

*Alonzo.* So nobly, sir, that I  
Could wish my daughter were in love with you  
and  
Your vertues. Would you requite it, her dowry  
should 5

Be 50 thousand crownes, more then I ever  
Meant it.

*Antonio [aside].* O heart, thou speak'st too  
late. — My lords,  
Your praises, and your noble wishes makes me  
Esteeme my selfe behinde hand with fame. Heres  
yet 10  
More worke to do.

*Ful.* One Mully we have tane;  
If Mumen flie not, hees his fellow-captive.

*Ant.* There my new fortunes shall their honour  
prove,  
Then fare well war, next wele war faire with  
love. *Exeunt [omnes].*

4 *showne.* Q adds *to day* which spoils the verse and is redundant; see l. 2.

4-11 *So nobly . . . to do* is in eight lines in Q, ending with *daughter, Would you, crownes, it, late, wishes, fame, do.*

## [SCENA QUINTA.]

*Another part of same Field.]**Alarum. Excursions. Enter Julianus and Medina,  
with two prisoners.*

*Julianus.* Medina, post to king Rodorique; do  
thus and thus,  
Tell our royall master what worke we have done  
him.

You see and know and it needs no relation;  
Here are royall prisoners.

*Moores.* How will you use us?

*Jul.* As in captivity we wish our selves.

*Ambo.* May we not be ransomde?

*Jul.* As from the king

We shall receive, as his pleasure returnes us.

Meane time you shall have cause to blame your  
fortunes,

Not your conquerours. Where's Antonio,

The best deseruer of this dayes honour?

*Med.* Retirde to his tent.

*Jul.* Not wounded, is he?

*Med.* No, my lord, but weary.

*Jul.* So we are all,

Now we have time to rest and get new breath;

We conquer to the life and not to death.

*Exeunt [omnes].*

8 *your fortunes* is part of following line in Q.

## [SCENA SESTA.

*A Room in Alonzo's Castle.**Enter Antonio reading a letter, [and] Lazarello.*

*Lazarello.* Now, Antonio, where's Margareta now?

*Antonio.* Here. [Pointing to his heart.]

*Laz.* Whose that in your hand, then?

*Ant.* I know not; looke, tis gone.

[Throws away the letter.]

*Laz.* Fie, youle take it up againe; come, come, stoope;

This is Dionisiaes character, a hand worth your heart,

Peruse it better; so, so, tis well.

[Antonio picks up the letter.]

Ladies faire hands must not be rejected so.

I did foresee this dangerous relapse;

You are in love.

*Ant.* With Margareta.

*Laz.* With Dionisia; 10

Nor do you shame it, rather cherish it.

It is a choise befitting your high blood.

What you have done, make it as a say

Unto your best desires.

*Ant.* O Lazarello!

Thou giv'st me poyson to recure a wound 15

Already mortall.

*Laz.* Why this is speedlesse haste ;  
 I knew your sated pleasures would throw up  
 Their over-cloyde receipt. You have beene noble  
 In your brave deeds of armes ; who shall boast it ?  
 Your beggars issue ? They are antipathies. 20  
 How would it sound to heare poore Margaret  
 say  
 Her lord hath brought home honour from the  
 warres ?  
 T'woud staine your worth to be so vainly  
 boasted.  
 No, this lady would multiply your praises with  
 her phrase.

Let Dionisia say that her Antonio 25  
 Won the palme of victory, then y' are throne,  
 And musique gracing the solemnitie.

*Ant.* One word confutes thee ever into silence,  
 I am married.

*Laz.* A mistake in private ;  
 Who knows that ?

*Ant.* Margareta and my selfe, 30  
 Besides a thousand witnesses within.

*Laz.* Quit you those, and who dares speake  
 it else ?

*Ant.* Who dares not speake a truth ?

*Laz.* Dares not ! who dares ?

17 *knew*. Q, know. 25 *Let*. Q, Lest.

29-30 *A* . . . that is one line in Q.

30-31 *and* . . . *within* is one line in Q.

What danger is more great then to speake truth ?  
 If poore ones durst speake plaine of great mens  
 faults, 35

There needed no libelling.

*Ant.* I'le choake — freedome —

Oh, what a bed of snakes struggle within me.

*Laz.* Tush, they are but wormes, and I'le give  
 thee seed

And reasons to destroy 'em: yo' are married.

*Ant.* A good physitian ; 40

Thou kill'st me quickly to haste me out of paine.

*Laz.* Tush, I must first draw the corruption  
 forth,

And then apply the healing medicine.

*Ant.* Perswade me to turne Turk, or Moore  
 Mahometan,

For by the lustfull lawes of Mahomet 45  
 I may have three wives more.

*Laz.* And concubines besides; turne Moore ?

Do you expect such counsell from your friend ?

Wrong me not so; I'le shew you a Christian way,  
 At least a way dispenc'd with Christians. 50

Say you distaste your match, as well you may,  
 When truth shall be unmask't and shame walke  
 by

Bearing a blushing torch to light them both ;  
 Mend then the cause before it take effect ;  
 Annihilate your marriage, that's the cause; 55



Tis private yet, let it be private ever.  
 Allow your Margaret a pension ;  
 She may be glad to embrace that, twere pride  
 To embrace you. Say she be call'd your whore  
 For some thing that may breed from what is  
 done ; 60

Better her shame then yours ; a common thing :  
 Poore beauties are proud of noble bastardie.  
*Ant.* Fearfull counsell.  
*Laz.* Does your Margaret love you ?  
*Ant.* Beyond her life.  
*Laz.* Good, marry Dionisa ;  
 Griefe kills her, then are you a widower. 65

*Ant.* Horrible murther ; twere lesse tyranny  
 To kill at once then by a lingring poyson.  
*Laz.* Ha? poyson? what white devill  
 prompted that ?  
 Poyson? brave! the very change of friendship,  
 The triall of a friends love to death! 70  
 Would you make sure of a friends constancy?  
 A swift poyson will strike it dead; and tis  
 The easiest way, and may be done even in  
 The termes of love, as thus: "I drinke to you,"  
 Or, "Accept these gloves"; the taste, the touch,  
 the sight, 75  
 Tush, any sence will take it kindly.

64-65 *Good* . . . *widower* is one line in Q.

69-78 *Poyson* . . . *performance* is in nine lines in Q, ending  
 with *triall, sure, dead, done, you, sight, kindly, worse, performance.*

*Ant.* I'le heare  
No more from thee; thou studiest to make worse  
A positive bad by a vilde performance.

*Enter Dionisa.*

*Laz.* Ha?  
Looke yonder, there's an eye speakes better  
oratory  
In very silence; where's poore Margaret now? 80

*Ant.* Oh my heart!

*Laz.* Looke upon that face: well, y' are my  
friend,  
And by that true loves knot, had I that face  
But in reversion after your decease,  
I thinke I should give you physicke fort.

*Dionisia.* Worthy sir, 85  
My noble father intreats some words with  
you.

*Ant.* A happy messenger invites me to him,  
How shall I quit your paines?

*Dio.* I'le take my travell  
Fort, sir.

*Ant.* Tis too little.

*Dio.* I thinke it too much, sir,  
For I was loth to have travellde thus farre, had  
not

Obedience tide me toot. 90

76 *I'le heare* is part of following line in Q.

88-89 *I'le . . . sir* is one line in Q.

*Ant.* Y' are too quicke.

*Dio.* Too quicke, sir? why what occasion  
have I given you

To wish me dead?

*Ant.* I cannot keepe this pace with you, lady,  
I'le go speake with your father.

*Dio.* I pray stay, sir; I'le speake with you my  
selfe. 95

*Ant.* Before your father?

*Dio.* No, here in private by your selfe.

*Laz.* I'le stop my eares, madam.

*Dio.* Why, are they running away from your  
head, sir? 100

*Laz.* I meane I'le seale them up from hear-  
ing, lady.

*Dio.* You may; no doubt they have wax o'  
their owne.

*Ant.* Venture thy eares no farther, good Laz-  
arello,

She will endanger 'em; but, lady, now I thinke  
on ['t],

Speake, is not this your hand? 105

[*Showing the letter.*]

*Dio.* I have three then it should seeme,  
For I have two of my owne fingring.

*Ant.* This is your letter?

*Dio.* You know my minde then by this time.

92-150 *Too quicke . . . an enigma is doubtful verse.*

*Ant.* If I may be your expositor, lady, I thinke  
I do. 110

*Dio.* And how do you expound me, sir?

*Ant.* Kinde and loving.

*Dio.* Kinde and loving: 't were a good commendation

For a sow and her pigs.

*Ant.* You aske me the reason why I enquire  
your age of your father. 115

*Dio.* 'Tis true, sir, for what have you to do  
with my age?

*Ant.* I'de rather have to do with your youth,  
lady.

*Dio.* Who, my page?

*Ant.* Fye, madam, y' are too apprehensive, too  
dexterious;

Your wit has two edges I protest. 120

*Dio.* What a cut would that give to a bald  
crowne.

*Ant.* My crowne itches not at that, lady.

*Dio.* Yet you may scratch it though.

*Ant.* Come, come, your wits a good one; do  
not tyre it.

*Dio.* Unlesse it remove out of my head, I  
must, 125

For I must tire that.

*Ant.* I thinke you love me.

113 commendation. Q, commendations.

*Dio.* You and I may be of two opinions;  
I thinke not so now.

*Ant.* Come, your hand has betraid you;  
Do not you plainly say here, we two should be  
well matcht ?

*Dio.* O strange, he steals halfe a text to up-  
hold 130  
His heresie ; but what follows ? We should be  
well matcht

At a game of shittlecocke ; the meaning is,  
For a couple of light headed things we could not  
be over matcht ;

He might have conceited that that could have  
but said

B to a battleder. But come, sir, you have said 135  
Enough to me, will you go speake with my father ?

*Ant.* This I'le adde first, which I'le avouch  
unto

Your fathers face, I love you.

*Dio.* This I'le confirme to you  
And to my fathers face, but I'le not promise you,  
Whether I blush or no, I do not hate you. 140

*Ant.* I'le follow you, yet give me leave ere  
you go

To give a gratitude unto your lip. [*Kisses her.*]

*Dio.* My lips do not stand in the high way  
to beg

'A charity, as open as they appeare to you.

You'le follow me, sir ?

*Ant.* I cannot stay long after. 145

*Dio.* Soft, I'me in your debt, sir ; did you bestow a kisse on me ?

*Ant.* I did so farre presume.

*Dio.* Take it againe — [*Kisses Antonio.*]

So, now I am out of your debt ; hereafter never feare

To lend freely to one that payes so willingly.

*Exit [Dionisia].*

*Laz.* Now, sir, what do you do ?

*Ant.* I am dissolving an enigma. 150

*Laz.* Let me helpe you ; what ist ?

*Ant.* I would faine know

What kinde of thing a mans heart is.

*Laz.* Were you never

At Barbar Surgeons hall to see a dissection ?

I'le report it to you : tis a thing framde

With divers corners, and into every corner 155

A man may entertaine a friend ; there came

The proverbe, a man may love one well, and yet

Retaine a friend in a corner.

*Ant.* Tush, tis not

The reall heart, but the unseene faculties.

*Laz.* Those I'le decipher unto you, for surely 160

The most part are but ciphers : the heart indeed

For the most part doth keepe a better guest  
Then himselfe in him, that is the soule ; now  
the soule

Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading  
out of it,

As loving affection, suffering sorrowes, and the  
like ;

165

Then sir, these affections, or sorrowes, being but  
branches,

Are sometimes lopt off, or of themselves wither  
And new shoot in their roomes. As for example :  
Your friend dies, there appeares sorrow, but it  
quickly

Withers, then is that branch gone ; againe, you  
love a friend,

170

There affection springs forth, at last you distaste,  
Then that branch withers againe, and another  
buds

In his roomes. Shall I give you history to this  
morall ?

*Ant.* No, I can doot my selfe ; oh Margarett !

*Laz.* So shees in the vocative case already ;  
if she slide

175

Into the ablative, shees thrust quite out of the  
number.

*Ant.* I am lost, Lazarello.

*Laz.* I shall finde you againe

In Dionisaes armes.

*Ant.* Must I backe slide?

*Laz.* If you can finde [it] in your heart, you must.

*Ant.* My hearts a rebell to me.

*Laz.* Faith all your body 180

Will be accessary toot; I'me a friend;  
Come, come, league with your thoughts; you  
are too nice.

*Ant.* How ill thou speakest of good, how good  
of vice!

Tis now concluded in me, I will on,  
I must, although I meet destruction. 185  
Downe hill we run, climbe upward a slow pace:  
Easie discents to hell, steepe steps to grace.

*Exeunt [Antonio and Lazarello].*

180 a . . . me is a separate line in Q.





Ha? Doest spit at me? I'le have you spitted for  
 this tricke, [*Jacinta*] *spits at him.*  
 And I will turne you as you see, and moreover  
 I will bast you.

*Jac.* O that I could spit out the spiders bladder,

20

Or the toads intrals into thee, to take part  
 And mixe with the diseases that thou bear'st,  
 And altogether choke thee! or that my tongue  
 Were pointed with a fiery pyramis  
 To strike thee through, thou bundle of diseases!  
 The store-house of some shaggy meteor,  
 Some blazing fire shon o're thy fatall birth,  
 And laid up all her sad effects in thee,  
 Gouts, aches, dropsies, and a hundred more.  
 For were not poyson to thee naturall,  
 Thy owne foule rottennesse would strangle thee.

30

*Lo.* Thou art a looser, and I do consider it;  
 Thou hast lost a maydenhead, a shrewd cracke,  
 A flaw that will hardly be soaderd againe.  
 Some there be that can passe away these counter-  
 feits

35

For current, as brasse money may be taken  
 For silver, yet it can never be the same,  
 Nor restorde to his first purity. This I consider  
 And beare, but presume not too much to trouble  
 The poole of my patience; it may rise foule, it  
 may.

40

*Fac.* O that thine eyes were worth the plucking out!

Or thy base heart the labour I should take  
 In rending up thy bosome! I should but open  
 A vault to poyson me, detested wretch,  
 The hangmans man, basest degree of basenesse; 45  
 Thou liv'st upon the lees and dregs of lust,  
 Thy soule is a hyrde hackney towards hell.  
 O Julianus, my much honour'd father,  
 How is thy simple faith deluded now!  
 Thou hadst not so much thought of ill in thee, 50  
 To breede a bad opinion of a villaine,  
 Tyrant, and ravisher. Whilst thou art winning  
 Renowne and honour from Spaines enemies,  
 Spaine has dishonour'd and imprisoned me.  
 Thou understandst not this, unlesse the windes 55  
 Upon their fleeting convey beare it thee;  
 Some gentle vision tell thee in thy sleepes,  
 And heaven instruct thee with a waking faith,  
 True to beleve thy slumbers. Boyle out, my  
 bloud,  
 And at the briney limbecke of mine eyes 60  
 Distill my faculties. Alone I'le tell  
 My sorrowes unto heaven, my curse to hell;  
 And there I'le mixe that wretch. From thence  
 they rise,  
 Oh, whilst I looke on him, I loath mine eyes!  
*Exit [Facinta].*

*Lo.* But that I have some kinder purpose, I  
would not 65

Be thus baited. I am given to the flesh as well  
As the king my master; I have some hope to taste  
This dish after him; but tis yet too hot for me!  
It will coole, and then I will draw my blade and  
have

A slash at it. This womans two edgde tongue, 70  
And this burthen of flesh that I beare about me,  
Hath made me so heavy I must take a nap.  
Cob! boy! Cob! page!

*Enter Page.*

*Cob.* Here, sir.

*Lo.* There is some thing gone  
Into my eares that troubles my braine; blow in  
Some musique to fetch it out againe. 75

*Cob.* The best I can, my lord.

*Lo.* And hearke you; having done, ascend the  
turret

And see if you can discover his majesty  
Comming to the castle. This houre he appointed  
For his recreation. If you do, descend 80  
And give me warning.

*Cob.* I will. [Exit Cob.]

*A song within. Lo [tbario] falls asleepe.*

[Re-]enter Cob.

So I have luld my lord asleepe;  
I see he takes my musique heavily,

65-81 *But that I . . . give me warning* is doubtful verse.

Therefore I'll sing no more. Now to my turret  
 To see if the king come; now he may take him  
 napping. *Exit [Cob].* 85

[*Re-*] *enter Jacinta.*

*Jac.* There is no resting place within a  
 prison.

To make my sorrows lesse by recounting,  
 I throw 'um forth, but empty none at all.  
 Ha! asleepe? I, security can sleepe,  
 Griefes a true watchman; how the devill snores! 90  
 Theres hell within him, and what a hideous noise  
 The fiends do make. Oh, had I a murdering  
 heart,

I could with his office beat out his braines.  
 But I have better thoughts; these keyes may  
 give

Me my release from prison. Can I thinke 95  
 Of better release? no; I will not delay it,  
 I will keepe backe my sinnes from multitudes,  
 And I may flie for safety to my father.  
 Theres divers wayes, heaven instruct the privat'st  
 And best for my escape. Fare ill, not well, 100  
 Thou and thy lustfull master. From all but one,  
 This key now frees me; O! that I beare about  
 Which none but mercies key can deliver out.

*Exit Jacinta.*

86 *prison* has no punctuation in Q.

87 *recounting* has a colon in Q.

95 *Me* is in preceding verse in Q.

[*Re-*]enter *Cob.*

*Cob.* My lord, I spie the king comming privately  
 By himselfe; my lord, — one were as good attempt 105  
 To wake a watchman at three a clocke in the morning, —  
 My lord, lend me your keyes if you'le not stir your selfe. —  
 Me thinkes he should wake himselfe with snoring, but it may be  
 The more noise makes him sleepe the sounder; the best is,  
 I take it, the king has a private key to let in himselfe. 110  
 If he have, he will do his own work himselfe, and my lord  
 For this time shall be an innocent pander.  
 In this act of sleepe a harmlesse husband may be so  
 To his owne wife. Tis as I gwest, he is come In of himselfe.

*Enter Rodorique.*

*Rodorique.* . . Where's your master?

*Cob.* Hees here 115

In his private meditations, my leige.

*Rod.* He was ever heavie; where's Jacinta?

104-119 *My lord . . . all discords is doubtful verse.*

*Cob.* Safe enough,  
My leige; she strucke my lord into these damps  
With the very musique of her tongue, but they  
were all discords.

*Rod.* Command her hither. — Her father sends  
me word, [Exit *Cob.*] 120

He has a noble fortune to bring home,  
Conquest and royall captives. I shall not well  
Requite him; therefore I must now be heedfull  
What I returne. How the villaine snores!  
Sleepe on, sir, your sinne will be the lesse, 121  
In being my bawd. — Now where is she?

[*Re-*]enter *Cob.*

*Cob.* Alas,  
My lord, I have beene —

*Rod.* Beene, impe, where have you beene?

*Cob.* Seeking about all the corners in the castle  
For Jacinta.

*Rod.* Why, is she to seeke, slave?

*Cob.* I can neither heare nor see her any where. 123

*Rod.* Rogue, thou neither seest nor hear'st  
more if I see not her.

*Cob.* I'le go seeke better, my leige. — [*Aside*]  
I doubt some legerdemaine;

But if I finde not her within, I know the way  
out. *Exit* [*Cob.*].

126 *In being* is part of preceding verse in Q.

126-127 *Alas, My lord* is a separate line in Q.

131-145 *Rogue, thou . . . my leige* is probably prose.

*Rod.* You dormouse, baby of fifty, bundle of security!

Awake, rogue! pocks of your heavy flesh! hast thou no soule? 135

*Lo.* Mynnion, I'le clog your heeles with irons for this;

Will you not let me rest by you?

*Rod.* Mischiefe, ope your eye-lids! blocke! image!

*Lo.* I will tell the king, and he shall tickle you for this.

*Rod.* S'death! I'le tickle you for this, loggerhead! where's Jacinta? 140

*Lo.* O my leige, is it your majesty? I beseech you pardon me;

These after-dinner naps are the repasts to my body.

*Rod.* Diseases devoure your body! where's Jacinta?

*Lo.* Safe, safe, my leige; my keyes! where be my keyes!

Saw you my keyes, my leige? 145

*Rod.* Confirnde; she has the keyes, and is fled the castle.

Dog, hell-hound, thou shalt be my foot-ball, slave!

I'le drag this hatefull lumpe into his grave.



*Lo.* Nay but, my lord, I protest by mine honour,  
 And the office I hold about you, I left 'em by me 150  
 When I went to sleepe, and my first dreame  
 told me  
 They were there still. My boy! my Cob! saw  
 you my Cob, my leige?

*Rod.* Dogs worry you both; search, slave, in every angle;  
 Send pursuite after her; if thou returnst  
 Her not, thou shalt curse thy being. 155

*Lo.* If she be not above steeples,  
 Nor beneath hell, I'le finde her; for so high  
 And low I can reach and dive, as heavy as I am.

*Exit [Lotbario].*

*Rod.* If she escape us and once reach her father,  
 Now in his height of honour, we know not how 160  
 He may receive his wrongs, nor the event.  
 We will command him distant from the court,  
 And his prisoners sent to us; and this shall haste  
 Before her possible speed, if she [e]scape.  
 Wele threaten his heads losse, if he deny 'um; 165  
 Those that do wrong, had need keepe safety by  
 'um. *Exit [Rodorique].*

149-152 *Nay but . . . my leige* is probably prose.

155 *Her not* is part of preceding line in Q.

156-158 *If she be . . . as I am* is probably prose.

[SCENA SECUNDA.

*Seville. A Room in Pedro's House.]**Enter Margareta and Fydella the Moore.**Margareta.* O that some striking aire had  
blasted meBefore this poyson entred at mine eares ;  
Married !*Fydella.* Madam, sweet madam !*Mar.* Madam !Prethee, mock me not, nor gard my folly  
With such a linsie wolsie ornament. 5Madam is the maddame, and thence mad woman :  
Define it so and I will borrow stillThat title of my store. A coat of tissue,  
If a foole weares it, is but a fooles coat.  
Such are my trappings ; oh, for time thats gone ! 10  
Equality ! oh, sweet equality !Borne under Libra, thou hast both right hands  
Without advantage or priority.Base ones made big by beauty are but slaves ;  
Their lords nere truly bed but in their graves. 15Ha ! a dangerous conceit ! Call my brother,  
Fidella.*Fy.* Then let me councell you ; know hees  
open,3-4 *Madam ! Prethee . . . folly* is one line in Q.  
8 *title.* Q, little.

Plaine, rusticall, and alterd from his first  
Condition; what ever your purpose is, let it not  
Appere to him.

*Mar.* Prethee be gone, and call him. 20

[*Exit Fydella.*]

Am I despis'd so soone? wedlocke unjust!  
Unequall nuptials are not love, but lust.  
Come backe, past time, oh, tis a fruitlesse call;  
I may repent, but finde no helpe at all.  
Now I forestall thee, heaven, ere I begin; 25  
Forgive me, I must act a heinous sinne.  
I must now be change.

*Enter Clowne and Fydella.*

*Clowne Jaques.* Lady sister, did your madam-  
ship,  
Send for my worship?

*Mar.* I did send for you brother.

*Jaq.* You may intreat me.

*Mar.* I hope so; I have a letter 30

To my lord, brother, containing so much love  
And secresie, as I would trust none willingly  
But your selfe for the delivery.

*Jaq.* A letter, sister!

I would not have you to take me for a carrier  
Or a porter to carry words or letters more 35

18 *Plaine.* Q, Plaine, and.

19 *Condition* is part of preceding verse in Q.

20 *Appere to him* is part of preceding verse in Q.

26 a. Q, some a.

Then it pleases me ; yet in the way of a Nun-  
 tius,  
 Partly Embassadour, or so, I will  
 Travell for your sake.

*Mar.* [*banding him a letter*]. Looke you, this  
 is all, brother.

*Faq.* Is this all, sister ?

*Mar.* Unlesse youle adde another,  
 Commends by word of mouth.

*Faq.* By word of mouth ? 40  
 Twas not well spoken, sister.

*Mar.* Why, brother ?

*Faq.* Why, what words are there but words of  
 the mouth ?

Except it be words of the taylor, which would  
 sound but ill

In my lord brothers eares ; for words behinde  
 A mans backe are but winde ; you know that. 45

*Mar.* But be most carefull in the delivery,  
 I entreat you, brother. You know our wedding  
 Is onely knowne to us, a thing conceald  
 From wide mouthd rumour ; then should you  
 find him

In company with nobles of his own rank, — 50

*Faq.* Tush, I can smell the rankest of them all.

*Mar.* Say amongst ladies you should find him  
 sporting,

46-50 *But . . . rank* is in four lines in Q, ending with *bro-*  
*ther, us, you, rank.*

Plaine, rusticall, and alterd from his first  
Condition ; what ever your purpose is, let it not  
Appere to him.

*Mar.* Prethee be gone, and call him. 20

[*Exit Fydella.*]

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Unequall nuptials are not love, but lust.  
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Forgive me, I must act a heinous sinne.  
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Travell for your sake.

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is all, brother.

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Commends by word of mouth.

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Twas not well spoken, sister.

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*Faq.* Why, what words are there but words of  
the mouth ?

Except it be words of the taylor, which would  
sound but ill

In my lord brothers cares ; for words behinde  
A mans backe are but winde ; you know that. 45

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I entreat you, brother. You know our wedding  
Is onely knowne to us, a thing conceald  
From wide mouthd rumour ; then should you  
find him

In company with nobles of his own rank, — 50

*Faq.* Tush, I can smell the rankest of them all.

*Mar.* Say amongst ladies you should find him  
sporting,

46-50 *But . . . rank* is in four lines in Q, ending with *brother, us, you, rank.*

Dancing, kissing, or any such like wantonnesse,  
Take heed your rude approach does not move  
him to any distaste.

*Jaq.* O my nowne sister, my nose is a little  
more a kin to you

55

Now then ever it was: you woud have me be  
an informer

Of unlawfull games, as ticktack, whipper ginny,  
in & in.

*Mar.* No, trust me, brother, onely to instruct  
you I speak;

For the least disparagement should chance to  
him,

His pleasure forbidding it, would be a death to  
me.

60

*Jaq.* Well, sister, heres my hand, and my  
heart is some where

Hereabout me too; but I'de be loath to bring him  
Forth to witsnesse; but I will be very carefull.

*Mar.* You undo me else, brother.

*Jaq.* Pha, d'e thinke me for  
A foole or your brother, sister?

*Mar.* [I] do not thinke; 65  
But at your returne I shall be very thankfull.

*Jaq.* As for that, it is sufficient your ladyship  
is my sister; oh ye little amiable rogue you, a  
good face is a good dowry, I see, sometimes;

when we two tumbled both in a belly together, 70  
 little did our mother thinke which should have  
 beene the madam ; I might have beene cut the  
 tother way, iffaith, if it had pleased the sisters  
 three ; if the midwife had but knowne my minde  
 when I was borne, I had beene two stone lighter ; 75  
 but much good do thee with thy good fortunes.  
 Farewell, honourable flesh and bloud ; I will de-  
 liver to my noble brother, pretty trim lady. I  
 thinke we are eyde alike. Fare thee well ; I can-  
 not chuse but see thee as long as I looke upon 80  
 thee. *Exit [Jaques].*

*Mar.* [*aside*]. Effect thy owne content, paper  
 and inke,  
 And then thou bringst the worke into my  
 hands. —

Fudella.

*Fud.* Madam.

*Mar.* Thou lovest me, Fudella ?

*Fud.* Do you make a question ont, lady ? 85

*Mar.* No, I rather speake it as acknowledge-  
 ment.

Suppose I went in the right noble way,  
 To meet my foe i'th field ; woudst be my sec-  
 ond ?

*Fud.* To my second life, madam.

86-88 *No . . . second* is in four lines in Q, ending with  
*rather, went, foe, second.*



*Mar.* I do intend  
 No such viragoes part, but in shape, a danger 90  
 To thee farre more worse ; but when tis done,  
 The spacious world shall have to understand,  
 Spite of the low condition of my birth,  
 High spirits may be lodg'd in humble earth.

*Exeunt [Margaretta and Fudella].*

[SCENA TERTIA.]

*The Spanish Camp near Alonzo's Castle.]*

*Enter Dionisia and Antonio.*

*Dionisia.* Sad still ?

*Antonio.* I am as I was ever, lady,  
 Full of retyred thoughts.

*Dio.* You draw these backward  
 Should be comming on, and meet in nuptiall  
 pleasures.

*Ant.* All strive to be their owne physitians,  
 lady :

We know whats best and fittest to be done, 5  
 But who can follow it ?

*Dio.* Till the disease be knowne,  
 In vaine it were to study remedy ;  
 Pray whats your cause of sadnesse ?

*Ant.* I have none, lady.

89-92 *I do . . . understand* is in three lines in Q, ending  
 with *part, worse, understand.*

*Dio.* Why are you not merry then ?

*Ant.* You must finde fault  
With my complexion for 't. Nature, perhaps, 10  
Has not compounded me of equall portions ;  
Yet you discover diseases outward,  
I not feele within ; me thinkes I'me merry.

*Dio.* No, I have heard you sigh so violent,  
They have wak't my slumbers with you in bed, 15  
One gust following another, as you woud breath  
Out all your aire together ; there most be cause.

*Ant.* I know not how to win your good be-  
liefe, lady,  
But if youle trust me ; — Lazarello, come hither.  
[*The three converse aside.*]

*Enter Clowne.*

*Jaques [aside].* A murrin o the carrier 20  
brought me hither ; I shall sit the worse this  
two dayes, but I thinke I have requited his sides  
for 't. Now to my letter ; pat yffaith, here 's my  
noble brother. Hum, I have a pestilent lady to  
my sister ; she told me I should finde him 25  
amongst ladies ; if she had said lady she had  
guest singular well, yffaith. I will carry it as  
well as I can for my honourable brothers credit.

*Dio.* Fie, that 's a lame excuse, you won not  
honour

9-13 *You . . . merry* is in five lines in Q, ending with *for 't, me, discover, within, merry.*

Equall with your will ; my selfe from the castle 30  
 Saw you most nobly do ; I saw you unhorse  
 Three brave opposers ; you kild and captiv'd  
 Many enemies.

*Laz.* Nay, now, sweet lady,  
 You make too strict an inquisition ;  
 Men emulate in honour for the best. 35  
 Who woud be second that can formost be ?  
 For this a man may wrangle with his fate,  
 And grieve and envy at anothers fortunes.

*Jaq.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Laz.* [*aside to Antonio*]. See you yon fellow ?

*Ant.* [*aside to Lazarello*]. Waft him hence,  
 good Lazarello, I am undone else. — 40  
 Looke here, Dionisia, here 's a jewell,  
 I never shewed thee yet.

*Dio.* Tis a very pretty one,  
 Shall I have it ?

*Ant.* With all my heart, sweet.

[*Lazarello motions with his head three times  
 for Jaques to go away.*]

*Jaq.* He gives me ayme, I am three bows too  
 short ;

I'le come up nearer next time.

*Dio.* When does the army 45  
 March hence, Antonio ?

30-33 *Equall . . . enemies* is in three lines in Q, ending with  
*you, opposers, enemies.*



Knows not a man of mirth. This doctor, I tell  
you, 65

Gives as good cure for the melancholy  
As the best emperick in Spaine, what ere he be.

*Dio.* I woud he woud practise on Antonio then.

*Laz.* Troth, madam, tis a good plot; please  
you to walke,

I'le man you to the castle; leave them together, 70  
Tis an equall match; if he make him not merry,  
Heele most terribly trouble his melancholly.

*Ant.* [*aside*]. Heele make me more sad, I feare.

*Dio.* I had rather stay and partake some mirth.

*Jaq.* I am no womans foole, sweet lady; 75  
tis two trades in Sivill, as your mans taylor, and  
your womans taylor; so your lords foole, and  
your ladies foole. I am for the tongue, not for  
the bauble.

*Dio.* Well, Antonio, I'le leave you; — and,  
sirra, make him 80

Merry, and I'le reward thee.

*Jaq.* If I cannot make him merrie, I know  
who can.

*Dio.* Who I prethee?

*Ant.* Twill out.

*Jaq.* Why my —— you can, lady. 85

*Dio.* Now you jest too broad, sirra.

*Jaq.* That 's womans jesting, madam.

*Exit Laz* [*arello*] *and Dio* [*nisia*].

81 *Merry* is part of the preceding verse in Q.

*Ant.* [*aside*]. I was afraid he woud have namde his sister.

*Jaq.* I will make bold to be cover'd ; brother, 90  
thou knowest —

*Ant.* Oh, brother ?

*Jaq.* Looke thee, theres black and white for thee from the little honourable rascall, my sister, and a thousand commendations too without 95  
booke, which I was bid to tell thee by roat, if thou canst reade and heare all at once.

*Ant.* Yes, I can.

*Jaq.* Theres honourable bones a breeding ; my sister is the peevishest piece of ladies flesh 100  
growne of late ; we have good sport at it to see her vexe and fret ; she boxes me as familiarly as if I were her cobbler, for talking to her ; an un-naturall varlet, to strike her owne flesh and blood, but I beare with her for thy sake. 105

*Ant.* I thanke you fort, brother.

*Jaq.* Nay, she cuts her lace, and eats raw fruit, too. What sallet do you thinke she long'd for tother day ?

*Ant.* I know not. 110

*Jaq.* For a what doe call 'um ? those long upright things that grow a yard above the ground ; oh, cuckow pintle roots, but I got her her belly full at last.

*Ant.* So, twas well. 115

*Jaq.* But the best jest was, she bit her shoemaker by the care as he was drawing on her shoes; and another time her taylor for girding her too straight; he had a long nose, but she did so pinch his bill; what, hast thou good newes, 120  
brother?

*Ant.* Very good, brother; all I reade are well.

*Jaq.* Yes, faith, brother, we are in health, and drinke to thine sometimes.

*Ant.* Brother, I woud have your swift returne. 125

*Jaq.* Twas my sisters charge; she thinkes of long things, poore heart.

*Ant.* I cannot give you the entertainment I woud, brother, but I pray you let this provide for you. [Gives him money.] 130

*Jaq.* This is hostesse, tapster, chamberlaine, & all, brother.

*Ant.* In the morning early my letter shall bee ready for you.

*Jaq.* I will lye in my boots all night, but I'll 135  
bee ready as soone as your letter. *Bonos nocios, mi frater.*

*Ant.* Stay, brother, one thing I must aske you, And pray you tell me: Whats your thought of me,

Finding me in a ladies company? 140

*Jaq.* O brother, I woud not have you thinke you have a foole to your kindred. What! I un-

derstand these toys ; there are fowle, and there are fish, there are wag-tayles, and there are mer-mayds.

*Ant.* Of what sort do you thinke she is ?

145

*Jaq.* Oh brother, definitions and distinctions ! fie on 'um ! come, I know flesh and bloud will be sporting. And I were a married man my selfe, I woud not alwayes be at home, I woud hawke, and hunt, and ride ; there are divers members in one body ; there are flesh dayes, and there are fish dayes ; a man must not alwayes eate one sort of meat.

*Ant.* I see you are a wag, brother.

155

*Jaq.* Always let a married man get his owne children at home if he can ; if he have a bit abroad for procreation or so ——

*Ant.* Well, good night, brother ; I pray hold a good opinion of me.

160

*Jaq.* O sir, I can winke with one eye like a gunner. Shall I make my sister sicke of the yellow jaundies ? no, thought is free ; whatsoever I speake, I'le say nothing. *Vale, valets, valets, valetote.*

*Exit [Jaques].* 165

*Ant.* I can dissemble mirth no longer ;  
Oh my afflicted soule, wert thou capable  
Of separation, thou woudst now be rent  
Into a thousand peeces. Lazarello, —



[Re-]enter *Lezarells*.

*Laz.* Now, sir, you are full of newes I'me sure.

*Ant.* Heavy and froward newes; where's <sup>170</sup>  
Dionisia?

*Laz.* At distance enough in the castle; you may speake.

*Ant.* I am discover'd; Margaretta knowes of this

Her wrong and my disloyalty.

*Laz.* It was no mystery,  
And must be found; but how does she beare it. <sup>175</sup>

*Ant.* Better then her birth,  
As well as my addition to her, nobly;  
And if her hand does not belye her heart,  
She's glad that I have found an equall liking.

*Laz.* She has done as becomes her.

*Ant.* Yet with this request, <sup>180</sup>  
That I woud not forsake her utterly,  
But some times see her; tis articed too,  
That twice a weeke sheed have my fellowship  
By night and private stealthes, the which ob-  
taine,

Sheed loose the name of wife, and never shame <sup>185</sup>  
To be call'd my concubine.

*Laz.* I, this is well;  
Fine light pageant worke, but no sure building;

This gilds a while, but will at length wash off  
agen;

This rooffe must be raise'd upon a sounder  
groundstill.

Give me your free bosome: you have one heart, 190  
And two wayes; which may have the better  
part freely?

*Ant.* My conscience and my affection warre  
About this quarrell; my conscience saith the  
first,

But my affection, the second.

*Laz.* So then, you should  
Love Margarett, but do love Dionisia. 195

*Ant.* My heart's triangled, two points Dio-  
nisiacs,  
And that downwards Margarets, and that's the  
smallest.

*Laz.* I thanke you for this free delivery.  
You seale your friendship to me; now let me  
build.

I ha'te; I'le rid your griefes at once, will you 200  
But give eonsent.

*Ant.* To any faire condition.

*Laz.* No worse then Margarets request to you,  
Or very little. Returne your letter that  
You will satisfie all her desire, appoint  
Your first nights approach and privately. 205

190-194 Give . . . second is in six lines in Q, ending with  
wayes, freely, conscience, quarrell, affection, second.

*Ant.* Night cannot hide it ever.

*Laz.* But heare me :  
 You shall not go, I will supply your place,  
 Not to blemish, but to preserve your honour.  
 Command your entertainment so secret be,  
 As that no lights may leade you to your chamber. 210  
 Let me alone to counterfeit for once,  
 And once shall serve for all ; if it but take,  
 And that she bed with me, not for the act,  
 For there your honour must be weighed, but  
 company  
 Shall serve the turne, then rise I and proclaime 215  
 Both our luxurious sinnes. How dares she then  
 Claime any part in you ?

*Ant.* Tis a strange extreame.

*Laz.* Ulcers must have corrasives to eate,  
 not skinde ;  
 Extreames must have extreames to coape withall ;  
 It will not yeeld else.

*Ant.* I like it, and allow it ; 220  
 Tis more then water that must fight wilde fire.  
 This passage shall be instantly preparede  
 With some of my wearings, brought as neare my  
 selfe

As art can make, this ring to strengthen it.  
 I could subtract a third from my estate 225  
 To heale her injury, and quite blot out

221 *fight.* Q, fight with. See *Notes*, p. 256.

That taints mine honour; being voyc't,  
It must be curde. Pardon, heaven and Margaret;  
There is an innate falling from what's good,  
Which nothing can repaire in 's but our bloud. 230

*Exeunt [Antonio and Lazarello].*

ACTUS QUARTUS. [SCENA PRIMA.

*Spanish Camp near Alonzo's Castle.]*

*Enter Julianus with a letter, and Piamentelli.*

*Julianus.* That I should ten leagues be in  
scorne remov'de

From court unto my cuntry house! for what?  
Tis very strange; know you the cause?

*Piamentelli.* Not I, my lord.

*Ful.* I cry you mercy, sir, and my king mercy;  
And I beshrew my thoughts for being troubled. 5

I know the cause my selfe; his grace is wise,  
For seeing me on a pyramis of honour,  
So eye-able to the world, the talking slaves,  
The multitude in their loud bellowing voyces,  
Might adde so much to me, sir, as might dim 10

His owne proper glory, for such weake eyes see  
The present object, nothing to come, or past.

He gives me safety in it, and indeed  
Himselfe much worth and honour; for, sir, what  
honour

Can subjects have, but is their kings owne right, 15  
Due as their crownes? Hees royally wise in't,  
I do applaud it highly, and obey it.

*Pia.* Your prisoners must be sent him too,  
my lord.

*Ful.* Ha! my prisoners? that goes somewhat further.

Sir, I beseech you this day entertaine 20  
Your selfe into our campe, y' are nobly welcome;  
The kings health shall go round the army too.  
This very night we'le answer and confirme  
What he commands.

*Pia.* To morrow I must returne.  
*Exit Piam* [*entelli*].

*Ful.* You shall; meane time I pray be merry 25  
with us. —  
Commanded from the court! and my prisoners  
sent for!

Tis strange; oh, my forgetfull memory!  
I did not aske how my Jacinta far'de;  
But she forgets too, mindes not me her father;  
We'le mixe 'um both together; but my prisoners! 30

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, heres a woman, forcde by some  
tide of sorrow,  
With teares intreats your pittie, and to see you.

*Ful.* If any souldier has done violence to her,  
Beyond our military discipline,  
Death shall divide him from us. Fetch her in. 35

*Exit Servant.*

I have my selfe a daughter, on whose face  
But thinking, I must needs be pitifull.

And when I ha told my conquest to my king,  
My poore girle then shall know, how for her  
sake,

I did one pious act. Is this the creature? 40

[Re-]enter [Servant] with *Facinta*.

*Ser.* Yes, my lord, and a sad one.

*Ful.* Leave us. — A sad one!

[Exit *Servant*.]

The down-cast looke calls up compassion in me;  
A coarse going to the grave looks not more  
deadly. —

Why kneelst thou? art thou wrongde by any  
souldier?

Rise, for this honour is not due to me. 45

Hast not a tongue-to reade thy sorrowes out?

This booke I understand not.

*Facinta.* O my deare father!

*Ful.* Thy father? who has wrongd him?

*Fac.* A great commander.

*Ful.* Under me?

*Fac.* Above you.

*Ful.* Above me? Whose above a generall? 50

None but the generall of all Spaines armies,  
And thats king Rodericke; hees all goodnesse.  
He cannot wrong thy father.

*Fac.* What was Tarquin?

*Ful.* A king, and yet a ravisher.

52 *thats king.* O, thats the king, king Rodorique.

*Jac.* Such a sinne  
Was in those dayes a monster ; now tis common. 55

*Jul.* Prethee, be plaine.

*Jac.* Have not you, sir, a daughter ?

*Jul.* If I have not, I am the wretchedst man  
That this day lives ; for all the wealth I have  
Lives in that childe.

*Jac.* O for your daughters sake then heare  
my woes. 60

*Jul.* Rise then, and speake 'um.

*Jac.* No, let me kneele still ;  
Such a resemblance of a daughters duty  
Will make you mindfull of a fathers love ;  
For such my injuries must exact from you,  
A[s] you would for your owne.

*Jul.* And so they do ; 65  
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I thinke of my  
Jacinta.

*Jac.* Say your Jacinta then, chaste as the rose,  
Comming on sweetly in the springing bud,  
And ne're felt heat to spread the sommer sweet ;  
But to increase and multiply it more, 70  
Did to it selfe keepe in its owne perfume ; —  
Say that some rapine hand had pluckt the bloome,  
Jacinta like that flower, and ravisht her,  
Defiling her white lawne of chastity  
With ugly blacks of lust ; what would you do ? 75

*Jul.* O tis too hard a question to resolve,



Without a solemne councill held within  
 Of mans best understanding faculties :  
 There must be love, and fatherhood, and grieffe,  
 And rage, and many passions ; and they must all <sup>80</sup>  
 Beget a thing call'd vengeance ; but they must sit  
 Upon 't.

*Jac.* Say this were done by him that carried  
 The fairest seeming face of friendship to  
 Your selfe.

*Jul.* We should fall out.

*Jac.* Would you in such  
 A case respect degrees ?

*Jul.* I know not that. <sup>85</sup>

*Jac.* Say he were noble.

*Jul.* Impossible, th' acts ignoble : the bee  
 Can breed no poyson, though it sucke the juyce  
 Of hemlocke.

*Jac.* Say a king should doo 't ? were th' act  
 Lesse, done by the greater power ? does Majesty <sup>90</sup>  
 Extenuate a crime ?

*Jul.* Augment it rather.

*Jac.* Say then that Rodericke, your king and  
 master,

<sup>82</sup> Upon 't is part of preceding verse in Q.

<sup>84</sup> Your selfe is part of preceding verse in Q.

<sup>84-85</sup> Would . . . degrees is one line in Q.

<sup>87-89</sup> Impossible . . . hemlocke is in two lines in Q, ending  
 with breed, and hemlocke.

<sup>89-91</sup> Say . . . crime is in two lines in Q, ending with done,  
 and crime.

To quit the honours you are bringing home,  
Had ravisht your Jacinta?

*Jul.* Who has sent  
A furie in this fowle-faire shape to vex me? 95  
I ha seene that face me thinks, yet know it not.  
How darest thou speake this treason gainst my  
king?

Durst any man ith world bring me this lye,  
By this, had been in hell. Rodoricke a Tarquin?

*Jac.* Yes, and thy daughter, had she done her  
part, 100  
Should be the second Lucrece. View me well,  
I am Jacinta.

*Jul.* Ha?

*Jac.* The king my ravisher.

*Jul.* The king thy ravisher! oh unkingly  
sound!

He dares not, sure! yet in thy sullied eyes  
I reade a tragicke story.

*Enter Antonio, Alonzo, [and] Medina.*

O noble friends, 105  
Our warres are ended, are they not?

*Omnes.* They are, sir.

*Jul.* But Spaine has now begun a civill warre,  
And to confound me onely: see you my daugh-  
ter?

She sounds the trumpet, which draws forth my  
sword

To be revengde.

*Alonso.* On whom? speake loud your wrongs; 110  
 Digest your choller into temperance;  
 Give your considerate thoughts the upper hand  
 In your hot passions, twill asswage the swelling  
 Of your big heart. If you have injuries done you,  
 Revenge them, and we second you.

*Jac.* Father, deare father! 115

*Jul.* Daughter, deare daughter! [*Kneels.*]

*Jac.* Why do you kneele to me, sir?

*Jul.* To aske thee pardon that I did beget thee;  
 I brought thee to a shame staines all the way  
 Twixt earth and Acheron: not all the clouds,  
 The skies large canopy, could they drowne the  
 seas 120

With a perpetuall inundation,  
 Can wash it ever out. Leave me, I pray.

[*Julianus*] falls downe.

*Alon.* His fighting passions will be ore anon,  
 And all will be at peace.

*Antonio.* Best in my judgement,  
 We wake him with the sight of his won honours: 125  
 Call up the army, and let them present  
 His prisoners to him; such a sight as that  
 Will brooke no sorrow neare it.

*Jul.* Twas a good doctor that prescrib'de that  
 physick;  
 I'le be your patient, sir; shew me my souldiers 130

And my new honours won, I will truly weigh  
them

With my full griefes, they may perhaps orecome.

*Exit Ant[onio].*

*Alon.* Why now theres hope of his recovery.

*Jul.* Jacinta, welcome, thou art my child still;  
No forced staine of lust can alienate  
Our consanguinitie. 135

*Jac.* Deare father,  
Recollect your noble spirits, conquer griefe  
The manly way: you have brave foes subdued,  
Then let no female passions thus orewhelme you.

*Jul.* Mistake me not, my childe, I am not mad, 140  
Nor must be idle; for it were more fit,  
If I could purchase more, I had more wit  
To helpe in these designes. I am growne old;  
Yet I have found more strength within this arme,  
Then without prooffe I durst ha boasted on. 145  
Rodericke, thou king of monsters, couldst thou  
do this?

And for thy lust confine me from the court?  
Theres reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not  
see me.

Ha! they come, Jacinta, they come! hearke!  
hearke!

Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my  
king. 150

*Enter Antonio with the African king, and other  
Moors prisoners.*

Stand, pray stand all; deliver me my prisoners.  
So, tis well, wondrous well; I have no friends  
But these my enemies; yet welcome, brave  
Moors;

With you [*the Spaniards*] Ile parley first; I defie  
you all.

*Alon.* How?

*Jul.* I am a vowd foe to your king, 155  
To Rodorique.

*Ant.* How, Julianus!

*Jul.* Nay,  
We feare you not; here's our whole army;  
Yet we are strong enough from feare or flight.

*Ant.* Make us understand a reason, Julianus,  
If for disloyalty reason may be given, 160  
Of this your language.

*Jul.* Be you my judges whom I make my foes.  
Was my power plac't above my mercy, or mercy  
Above my power? went they not hand in hand?

*Ant.* Ever most nobly.

*Alon.* Ever, ever. 165

*Jul.* Why then should Rodorique doe this  
base deed?

154 *parley first.* Q places a semicolon after *parley*, nothing after *first*.

155-157. *I am . . . army* is in three lines in Q, ending with *Rodorique, Julianus, army.*

162 *foes.* Q, *foes?*

*Ant.* You doe distract us, sir; beseech you name it.

*Jul.* Behold this child of mine, this onely mine;

I had a daughter, but she is ravisht now.

*Omn.* Ravisht?

*Jul.* Yes, by Rodorique, by lustfull, 170  
Tyrant, Rodorique.

*Omn.* O most abhorrid deed!

*Jul.* Joyne with me, noble Spaniards, in revenge.

*Omn.* We will.

*Jul.* Have I your hearts?

*Omn.* Our lives shall seale it.

*Jul.* Then, princely Mulymumen, here I free thee,

And all thy valiant Moores. Wilt thou call back 175

Thy scattered forces and incorporate

Their strengths with mine and with me march through Spaine,

Sharpning thy sword with vengeance for my wrongs?

*Moore.* Most willingly. To binde me faster to thee,

Plight me thy ravisht daughter to my wife 180

And thou shalt see my indignation fly

On wings of thunder.

169 *but.* Q, be.

170-171 *Yes . . . Tyrant, Rodorique, one line in Q.*

*Jac.* O my second hell,  
 A Christians armes embrace an infidel !  
*Ful.* Ile not compell her heart, wooc, win,  
 and wed her ;  
 Forc't has she bin too much. — My honor'd  
 friends, 185  
 What we all thought to ha borne home in  
 triumph,  
 Must now be scene there in a funerall,  
 Wrackt honour being chiefe mourner; here 's the  
 herse  
 Which weele all follow. — Rodorique, we come,  
 To give thy lust a scourge, thy life a doome. 190  
*Exeunt [omnes].*

## [SCENA SECUNDA.

*Seville. A Room in Pedro's House.]*

*A bed discovered, on it Lazarello, as Antonio: enter  
 Margaretta and Fydella with a balter.*

*Margaretta.* Sleeper he, Fydella ?

*Fydella.* Slumbringly, madam;

He [i]s not yet in his dead sleepe.

*Mar.* Tis now

His dying, anon comes his dead sleep.

For never shall he wake, untill the world

1-3 *Slumbringly* . . . *sleepe* is in two lines in Q, ending with  
*sleepe*, and *sleepe*.

2 *He is.* Q, *Hee 's.*

Hath Phoenix-like bin hid in his owne ashes. 5  
 Fydella, take my strength into thine armes,  
 And play the cruell executioner,  
 As I will first instruct thee.

*Fyd.* I am so farre  
 From shrinking, madam, that Ile gladly be  
 The prologue to Antonios tragedy. 10

*Mar.* Antonios tragedy! that very name  
 Should strike even sparkes of pittie from the flint.  
 Antonio! husband! Antonio!

*Fyd.* Remember there's another owes that  
 name.

*Mar.* I, that's the poyson kils me. Shall a  
 strumpet 15  
 (For shee's no better) rob me of a treasure  
 So deere to me as he was? yet her I pardon;  
 The master-thiefe lies here, and he must dye  
 for't.

All mercy hence I banish; Justice, looke downe  
 To see a womans vengeance; thus I begin, 20  
 And follow thus and thus; now I am in,  
 Nothing shall pull me back.

*Lazarello.* Oh! Oh!

*Fyd.* He has passage yet for breath.

*Mar.* Here's remedy for that, pull, Fydella.

*Fyd.* He woud speake it seemes. 25

*Mar.* Never; his tongue betrayd me once,  
 I will



No more listen my temptations; heare he shall  
 Awhile, and that but deafly. Antonio,  
 I was your wife, lordly Antonio,  
 And in that balance equal'd with your selfe; 30  
 I was your handmaid, and you might have trod  
 On my humility; I had kist your feet,  
 But with disdain thou trampledst on my throat,  
 As I doe now on thine, and will deface  
 What nature built for honor, not deceit. 35  
 Our wedding was in private, so our divorce;  
 Yet this shall have as fre and open blazon  
 As a truth-speaking goodnesse. O my Fydella!  
 Thou little instrument of my revenge,  
 I woud not have thee, for thy duty, lost; 40  
 There's gold, hie thee to safety, fare thee well,  
 I must nere see thee more, this place will be—

*Fyd.* Not too hot for me, madam; my complexion

Is naturall to it. Good fortunes follow you.  
 If I might counsell you, I woud conceale it; 45  
 If you can fly, doe not betray your selfe.

*Exit [Fydella].*

*Mar.* Fy! prethee away, thou wilt marre all  
 the glory.  
 Conceale the deed? even to the bended brow  
 Of the sterne judge Ile speake and call for  
 justice;

27 temptations. Query, temptation, for metre? See p. 17, l. 51.

Proud of my glorious vengeance, I will smile 50  
Upon my dreadful executioner.

Twas that was first enacted in my brest:  
She shoud not dare to kill, that dares not die,  
Tis needy mischief; and hee 's basely bent  
That dares doe ill, yet feare the punishment. 55

*Exeunt.*

*Exeunt.* Does Margareta carry or drag Lazarello out? See Act  
v, Sc. v, l. 52.

ACTUS QUINTUS. [SCENA PRIMA.

Seville. A Room in Rodorique's Palace.]

Enter King Rodorique and Piamentelli.

Rodrique. Some musique.

Piamentelli. Musique, sir ! tis all untunde ;  
Remember your proud enemies approach,  
And your unreadinesse to entertaine um.

Rod. If all be set upon a carelesse hazard,  
What shall care doe there ?

Pia. Rouze you like a lion, 5  
And fright this heard of foxes, wolves, and beares,  
From daring to come neere you : a kings eye  
Has magickall charmes in 't to binde treason down ;  
They fight like theeves for spoile, you for your  
owne !

Rod. O, Piamentelli, there's within my bosome 10  
An army of furies mustred, worse than those  
Which follow Julianus : conscience beats  
The drum of horror up.

Pia. For what ! a maidenhead !  
Pray be your selfe, and justifye the act ;  
Stand on your guard, and royalize the fact 15  
By your owne dispensation.

Rod. Goe call our friends together ; if we have  
none,

Hire them with double pay. Our selfe will search  
 And breake those dangerous doores which have  
     so long  
 Kept Spaine in childish ignorance.

*Pia.* O good my lord, 20

Forbeare, there's fatall prophesies forbid you.

*Rod.* There's fatall fooleries! tell me of prophesies!

Shall feare affright me? no; upon my life  
 Tis hidden treasure kept for needfull houres,  
 And now tis come; tis gold must purchase soldiers. 25

Shall I not seeke it then? alone Ile breake  
 Ope those forbidden doores; goe muster men.

*Pia.* This I dread more then all our enemies;  
 If good proceed from this, no magick art  
 Shall fright me. *Exit [Piamentelli].* 30

*Rod.* Or good, or bad, Ile throw the dice my selfe

And take the chance that fals: thou art the first; *Thunder.*

Hell wakens, yet Ile on; twenty at least  
 I must passe through before I breake the spell;  
 If this doore thither lead, Ile enter hell. 35

*Exit [Rodorique].*

## [SCENA SECUNDA.

*Vault below Rodorique's Palace.]**Thunder and lightning. Enter Rodorique.*

*Rodorique.* So now I me entred to the fatal  
chamber;

Shew now thy full effects; ha? what sight 's this?

*Enter [show of] Julianus, Moore, Jacinta, Antonio,  
Alonzo, [and] one presenting Rodorique.*

Tis holliday in hell, the fiends are loose,  
I have enfranchiz'd you, thank me, Devils.

Was this the fatal incantation

That here was lockt so many fearfull ages,  
And was't decreed for me to dislocate?

Fire consume you geomantick Devils!

Where borrowed you those bodies, you damn'd  
theeves?

In your owne shapes you are not visible:

Or are you yet but fancies imaginarie?

What 's he that me presents? I have not lent

My carcas forth, I am not sleeping now

And my soule straid forth, I am my reall selfe;

Must I be captiv'd by a traitor so?

Devill, thou playest me false; undiadem'd?

And such a sooty fiend inherit me?

Jacinta, too, that she-curse, must she have part?

Kneeling to them? here 's a solemnity

*Enter Rodorique. The Q adds, againe at another doors.*

In the Devils name. Goe raigne in sulphur, or in 20  
Some frozen labyrinth; this kingdom's mine.

Thou there that me personat'st, draw forth thy  
sword,

And brandish't against hell, Ile shew thee how.

*Exeunt Shew.*

What magick bindes me? what furies hold mine  
arme?

Piamentelli, Avilla, none succour me?

25

*Enter Piamentelli.*

*Piamentelli.* What ayles you, sir?

*Rod.* My foes are come upon me.

*Pia.* Comming they are, but yet a league dis-  
tant, sir.

*Rod.* Zounds, they are come, and have bin  
here with me:

Traiterous Julianus, and his ravisht daughter,  
An army of Moores, of Turks and infidels. 30

*Pia.* Your fancies trouble you, they are but  
comming,

Too neere in that; make up to your souldiers,  
Full twenty thousand now will follow you and  
more.

*Rod.* The Moore's a comming, & the devill  
too that must

Succeed me in my last monarchy. Take armes  
and fight,

35

The fiends shall know they have not plaid me  
right. *Exeunt [Rodorique and Piamentelli].*

[SCENA TERTIA.

*A field near Seville.]**Enter Lothario with a balter.*

*Lothario.* O for a private place to bee hang'd in; when all hope's gone, welcome despaire; which way soever the day goes, I'me sure this is my way. If the king overcome, I shall be hang'd for Jacintaes escape; if shee rise, I fall 5  
in recompence of her wrongs. All my grieve is, I want an heire to have my purse and clothes, one that woud take the paines for me; an honest hangman were now as good a companion as I woud desire to meet with; I have liv'd a lord, 10  
and I woud be loath to dye an executioner.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Faques.* Murder is come to light! Oh sister, how hast thou overthrowne our honorable house before it was well covered! oh ambitious sister! halfe a share in a lord woud not content thee, 15  
thou woud have all or none; now thou hast none, for thou hast kild thy lord and husband.

*Lo.* I was a lord, altho a bawdy lord.

*Faq.* I was a lords brother, altho a bawdy lords brother. 20

*Lo.* O lechery, how hast thou puft mee up and undone me!

*Faq.* O lechery, thou hast battend me awhile, and then spoild me!

*Lo.* Ha? what art thou? 25

*Faq.* Partly honorable, partly miserable.

*Lo.* Give me thy hand.

*Faq.* Give me thy halter then.

*Lo.* Art thou a hangman then?

*Faq.* I, and a mad one; but now I droope 30  
and am ready to drop into the budget.

*Lo.* Looke, here's work for thee; here's  
clothes, and here's mony, wout thou take the  
paines to hang me?

*Faq.* I have liv'd a lords brother and woud be 35  
loath to die a hangman.

*Lo.* Doe not desire to die, live till thou diest  
of thine owne accord.

*Faq.* Tis my desire, but I want a cord of  
mine owne; prethee lend me thine. 40

*Lo.* Let me perswade thee to be charitable to  
thy selfe; spare thy selfe and hang me, I have  
beene a pander; knowst thou what a pander is?

*Faq.* In briefe, a knave; more at large, thus: 45  
Hee's a thing that is poore,

He waits upon a whore,

When shee's sick, hee's sore,

In the streets he goes before,

At the chamber waits at doore,

All his life a runs o' th score, 50

This I know, and know no more.

*Lo.* All this Ile adde to it :



He weares long locks,  
 And villanous socks,  
 Many nights in the stocks, 55  
 Endures some knocks,  
 And a many of mocks,  
 Eates reversions of cocks,  
 Yet lies in the flocks,  
 Thrives by the smocks, 60  
 And dies with the pox.

All this I have beene, and now desire to be hang'd for 't.

*Jaq.* What hast thou there ?

*Lo.* A hundred marks, besides leases and lands 65  
 which I have wickedly gotten, all which I will bestow on thee, if thou wilt take the paines to hang me.

*Jaq.* Hum ! my brother is dead, and there is no way to raise our house agen but by ready 70  
 money, or credit ; the hangman many times mounts above his betters ; well I will hang, but my conscience beares me witsesse, tis not for any good will I beare unto thee, nor for any wrong that I know thou hast committed ; but 75  
 innocently for thy lands, thy leases, thy clothes, and thy money. And so come a long with me to the next tree, where thou shalt hang till thou art dead, and stink above ground.

*Lo.* With all my heart, my guts, my lights, 80  
my liver, and my lungs.

[*Exeunt Lotbario and Jaques.*]

## [SCENA QUARTA.

*Near Seville. A Battle Field.*]

*Alarum, Excursions. Enter Rodorique and Piamentelli.*

*Piamentelli.* Fly, fly, my lord!

*Rodorique.* With what wings?

*Pia.* With wings of speed;  
Your foes, sir, conquer, and your souldiers bleed,  
The barbarous Moore is titled by your name  
The Spanish King; therefore your safest speed  
Will be to Biscany; there you may finde 5  
New friends, new safety, and new kingly mindes.

*Rod.* There is no friendship where there is no  
power;  
I must crave now; oh poverty most poore,  
To beg of them receiv'd mine almes before.  
I have defended them.

*Pia.* They'le you releeve. 10

*Rod.* Ile make the prooffe. What do you call  
the man  
Whose prowess in that rightfull victory  
Against the Moores did so much honor win?

*Pia.* Antonio.

*Rod.* He was, and is, and may be, but not long; 15

This poyson'd Julianus has batterd him.

Thou art my subject still, Piamentelli ?

*Pia.* Whilst I am Piamentelli.

*Rod.* Wert thou gone,

I then might boast, I were a king alone,

For but thy selfe I doe not know one subject. 20

Then subjects all, since youle not let me die,

Ile seeke a weary life in Biscany.

*Exeunt [Rodorique and Piamentelli].*

[SCENA QUINTA.]

*Near Seville. Another Part of the Battle Field.]*

*Enter Moore and Jacinta.*

*Moore.* Thou mutable peece of nature, dost  
thou fly me ?

*Jacinta.* Th' art frightfull to me.

*Mo.* I shall be more frightfull ;

If thou repell a proferd arme of love,

There will rebound a hate blacker in art

Then in similitude ; forget me not ;

Have not I chac't thy wronger from his ground, 5

And my triumphant selfe thy conqueror ?

I am thy king.

*Jac.* Ile feare thee then.

*Mo.* Not love me ?

*Jac.* The word is poison'd in thy very tongue.

Love thee ? as I woud love my ravisher. 10

*Mo.* Thy father shall repent.

*Fac.* He must, and will,  
That ere he freed a captive infidell.

*Mo.* Looke for a vengeance. *Exit [Moore].*

*Fac.* Yes, some barbarous one,  
Tis naturall to thee, base African ;  
Thine inside 's blacker then thy sooty skin. 15  
Oh Julianus! what hast thou done ? th'ast scap't  
The raging lion, to wrastle with a dragon ;  
He woud have slaine with a majesticke gripe,  
But this with venome ; better had bin thy fate  
By him to fall, then thus, by such a helhound. 20

*Enter Moore and Soldiers with Julianus.*

*Mo.* Bring forth that traytor, seaze that lust-  
full whore.

*Julianus.* What wilt thou, monster ?

*Fac.* Any thing that 's monstrous.

*Mo.* Reward a traytor.

*Ful.* Traytor ?

*Mo.* Be thine owne judge ;  
What art thou but thy kings and kingdomes  
ruine ?

Was it thy hopes that ever I should trust thee ? 25  
Traytors are poyson'd arrowes drawne to th' head,  
Which we shoot home at mischiefe ; being  
struck dead,

Then let the arrow be consumed in fire.  
Hast not betrayd thy king and country basely ?

*Jul.* For thee, ingratefull, villanous Moore,  
I have; 30  
I have deserv'd to die, but not by thee,  
And I beseech thee, bloody tyrant, hasten  
My punishment.

*Mo.* That boone is easily granted.

*Jul.* Tis now full glory to thee to strike home,  
Set the black character of death upon me, 35  
Give me a sentence horrid as thy selfe art,  
Speake in thy barbarous language thy last doome;  
A tyrants axe sends me to a blest home.

*Mo.* Pluck out his eyes and her exclaiming  
tongue;  
She shall in silent sorrow then lead him; 40  
Her eyes shall be his starres.

*Jul.* O spare her, tyrant;  
By her offence and wrong thou hast aspirde;  
Then tread not on her vertues, 't is enough  
That I doe suffer for the good ill I did  
To set thy captiv'd foot above my head. 45  
Oh spare my child!

*Jac.* Entreat for me? forbear, sir;  
Either be you dumbe, or let him not heare;  
I shall have mentall prayers left for heaven,  
Fuller effectuall then this tongue can utter,  
And for the author of my wrongs and sinne, 50  
I shall have harty curses left within.

*Ex[eunt Guards] with Jul [ianus] and Jacin[ta].*

37 *thy last.* Query: my last?

*Enter Margaretta with the body of Lazarello, Pedro, and Claveile.*

*Margaretta.* O justice! justice! thou that filst  
the throne

Of soveraigne justice, thou art a severe one,  
Give me thy sharpest rigor.

*Mo.* Against whom?

*Mar.* My selfe, the murdresse of my valiant  
husband.

55

*Mo.* More fruits of Christians!

*Enter Antonio wounded, with Dionysia.*

*Mar.* Yes, and see, here's more.  
Antonios ghost! murdred by me, yet liv'st thou?

*Antonio.* Revenge and jelousie mis-led thy  
arme,

To kill my friend, (my supposde friend,) not me;  
Thou strangledst Lazarello.

*Mar.* O my hard fate! 60  
My aime was full at thee.

*Ant.* End thy just hate,  
For I am parting from thee; see, those two  
That wrong'd thee are both wounded to the death,  
With grieffe she, I by poyson lose my breath.

*Dionysia.* Forgive him, but spare not me.

*Mar.* How came you wounded? 65  
I clap my hands at this your tragedy;

My birth was base, but my revenge flew high.

*Mo.* A noble girle, a lusty stout virago!

*Ant.* Julianus, for a wrong done to his daughter,

The fatall engine that hath beat downe Spaine, 70  
 Revolted from his king, and set that Moore up,  
 Who now insults, being but a captive then ;  
 And cause in honest language I was just  
 In taxing this revolt of Julianus,  
 He bid a soldier kill me, who refusing it, 75  
 He himselfe struck me ; life was lent thus long,  
 But for the clensing of my conscience.  
 I feele deaths pangs, forgive me both, and all ;  
 Let my soule rise, altho my body fall.  
 With honor I got honor, thus my sinne thrives, 80  
 Thus fals the wretched husband of two wives.

[*Antonio*] *fals.*

*Dio.* So, here's a brace of widowes now at  
 one windfall,

A wholsome example to all succession ;  
 Let every wise man take heed of two wives,  
 Tis too great ods ; I durst be one of the two 85  
 My selfe shoud break one of the strongest husbands  
 hearts.

What shoud I call thee, widow ? Shall wee marry  
 One another now and beget chimeraes ?  
 I doe not thinke that ever any one husband  
 Dares venture on us both at once againe. 90

87-90 *What . . . againe.* In Q, lines end with *now, think, venture, againe.* This whole speech, like ll. 96-100 and 106-123, is doubtful verse.

*Mar.* Dost thou play with thunder, or is that  
 thing,  
 Which should supply the place of soule in thee,  
 Merely phantasticall? are thy passions  
 Such featherd follies, idle gigglotories?  
 Are these the rites due to a funerall? 95

*Dio.* Why? hast never seene the sun-shine of  
 a rainy day?  
 Who does beleeve a widows teares to be her hearts  
 sorrow?

Are they not then better spa'rd then derided?  
 Let me see then what thou dar'st do with wet  
 eyes

That I dare not answere with a smiling cheeke? 100

*Mar.* What thou dar'st not second, I dare doe.

*Dio.* Begin, Ile pledge thee.

*Mar.* Thou dar'st not.

*Dio.* Try me.

*Mar.* Thus then I come to thee, Antonio;  
 [*Margaretta*] *stabs her selfe.*

Thou didst forsake me living, being dead  
 I will enjoy thy monumentall bed. 105

[*She*] *kisses him.*

*Dio.* I, hast thou that resolution?  
 Me thinkes a woman, as I am, should not out  
 do me;  
 I must dye one day, and as good this day as  
 another.



Whereabouts is my heart? I thinke all over my  
body,

I am all heart and therefore cannot misse. 110

Some creatures dye singing, why not I merrily?

Make me roome, Antonio and Margarett;

Weele all tumble in one bed together;

Ile lie as close as shee on thy left side,

And have as many kisses too, that's my bar-  
gaine; 115

My sinnes are all upon thy conscience,

But I forgive thee, and heaven be the clarke to't;

My soule will have free passage, my body I be-  
queath

To thee, Antonio; I am your wife

And will come to bed to you; thus I make  
unready, 120

Thus I lie downe, thus kisse, and this embrace

Ile ever keepe. I am weary now with play,

I needs must sleepe for ever. [*Dionysia*] *moritur.*

*Mo.* Excellent pastime!

[*Re-*] *enter Jacinta leading Julianus.*

*Jul.* Tis night with me for ever; where's  
this tyrant?

Turne me but to him, and from these darkned  
eyes 125

I shall discover his Cymerian face,

For tho all is darke, yet still that's visible,

And nothing else to me. See, rankerous villaine,

Looke what a bloody pageant thou hast made ;  
 I borrow eyes to guide me of my child, 130  
 And her Ile lend a tongue to curse thee with.

*Mo.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Jul.* Thou laughest at misery.

Tis well ; thou givest a grave unto my sorrowes ;  
 Yet wherefore shouldst thou glory in 't ? This  
 worke

Is none of thine, tis heavens mercifull justice ; 135

For thou art but the executioner,

The master hangman, and those ministers

That did these bloody ravishments upon 's,

Thy second slaves. And yet I more deserve,

I was a traytor to my lawfull king ; 140

And tho my wrongs encited on my rage,

I had no warrant signde for my revenge.

Tis the peoples sinnes that makes tyrants kings,

And such was mine for thee ; now I obey,

But my affliction teaches me too late. 145

On, bloody revenger, finish up my fate.

*Mo.* The rest shall noble be, Ile not confine

Nor give thee living in captivity ;

Thy body shall enjoy the generall prison,

But thy soule set free.

*Jul.* Thou art good in that, and noble. 150

*Mo.* Nay it shall nobler be in the perform-  
 ance ; —

Give him weapons ; — thou art a soldier,

And shalt end so; Ile be thy opposite,  
 With ods of eyes, but not of armes, I vow.  
 If thy darke ayne hit in my face, Ile stand, 155  
 And die with thee; if not, fall by my hand.

*Ful.* Thoul't hurt my penitence, for I shall  
 blesse

All the ill deeds that I have done for thee,  
 In this so noble end.

*Mo.* Be prepar'd then.

*Ful.* One thing more of thee; be a prophet to  
 me 160

First, for thou know'st what shall become of my  
 Poore Jacinta, what end to her is fated?

*Mo.* Before thy end thou shalt know it.

*Ful.* Oh let it noble be, and honourable;  
 Her life has had too many strokes of sorrowes; 165  
 Oh let her end be sparing.

*Mo.* It shall be noble too.

*Ful.* I beg for her that has no tongue to beg,  
 And what remaines in my faint yeelding breath,  
 Shall all be spent in blessings over thee.  
 Farewell, Jacinta, take my latest blessing; 170  
 I know thy soule returnes a thanks to me;  
 Make haste to overtake me; if thou beest stayd,  
 Thinke of Cleopatra and Brutus wife,  
 There's many wayes to end a weary life.

160-162 *One . . . fated.* In Q, these lines end with *First*,  
*Jacinta*, and *fated*.

*Mo.* Come, sir, I stand before you.

*Jul.* Thus I come, 175  
Thy death Ile venter, but receive mine owne.  
So, I have my doome, and I have hit too.

*Mo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Jul.* Laughest thou? I am deluded then.

*Mo.* O bloody homicide, thou hast slaine thy  
daughter. 180

*Jul.* False villaine, hast thou then so mockt  
my woes,

To make me fatall butcher of my child?  
Was she the target to defend thy body?  
Forgive me, my Jacinta, 't was in me  
An innocent act of blood, but tyranny 185  
In that black monster. 'T is not much ill,  
Better my hand then a worse arme should spill  
Thy guiltlesse life. What, art thou going yet?  
Thy warme blood cooles, my sunne begins to set,  
Nature shrinkes backward to her former formes, 190  
Our soules climbe stars, whilst these descend to  
wormes.

See, tyrant, from thy further strokes we fly;  
Heaven, do thy will, I will not cursing die.

[*Julianus et Jacinta*] mor[iuntur].

*Mo.* So, now we live beholding unto none;  
Upon this stayre we do ascend our throne; 195  
Give us our title.

*Omnes.* Long live Mullimumen king of  
Spaine.

*Mo.* [*to the dead*]. Your silence it confirms. —

Take hence their bodies,

Give them to Christians, and let them bestow  
What ceremonious funerals they please. 200

We must pursue the flying Rodorique;  
All must be ours, wee le have no kingdome sharer;  
Let chroniclers write, here we begin our raigne,  
The first of Moores that ere was king of Spaine.

*FINIS.*

## Notes to All's Lost by Lust

**139. Argument.** Richer says, "He [King Roderick] plunged himself over head and ears in all sorts of vice." (*History of Royal Genealogies of Spain, 1724, p. 87.*) "Earl Julian was his favorite," and the general of the armies which defended Spain from the Moslems in Africa. His post of defense, however, was at Ceuta in Africa, not near Gibraltar in Spain. The reason for Julian's revolt is variously given: some writers say his wife, others say his daughter (called Florinda by the Spaniards and La Cava by the Moors) was outraged by Roderick; others say Julian had been corrupted by the Moors and either bought or compelled to play the traitor. All the details in regard to sending Julian from court, the violation of Jacinta, her going to her father, the conquering and freeing of the Moor (called Muza, not Mully Mumen), the breaking open of the forbidden doors of the enchanted castle, the overthrow of Roderick, and the death of Julian and Jacinta, are quite changed from the historical facts.

**142. Cloveele, a Rusticke:** plainly Margaretta's mother. See I, iii, 78, where Antonio addresses the father and mother as both present.

**143. Seville.** The court of Roderick was at Toledo, and his enchanted castle just outside the walls of the city. But the action is placed in Seville by the dramatist in the only two references to location within the play, viz. I, iii, 38, and III, iii, 76.

**143, 5. Aquarius:** "is an aerial, sanguine, masculine, . . . fixed, . . . rational, speaking, . . . sign." E. Kirk, *Influence of the Zodiac in Human Life, 1894, p. 97.*

**143, 7. Pisces:** "is a . . . common, effeminate, sign. . . . These people born under it have a deep, hidden love nature. . . . They are natural lovers." E. Kirk, *Influence of the Zodiac in Human Life, pp. 163-164.*

**145, 49-50. castle Suppos'd enchanted.** In Spanish legendary history this castle was supposed by some writers to have

been built by Tubal, son of Japhet, and later rebuilt and enlarged by Hercules when he came to Gibraltar and set up his pillars. Other writers think it was a temple dedicated to Hercules. The added locks, the storm at the opening, and the warning of the spirits by means of a show of the battle to come and of the fall of the King, are all part of the legend.

145, 52. of our predecessors. Since *of our* is superfluous in the verse, it is likely that the original MS. read, *of our* and some two-syllable word, possibly *fathers*. Later the word *predecessors* was written above the three words; but the printers thought it an emendation only of the noun. Compare similar cases: 204, 26; 218, 221; 222, 52.

148, 99. Heaven put before: a reverential apology for seeming to put victory before all else.

149, 127. writes odde of threescore: is more than threescore years old.

150, 140. Apelles: a distinguished Greek painter in the time of Alexander the Great.

152, 183. I was within compast: I was right in my recommendation.

153, 189. Effect . . . we see: a clumsy attempt at a pun on *effect* as a verb and a noun.

160, 28. a silver brow: probably a misprint for bow, as the next line plainly refers to the moon.

161, 38. Civill: a variant spelling of Seville.

162, 54. which. The construction is here faulty: it equals, But this.

162, 57. will weare her owne haire. This may be another form of the expression, to keep one's hair on, meaning to keep cool, not to get excited. See Murray's *New English Dictionary*.

164, 94. The beauty: her beauty.

165, 110. Saint Austins: Saint Augustine's.

165, 114. will arise out of the two and twenty. This probably refers to the wedding fees of one shilling sixpence to the clergyman and a groat, or fourpence, to the clerk, in all twenty-two pence. In 1603 the vestrymen of the Church of Allhallows the Great fixed the fees at two and six for the "Mynister" and eightpence for the clerk. Guild Hall MS. 819, f. 43.

165, 122. In . . . memory: in remembering thee.

169, 35-6. **Asmotheus, Cerothus**: probably Asmodeus and Cleofas. The former, among other activities, was a destroyer of domestic happiness. "He appears in [*Le diable boiteux*] as the companion of Don Cleofas, whom he takes with him in his wonderful flight over the roofs of Madrid, showing him by his diabolical powers the insides of the houses as they fly over them." *Century Cyclopædia of Names*, p. 86.

169, 39. **If you . . . you**: should read, *If I no better be*, etc. Otherwise it is logically meaningless.

175. **Near Gibraltar**. This battle was really fought near Ceuta in Africa before the rape of Jacinta.

177, 31. **Menalippæes belt**. Melanippe (Μελανίππη) was a daughter of Chiron, also called Erippi. She was metamorphosed by Artemis into a mare, and placed among the stars as a constellation. (Hyg. Fab. 86.) Harper's *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities*, p. 1025, ed. 1897.

177, 44. **A phenix**: a fabled Arabian bird, only one of which lived on the earth at one time.

178, 52. **Chalks best for the score**: refers to the custom of keeping tavern-bar accounts chalked up on the wall.

178, 53. **You talke . . . cheese**: a weak attempt to pun upon the old proverb, "He does n't know chalk from cheese."

178, 60. **beget young Mercuries on her**. Mercury was supposed to be very apt and versatile in speech.

179, 67. **And at advantage**: from an advantageous position.

179, 1. **Descend thy spheare**: fall from thy sphere, which was crystalline and hollow, and in the periphery of which the sun was supposed to be fixed in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

183, 3. **Whose**: who is.

183, 13-14. **What you . . . best desires**: what you have done in marrying Margareta count as an experiment leading up to your best desires.

186, 68. **white devill**: devil in the garb of an angel.

186, 69-72. **Poyson? brave! the very . . . strike it dead**: in the exchange of friendship you can with poison transfix it and make it permanent.

190, 134-5. **said B to a battleder**: part of the proverb, "He knows not a B from a battledoor." Ray's *Proverbs*, Bohn ed.



192, 176. **Into the ablative.** The fundamental meaning of this case is separation, and it is also the last in the inflection.

194, 15-16. **neither . . . widow:** part of an old proverb. Ray's *Proverbs*, Bohn ed. p. 182.

194, 16. **saving your reverence:** a translation of *salva reverentia*, which means, begging your pardon.

196, 63. **there I'll mixe that wretch:** I'll mix that wretch with hell; make him part of it.

198, 93. **with his office:** probably with the keys of his office.

203, 12. **Borne under Libra.** "Libra men are very fascinating and reckless in following out the gratification of their own desires." E. Kirk, *supra*, p. 85.

203, 12. **Hast both right hands:** therefore is doubly efficient in carrying out his projects.

203, 15. **nerer truly bed:** never lie with them as equals.

204, 26. **act a.** Of the Q reading *act some a*, *some* was probably the earlier reading emended to *a*, and both words were kept by the printer. Similar cases collected under 145, 52.

206, 57. **Ticktack:** a complicated kind of backgammon played with men and pegs. *Century Dictionary*.

206, 57. **In and in:** an old gambling game played by two or three persons with four dice, each person having a box. *Century Dictionary*.

210, 44. **He gives . . . short:** he tells the result of my shot; I fell short of the mark three bow lengths, — probably with a pun on his own bowing and scraping.

213, 95-6. **without booke:** from memory.

213, 113. **cuckow pintle:** the wake-robin; here used for a vulgar pun on pintle. See *Century Dictionary*.

215, 144. **wag-tayles:** a cant term for pert persons.

216, 176. **Better then her birth:** better than her birth would imply.

217, 190. **free bosome:** real opinion.

218, 221. **fight . . . fire.** The Q reading, *fight with wilde fire*, is probably a case in which the original *wish* was emended in MS. to *wilde* and both words got into the printed text. See similar cases collected under 145, 52.

221, 30. **We'll mixe 'um both together.** Julianus

means he will offset her forgetting to inquire for him against his forgetting to inquire concerning her.

231, 5. **Phoenix-like.** See *Century Dictionary* or any dictionary of classical mythology for the story.

231, 10. **Antonio's tragedy.** This probably refers to the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, which second part is also called *Antonio's Revenges*.

236. **Enter Rodorique againe at another doore:** means he returned to the same stage, but the audience were expected to imagine a change of scene.

236, 8. **geomantick Devils:** the supernatural agents through whom was practised the art of divining future events by means of signs connected with the earth.

237, 36. **plaid me right:** acted fairly toward me.

240, 71-2. **hangman . . . betters.** The jest lies in the fact that the hangman often climbed to the cross-bar above and dropped on the shoulders of the criminal to hasten the end.

242, 4. **blacker in art.** Query, *Blacker in act?*

243, 27. **being struck dead:** refers to *mischiefs*.

244, 35. **black character:** written sentence.

244, 44. **good ill:** evil that seemed good.

246, 76. **He . . . me:** compare l. 64.

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## Glossary

*In case a word appears more than once in a play with the same meaning, only the first appearance is here recorded.*

- addition, title.** *A. L. L.* III, iii, 177.
- alchemy, (alchemy, alchemy,)** a mixed metal used in place of brass; an imitation. *S. G.* II, i, 112.
- amaine, in full force.** *A. L. L.* II, ii, 64.
- answere, accept as a challenge, equal.** *A. L. L.* V, v, 100.
- approve, prove, test.** *A. L. L.* I, ii, 27.
- assur'd, affianced.** *S. G.* V, iii, 74.
- balsum, (figuratively for) any healing or soothing agent.** *A. L. L.* II, i, 129.
- banquet, refreshments (not the modern meaning of a formal dinner).** *S. G.* IV, ii, 88.
- battend, fattened (vulgar).** *A. L. L.* V, iii, 23.
- beshrew, curse.** *A. L. L.* IV, i, 5.
- bils, bills; weapons of the 14th and 15th centuries with heavy, double cutting edge, and a hook at the top and back, and attached to a pole. (Probably a variation of the old trimming hook which was used by unarmed soldiers.)** *A. L. L.* I, ii, 76.
- black, evil. (Compare white in its meaning of dear, favorite, darling.)** *S. G.* IV, i, 108.
- blazon, careful and full description.** *A. L. L.* I, iii, 100.
- borachia (Sp. barracha; Obs.), a leather bottle for wine, a drunkard.** *S. G.* I, i, 6.
- brave, excellent, fine.** *S. G.* I, iii, 38; *A. L. L.* II, vi, 69.
- broad, vulgar, indecent.** *A. L. L.* I, i, 173.
- bubbers, a drinker (compare bibber).** *S. G.* II, i, 102.
- bum-fiddles, beats.** *S. G.* IV, iii, 43.
- byas, indirect course of the ball in bowling.** *S. G.* IV, ii, 23.
- caleture, delirium (especially the delirium that attends**

- a fever caused by exposure to the tropical sun). *S. G.* 1, i, 7.
- canaries**, a lively dance. *S. G.* iv, ii, 99.
- capon**, a castrated cock fattened for the table. *A. L. L.* 1, iii, 41.
- carbonado**, cut or slice for broiling, beat. *S. G.* iv, iii, 68.
- caroach**, a pleasure carriage, a coach. *S. G.* iii, i, 5.
- cast**, a couple, a pair (especially of hawks). *S. G.* ii, ii, 79.
- cast**, thrown away. *A. L. L.* 1, i, 109.
- challenge**, claim, demand as due. *S. G.* 1, iii, 89.
- change**, exchange. *A. L. L.* ii, vi, 69.
- character**, handwriting. *A. L. L.* ii, vi, 6.
- check**, rebuke, reprove. *S. G.* 1, ii, 12; *A. L. L.* 1, iii, 94.
- clock**, (usually) a watch that struck the hour. *S. G.* ii, i, 97.
- cod**, a bag (especially one in which musk was carried). *A. L. L.* ii, i, 75.
- cog**, flatter, wheedle. *S. G.* ii, ii, 177.
- collups**, bits of flesh. *S. G.* iv, iii, 69.
- complexion**, blending of humors, composition of qualities, temperament. *S. G.* 1, v, 107; *A. L. L.* iii, iii, 10.
- conceit**, fancy. *A. L. L.* iii, ii, 16.
- condes**, (supposed *Sp.* for) counts. *S. G.* ii, i, 32.
- confound**, destroy. *A. L. L.* iv, i, 108.
- convey**, conveyance. *A. L. L.* iii, i, 56.
- cony-catch'd**, fooled, cheated. *S. G.* ii, ii, 136.
- cordiake** (*cardiac*), a cordial, a stringent (especially for the heart). *A. L. L.* ii, ii, 42.
- corigidor**, in Spain, the chief magistrate of a town. *S. G.* iii, iii, 13.
- cosen**, cheat (by pretending to be a relative). *S. G.* iv, 1, 100.
- coxcombe**, a cap worn by licensed fools, with an imitation of the comb of a cock on it. *S. G.* iv, ii, 74.
- cracke**, defect. *A. L. L.* iii, i, 33.
- crosse**, crossed. *S. G.* iv, i, 71.
- damps**, dumps. *A. L. L.* iii, i, 118.
- debosh'd**, debauched. *S. G.* iv, ii, 69.
- degrees**, grades of position. *A. L. L.* iv, i, 85.
- dill** (*for dell*), a mature maiden. *S. G.* iv, i, 128.



- digest**, (*old spelling for*) digest. *S. G.* v, iii, 61.
- divinity**, teaching. *S. G.* v, iii, 12.
- doxie**, leman, mistress. *S. G.* iii, i, 145.
- entertain'd**, received (*i. e.* just become a gipsy). *S. G.* iv, i, 133.
- expect**, await. *S. G.* iv, ii, 5.
- fact**, thing done. *S. G.* v, ii, 49. *A. L. L.* v, i, 15.
- fairing**, a gift bought at a fair, any gift to a mistress. *S. G.* iv, i, 87.
- fgary**, (*also fgary, obsolete corruption of*) vagary. *S. G.* i, v, 77.
- fighting**, contending. *A. L. L.* iv, i, 123.
- five-finger**, (*slang for*) the five of trumps in certain games of cards. *A. L. L.* ii, i, 26.
- fleaing**, (*the old form of*) flaying. *S. G.* ii, ii, 121.
- flesh**, feed full, satiate. *S. G.* iv, iii, 56.
- float**, flow, flood. *S. G.* i, v, 29.
- fox**, intoxicate. *S. G.* iii, i, 143.
- foysting**, (*slang for*) playing tricks. *S. G.* ii, i, 16.
- free**, guiltless (*i. e.* free from guilt). *S. G.* v, i, 119.
- from**, (*emphatic*), away from. *A. L. L.* ii, i, 38.
- gaberdine**, a long loose frock, usually without sleeves and coarse. *S. G.* iii, i, 37.
- gard**, border, trim (*as with a braid*). *A. L. L.* iii, ii, 4.
- gentle**, noble, of high birth, having a fine sense of honor. *S. G.* i, iii, 8; *A. L. L.* i, iii, 36.
- gigglotories**, (*compare giglet, a loose, wanton woman, therefore*) wantonnesses. *A. L. L.* v, v, 94.
- ging**, company, gang. *S. G.* iii, i, 138.
- going**, dying. *A. L. L.* v, v, 188.
- gold-finders**, a term colloquially applied to persons who cleaned jakes. *S. G.* ii, ii, 169.
- grandos**, (*supposed Sp. for*) grandees. *S. G.* ii, i, 31.
- groat**, a silver coin about equal to 4d. (*Coined from time of Ed. III to 1662*). *A. L. L.* i, iii, 113.
- growt**, great. *S. G.* iv, i, 95.
- hab**, *see nab*. *S. G.* iii, ii, 147.
- haberdine**, dried salt cod. *S. G.* iv, iii, 144.
- haute**, high, proud. *S. G.* ii, ii, 142.
- his**, its. *A. L. L.* iii, i, 38.
- history**, story. *A. L. L.* ii, vi, 173.

- home**, soundly, thoroughly, effectively. *S. G.* i, ii, 12.
- honest**, chaste. *S. G.* iv, iii, 92.
- idle**, useless, ineffective. *S. G.* iii, ii, 133.
- impale**, surround. *A. L. L.* ii, ii, 7.
- induction**, introduction (*especially to a play*), prelude. *A. L. L.* ii, i, 52.
- inherit**, be successor to. *A. L. L.* v, ii, 17.
- jests**, deeds, exploits, acts. *S. G.* iii, ii, 269.
- jet**, strut. *S. G.* iv, i, 139.
- jilting**, (*slang for*) deceiving. *S. G.* ii, i, 16.
- kindly**, naturally. *A. L. L.* ii, vi, 76.
- knackers**, whatever is knocked together for a noise, castinets, bones, etc. *S. G.* iii, ii, 88.
- labels**, the tape and sealing wax attached to a document; (*figurative, for*) ear-rings. *A. L. L.* i, ii, 73.
- lannard**, (*lanner*) a kind of falcon. *S. G.* iv, iii, 232.
- lard**, enrich. *S. G.* iv, iii, 73.
- league**, agreement, peace. *A. L. L.* ii, ii, 15.
- limbecke**, a still. *A. L. L.* iii, i, 60.
- linstocke**, a pointed stick to hold the lighted match for firing a cannon. *A. L. L.* ii, i, 31.
- loapes**, leaps. *S. G.* iv, i, 94.
- longs**, lungs. *A. L. L.* i, i, 162.
- luxurious**, licentious. *A. L. L.* iii, iii, 216.
- mad**, insane. *A. L. L.* iv, i, 140.
- malicatoon**, melocatoon, a kind of peach. *A. L. L.* i, iii, 15.
- man**, escort. *A. L. L.* iii, iii, 70.
- manders**, whines like a beggar, talks incoherently or idly. *S. G.* ii, i, 197.
- maps**, (*dialectic for*) mops. *S. G.* ii, ii, 153.
- marvade** (*also spelt maravedi*), a gold coin struck by the Moors in the 12th century; later, a small Sp. coin worth about half an English farthing. *S. G.* ii, i, 54.
- maw**, an old game played with a piquet pack of 36 cards. *A. L. L.* ii, i, 16.
- mercy**, cry you mercy, beg your pardon. *A. L. L.* iv, i, 4.
- miscarry**, die. *S. G.* iii, ii, 280.

- motion**, a puppet show. *S. G.* IV, i, 101.
- musses**, a scramble, that which is scrambled for. *S. G.* II, i, 113.
- nab**, (*part of phraw 'hab and nab, contraction for 'have and not have,' therefore*) hazard, chance. *S. G.* III, ii, 147.
- naught**, morally worthless (*compare naughty*). *A. L. L.* II, i, 47.
- nice**, particular, fine. *A. L. L.* II, vi, 182.
- niming**, (*slang for*) taking, stealing (*compare A. S. nicman*). *S. G.* II, i, 16.
- ningle**, (*abb. for*) mine ingle, favorite. *S. G.* IV, iii, 80.
- nowle**, nole, head. *S. G.* III, i, 143.
- nunckle**, (*abb. for*) mine unckle. *S. G.* II, i, 165.
- offices**, apartments, parts of building. *S. G.* IV, iii, 202.
- owes**, possesses. *A. L. L.* IV, ii, 14.
- pandora**, a kind of zither with three strings. (*Of course a pun is intended with pander, hence the spelling.*) *A. L. L.* II, i, 4.
- pantaloone**, "in early Italian comedy a character represented as a lean and foolish old man (properly a Venetian), wearing spectacles and slippers. See *A. Y. L. I.* II, vii, 158." *Cent. Dict. S. G.* IV, ii, 67.
- penance**, repentance, penitence. *S. G.* I, iii, 63.
- phisick**, any medicine. *S. G.* I, v, 59. *A. L. L.* IV, i, 129.
- pickeroes**, (*gipsy slang for*) thieves. *S. G.* II, i, 15.
- Pindy pandy**. Pandy, "to give a stroke on the hand with a cane or ruler." *Wright's Etym. Dict.* (*Hence probably the two words mean to clap the hands.*) *S. G.* III, i, 118.
- pistolet**, a small coin, a small pistol (*hence the pun*). *S. G.* II, i, 224.
- plot**, plan. *A. L. L.* III, iii, 69.
- pocks**, a common exclamation referring to the well known disease by that name. *A. L. L.* III, i, 135.
- presents**, represents. *A. L. L.* V, ii, 12.
- progress**, a slow, stately journey (*especially of a royal person*). *S. G.* III, iii, 3.
- proper**, personal. *A. L. L.* IV, i, 11.
- pullen**, poultry. *S. G.* II, i, 8.
- pyramis**, (*old spelling for*) pyramid; in architecture, a pinnacle with a quadrangular plane, most commonly acutely

- pyramidal in form. *Cent. Dict.*  
*A. L. L.* III, i, 24.
- quality**, profession (*especially that of the actor*). *S. G.* III, i, 58.
- quick**, full of life, apt, lively. *S. G.* IV, III, 86; *A. L. L.* II, vi, 91.
- quit**, requite. *A. L. L.* II, vi, 88.
- reall**, royal. *A. L. L.* I, i, 123.
- reure**, recovery. *S. G.* III, II, 280.
- recall**, pardon. *S. G.* II, II, 111. recall with pardon, III, II, 24. recall to mind, or repeal, III, II, 39.
- rialls**, Sp. silver coins worth about five cents. *S. G.* IV, i, 187.
- roaring**, fast (*especially of a young man*). *S. G.* IV, II, 110.
- sacke**, a dry wine. *A. L. L.* I, i, 160.
- sakers**, a kind of hawk used in falconry. *S. G.* II, i, 114.
- say** ('*a say in the text*'), essay, trial. *A. L. L.* II, vi, 13.
- shape**, manner. *A. L. L.* III, II, 90.
- shark**, swallow ravenously, live by one's wits. *S. G.* II, i, 5.
- shrewd**, cursed (*mild form of imprecation*). *A. L. L.* III, i, 33.
- sippets**, a small sip or sop, a fragment. *S. G.* II, i, 35.
- snap'd**, snapped up. *S. G.* I, v, 118.
- soaderd**, soldered. *A. L. L.* III, i, 34.
- solemnitie**, ceremonious occasion. *A. L. L.* II, vi, 27.
- span**, distance measured from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger extended. *S. G.* IV, III, 12.
- spitted**, put on a spit (*to roast*). *A. L. L.* III, i, 17.
- striker**, (*probably a cant term for*) a dissolute person. *S. G.* IV, i, 191.
- striking**, infecting (*compare moon-struck*). *A. L. L.* III, II, 1.
- taxing**, taking to task, criticizing. *A. L. L.* v, v, 74.
- teniente**, (*Sp. for*) lieutenant. *S. G.* II, i, 24.
- tire**, dress. *A. L. L.* II, vi, 126.
- titulados**, (*coined humorously for*) titled people. *S. G.* II, i, 32.
- toy**, trifle. *S. G.* II, i, 54.
- troules**, rolls, rolls in. *S. G.* I, v, 114.
- tunne**, barrel. *A. L. L.* I, i, 160.
- tweezes**, tweezers. *S. G.* II, i, 53.

- unready (*make unready*), undress. *A. L. L.* v, v, 120.
- up, entirely. *A. L. L.* III, i, 43.
- usury, premium paid for use of money (*here price paid for banishment of Alwars*). *S. G.* II, II, 109.
- vertues, general good qualities. *A. L. L.* II, iv, 6.
- vilde (*wild*). (*The constant confusion by copyists and printers of vile and wild, by writing or printing either wilde or wild, is usually unimportant as here.*) *S. G.* III, i, I; *A. L. L.* II, vi, 78.
- villain, a common term of endearment. *S. G.* II, i, 265.
- violl de gamb (*viola da gamba*), an instrument larger than the viola and held between the legs (*hence the name*). *A. L. L.* II, i, 9.
- wanton, untrained (*no sense of incontinent*). *A. L. L.* I, II, 96.
- wit, wisdom. *S. G.* IV, III, 175.
- withall, with. *A. L. L.* II, i, 80; with them. *A. L. L.* III, III, 219.
- wrackt, wrecked. *A. L. L.* I, i, 125.
- zounds, by God's wounds. *A. L. L.* v, II, 28.





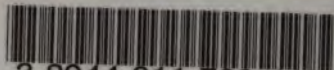












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